CORONET

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In this issue . . .

OUR SONS WILL TRIUMPH

. . . 16 pages of unforgettable pictures based on President Roosevelt's D-Day prayer

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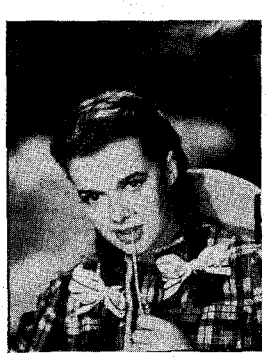

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Cover Girl Janis Paige, who does the cover honors, is known to Warner Brothers, her boss, as the "Shape" and the "G-Girl" (gay, glamorous and gorgeous). She's 22 and a former steno from Tacoma, Wash. Bert Six is responsible for this H(honey) of a picture of her.

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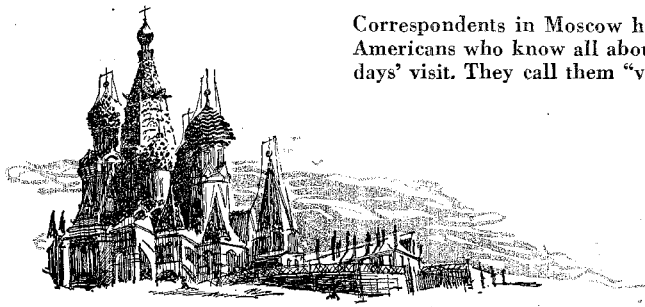

Correspondents in Moscow have a word for Americans who know all about Russia after a few days' visit. They call them "vodka visitors"

What We Don't Know About Russia

by HARRISON SALISBURY

THE OTHER DAY I was comparing notes with a correspondent who had been in Moscow with me. We were discussing our experiences since our return to the United States and we found they had been pretty much the same.

People constantly asked us whether the Russians were going to help us in the Pacific, whether we were going to have to fight the Russians after we got through fighting the Germans, whether the Red Army was *really* fighting the Nazis and whether the atrocity stories were true.

"You know," I said to my friend, "in Moscow, you and I were very critical of the Russians. There were dozens of things we didn't like. But over here I feel almost like a propagandist. I have scarcely a sharp thing to say about them."

My friend smiled.

"Right," he said. "Remember the rows we had in Moscow? We called ourselves Russia's best friends and severest critics, and that was true. But over here, the critical part fades out of the picture."

After some analysis of our experiences we came to this conclusion:

There are plenty of things wrong in Russia—as there are in any country—and when we were there we were critical of those shortcomings. But in America, the shoe is on the other foot. And the reason lies deep in some 25 years of isolation and propaganda—on the part of both Russians and Americans.

When I am particularly struck by the naïveté of some American inquiry about Russia I remember a story which a young Soviet friend of mine told me in Moscow. His English was as good as his Russian and for some years he had worked for American correspondents as a translator and translated U.S. fiction for Russian magazines. A few years ago he was assigned to adapt some scenes from *Grapes of Wrath*, a very popular book in Russia, for a Soviet radio dramatization.

One of them described how the Joads, having been thrown off their sharecropper's farm in Oklahoma, were driving west in their jalopy. They had hardly any money

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and they stopped at a roadside stand for a lunch which included hot dogs, coffee and doughnuts. My friend translated this passage literally. But when the Soviet radio director read the scene, he called in my friend and indignantly demanded an accounting.

"What do you mean saying that these homeless, starving people dined on frankfurters, coffee and doughnuts?" sputtered the director. "Do you think our people are that stupid? Why . . . that's better fare than many of our Soviet workers eat when they are working full time and making lots of rubles."

"What shall I do?" asked the bewildered translator.

"Make it realistic," snapped the director. "Say that the Joads camped beside the road and went looking for food to eat. They found nothing so they came back, took a tin can, filled it with water and sat around drinking hot water and chewing some roots to appease their hunger."

If the Russians are that ignorant of us, so are we ignorant of them.

People often say to me: "Of course in Russia they don't have anything like our system of marriage. After all, marriage is an old capitalist convention and Russia long ago nationalized women."

The best answer to that is another difficulty my friend encountered. Hemingway — despite *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—is still the best-known and most popular American writer in Russia. His only competitor is Jack London.

"The greatest trouble with translating Hemingway," said my friend, "was his morals. There are a lot of Hemingway stories which simply can't be translated. They violate all the sex conventions and they would shock my Russian readers. The government will not allow that kind of story to be published!"

Russia is certainly no more perfect than America—very much less so, in my opinion. But the things that are really wrong with Russia are not necessarily the things which are talked about in the United States.

What are the fears which Americans voice most frequently about the Soviet Union?

First and foremost is the belief that Russia is out to communize the world; that she is using the war to communize Europe and that our turn is next. The best answer to that was given by a wise American who was born in Russia and who has been back there frequently since 1921.

"That issue was really settled in 1928," he says, although most people didn't realize it at that time. "Trotsky thought there had to be a world revolution. Stalin didn't think so. When Stalin won out, the whole idea of World Revolution went by the boards. If you don't believe it, look at the most bitter critics of Stalin and Russia. They are sympathizers with Trotsky who wanted to crusade for world revolution and international communism."

"Stalin preached—and is still preaching—the doctrine that socialism can be built in one state. His critics claim he has thrown overboard the principles of Marx and Engels, and perhaps they are right. But Stalin is interested in Russia, first, last and always."

In eight months in Moscow, as

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United Press correspondent, I never —and I mean *never*—met a Russian who displayed the slightest interest in communizing any foreign country. In fact, I never met a Russian who showed any interest in foreign communists.

I met several foreign communists in Moscow. They were people who had come to Russia during the thirties. Some were English, some were German, some were Czechs or Spaniards.

I only met three who were Americans. Doubtless there were others but you'd have to look hard to find them. The three I met were Negroes who had come over during the bitter crisis of 1929-33. At first it had been fine. A Negro is a curiosity in Russia and, because of the publicity given American race problems, these people were received almost like conquering heroes when they arrived. But that changed. The purge—which gave rise to a phobia against having anything to do with foreigners, white or black, communist or non-communist—had something to do with it. Then after the Nazi attack the Russians had too many problems of their own to worry about foreigners.

As a foreign correspondent with quasi-diplomatic status I received the best food, the best hotel room and the best clothing which Russia could provide. It doesn't matter that the food was hardly up to the standard provided by a well-managed U.S. soup kitchen, that the hotel room was out-dated by the improvements we began to introduce in 1890, or that the clothing would make Sidney Hillman blush. It was the best Russia could offer. But foreign sympathizers lived on even less rations than the Russians themselves.

One foreign-born communist I knew was a German—an intelligent, idealistic, gentle man who had escaped from Germany just after Hitler came to power. It is difficult to support the government of the country which is the chief enemy of your native land. He was in much the same position in which our Japanese-American citizens find themselves. Only more so—for the Russians feel even more strongly about the Germans than we do about the Japanese.

Yet today, despite his intense loyalty to Russia, he just barely scrapes along in Moscow. He has no warm winter overcoat, his shoes are cardboard thin. He is not persecuted but he is no "comrade" of the Russians—too much blood has been shed for any Russian to feel any bond with a man of German inheritance, no matter what his ideology.

I WAS IN Moscow when Earl Browder dissolved the American communist party. The news was never printed in the Soviet press, and no American knew of it in Moscow until three months later, when the U.S. magazines arrived.

You can say, of course, that all this is cleverness on the part of the Kremlin—that beneath a feigned disinterest in foreign communism the Russians carry out plots designed to win the world to the hammer and sickle.

Could be. But to disprove that, the people I knew in Moscow would cite Soviet foreign policy—possibly the most conservative,

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ideologically, of any of the Allies.

Soviet troops marched into Rumania and, because Molotov had announced that Rumania's economic and social system would not be touched, they made their invasion almost antiseptic. Nazi mayors were allowed to go on running Rumanian cities. Fascist propagandists were not fired from the Bucharest press. Private trade continued to flourish under the entrepreneurs who had waxed fat on German orders. Even the anti-Semitic laws remained on the books, although the Rumanians tactfully did not attempt to enforce them under Red Army protection.

Why?

Because the Russians have abandoned communism and socialism? Not a bit. But the Russians are realists. Their number one objective is the crushing of Germany, and they are not going to be diverted by projects for revolutionizing Rumania, or Yugoslavia or what-not en route.

Later . . . maybe. But for now their eyes are fixed on the main objective.

This may seem surprising.

Yet, in the Ukraine, I have seen Soviet cities which had been occupied by the Germans or Rumanians. I have seen the Russians stand by in obvious embarrassment —but without interference—as private restaurants and grocery stores fed the populace.

Why? Because the Russians are realists. They didn't have the machinery at the moment, the corps of officials, or the supplies to restore the system which they call communism to these vast areas which the Red Army had liberated. They had a choice: let the makeshift Nazi-inspired system continue for a while or try to set up a makeshift Soviet organization which probably would not be able to feed the people. Being practical, they let things drift along—after all, the prime requisite of a liberating army is to see that the population gets something to eat. Time enough later for ideology.

Wherever you go in Europe you are likely to find that the communists were the hard core of resistance to the Germans. They were better organized—more prepared to face the perils of guerrilla warfare. That gives Russia a terrific asset so far as the political future of the occupied countries is concerned.

People ask: does Russia want to communize western Europe?

Look at the record. Communists were the best underground fighters in France. They were the heart and brain of the FFI. Yet, there is no Russian move to cash in on this and communize France. The Red Army was Johnny-on-the-spot in Poland. If the Kremlin wanted to impose communism in eastern Europe, Poland is obviously the place to begin. No other power had either the force or the incentive to intervene. Yet, the record shows that Stalin has spent months in cloudy negotiations with the Poles, trying to reach some solution which would be acceptable not only to his Lublin partisans but to the London intransigents.

There could hardly be any doubt that the communists were top dogs in Yugoslavia or that they could come to the top in Greece any time they wanted to. Yet, Stalin readily agreed to co-dominion in Yugoslavia

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and to British dominance in Greece.

I have talked with Americans—and there is an ever-growing number of them—who have come into Russia briefly on various war missions. They tell me that the Russians wear shoddy clothes, that their factories are dirty and inefficient, that the Red Army and top bureaucrats get the best food and drink in the country.

These people spend a few weeks in Russia and come back to the United States. The correspondents in Moscow have a name for them—"vodka visitors."

This is not an unfair characterization. The Russians stand with one foot in Europe and the other in Asia. Their hospitality stems largely from the Asiatic tradition that the guest must be given the best of what you have. If you have a bottle of champagne you open it for your visitor. If you have one pig left in your pen, you slaughter it and provide the foreigner with a feast. The more rare and precious your possession the more important it is that you offer it to the stranger.

This is apt to give visitors weird impressions. They may believe, naturally enough, that there is a huge disparity between the kind of life led by a top Soviet official and a tired, worn factory worker. But a little acute observation will change that impression. I have never seen a function for a foreigner in Russia (and they are really imperial) at which the commissars and their assistants did not shoulder their way up to the banquet tables and stay there until the evening was over. They were hungry—and the big splurge for the foreigner gave them an unprecedented opportunity to get something good to eat.

On those occasions I always remember a youngster I met in Leningrad, a few weeks after the siege of Russia's "window in the west," was lifted. She was about 17 years old and all her family had died in the bitter ordeal of the Nazi siege. I asked her how she had managed to survive. She explained with great simplicity that she had been very lucky because she worked in a war factory and got a regular ration, even in the worst times. What was the ration? I asked. Well, she said, even when things were very bad there was always a bowl of turnip soup per day and sometimes there was a slice of potato-and-barley bread.

As she pointed out, most of the folks in Leningrad were not so lucky.

Tale on a Tombstone

ON A CRUMBLING TOMBSTONE in a New England cemetery, this epitaph is still readable: "Sacred to the memory of James H. Random, who died August 6, 1800. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24 and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at No. 4 Church Street in this village."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

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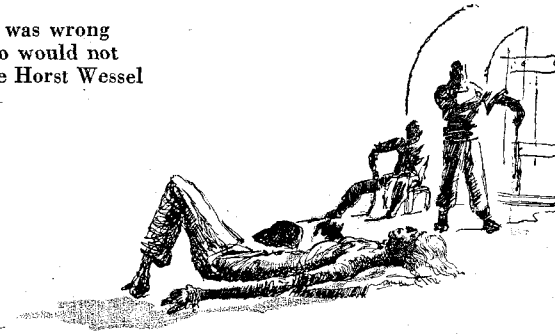

The Nazis wondered what was wrong with this stupid fellow who would not beg for his life and play the Horst Wessel

Music Hitler Couldn't Silence

by DEAN JENNINGS

ON A SUNDAY afternoon last summer in the sleepy little town of Los Gatos, California, the people attending an obscure concert at the high school were pleased but nonplussed to discover nearly all of San Francisco's noted music critics in the audience.

It occurred to the puzzled local citizens that the critics probably made the 50-mile trip to honor Los Gatos' own celebrity, violinist Yehudi Menuhin, who was one of the sponsors. But the critics had not come for Yehudi alone, nor even for the little chamber music concert. They were there to see and hear one man—a great musician who was once reported dead, or at least so badly crippled by a terrifying experience that he could never play again.

This is the story of that man, Adolf Baller, now known to thousands of music lovers as the pianist who has played with Yehudi Menuhin for troops in the far corners of the world, and who always appears with him on the radio.

This is a story that could not happen—but did . . .

About seven years ago, on a blustery March morning, Adolf Baller walked into the stage entrance of the Vienna Opera House to rehearse with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

He was recognized as one of Europe's leading pianists; he had played in Vienna many times, and was looking forward to a reunion with his many personal friends in the orchestra. But on this morning the great stage was dark and silent, and for a moment he thought he had made a mistake.

"Where is the orchestra?" he asked the janitor.

"There is no orchestra," the man said sadly. "You may as well go home. There will be no rehearsal. The Nazis are here."

"Here?" Baller's heart froze.

"Yes—in Vienna. You'd better go while there is time."

The pianist hurried out into the street and rushed across the city toward the house where he was staying with his foster parents and his fiancée, Edith Strauss, a professional violinist from Budapest. The arteries of traffic were swollen with

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men and machines, and the faces that swam past his eyes were dark and unfriendly with the shadows of fear and suspicion. He had just reached his own neighborhood when three automobiles shot down the street and stopped in front of his house. Five men in the familiar SS uniform jumped from one car and blocked his path.

"Where are you going?" one of them snapped.

"My name is——"

"Never mind. Are you a Jew?"

"Yes, but—"

"Get in the car!"

Baller hesitated and reached into his coat pocket for his Polish passport. Before he could get his hand out the five men slugged him simultaneously with their fists and their ugly little clubs. Then, while he lay stunned on the sidewalk, they picked him up, shoved him into one of the cars and drove off.

Half an hour later the pianist found himself in the basement of a house on the outskirts of Vienna. He was not alone. There were other men and women prisoners there, and they sobbed and screamed as they were beaten, and the smell of blood and hate was strong in the place.

"So you are a pianist, eh?" one Nazi laughed.

Baller stared at them through his bleeding eyes. "Yes. Why do you do this to me?"

"Because you are a Jew. We have suffered much from you Jews." They kicked him in the stomach, and he fell to the cement floor.

"So you're a pianist. You play Mendelssohn, of course?"

Baller nodded, because his mouth was swollen and he could not speak.

The Nazis snickered among themselves. "He plays the music of the Jew Mendelssohn. But he will not play it again, eh?"

They pulled him to his feet and propped him against the damp wall. They beat him until their arms ached. They smoked cigarettes, and they snubbed out the glowing ends on his flesh, and one of them poked two fingers into Adolf Baller's eyes, like the prongs of a fork. Yet there was a thin smile on his puffed lips, though he knew he must not die. And the Nazis wondered what was wrong with this stupid fellow who would not scream and beg them for his life and tell them he was a good Jew who knew how to play the Horst Wessel song.

SO AT LAST they gave him a little shove, and he fell flat on his face and lay still, because he could not move. His arms were stretched out, and his strong, sensitive fingers moved as they might in sleep, in aimless patterns on the sticky floor. The Nazis gaped at his hands as they would at the wild flutter of a beheaded fowl, and suddenly one of them brought his boots down hard. Then the others walked across Baller's hands, back and forth, stamping life from the fingers that had known nothing but beauty and strength for 20 years.

Baller's mind and thoughts were blank, numbed and hypnotized. The Nazis walked on his hands until the flesh became fat and purple, and the knuckles popped. "Now, my Jew friend," the leader said, "try those on your piano. . . "

And the fingers fluttered no more, because they were not fin-

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gers, but only battered flesh.

Adolf Baller smiled foolishly and thought how late it was getting. He would have to hurry home and practice for the symphony . . .

The next morning, after the Polish Consul General had enlisted the reluctant aid of high-ranking Nazis to find the distinguished musician, Baller was found in the SS house.

He was still alive, but his anguished friends and fiancée refused momentarily to take him into their house. "That is not Adolf Baller," they said. "We would know him anywhere by his hands and his eyes and his fine face. We were told he was well and alive. This man is dying."

"Fräulein," the Nazi driver said to Miss Strauss, "this is Adolf Baller. Here is his passport. You'll take him the way he is."

They took him with a terrible hurt in their hearts. Eventually they took him to Budapest.

The doctors shook their heads. Yes, Adolf might live, but he would have to do something else. Compose music, perhaps, if someone would help him. He could teach, certainly. But play concerts again? Impossible.

And so the months passed.

In a little while Adolf could see dimly from one eye, and Edith gently held his fingers and warmed them in her own, rubbing them hour after hour. The broken bones came closer together, and Adolf massaged the skin and tried bending his fingers, a little at a time.

But still the doctors gave him no hope.

"It's no use, Adolf," they said. "You must face it. There are some things that we just can't mend."

Adolf Baller looked down at his misshapen hands. There was no shadow in the quiet pool of his one good eye. "You remember Walewski, the violinist?" he said. "They made him clean the streets in Vienna, and put acid in the bucket. It gave them great pleasure when the skin was burned from his hands. They'll have no such pleasure from Adolf Baller."

So there came a day not long after their marriage when Edith came home from a walk and stopped short at the door. There was suddenly a new sound in the quiet house, a curious little pizzicato like the patter of the first rain drops on a metal roof. She hurried into the long-deserted music room, and her throat tightened as she saw him there, the stiff little hammers of his hand tapping the keys.

"Adolf!"

"I'm doing it, *Liebchen!*" The long-dusty keys, wiped clean, were as shining as his eyes. And while Edith sat there, holding back her tears, Adolf Baller fought the stiffness and the pain in his fingers, while the sweat ran down his forehead. He strained over the keys, as children do, learning their scales, and he made sounds which were not music, but which were the expression of his will.

"You will see . . ." he said. "You will see."

The months went by.

And one day Adolf Baller sat down at the piano again, and this time the notes were not chopped off quite so hard, and he could almost make the octaves. His shoulders and his elbows and his fingers ached when he was through, but

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the feeling within him was strong.

Then he had to use an electrical device to strengthen his hands, and Edith massaged his fingers which were never still. Practice and fatigue and more massage. Scales, runs, chords. Fingers clenching, unclenching. Octaves and arpeggios and trills. Fingers stretching, fingers pressed against a wooden board to give them strength. And this was their life, over and over, for days and weeks and months. At last Adolf and Edith left Budapest with nothing but a few simple clothes and their high courage and those slowly mending hands, and looked ahead to a new land.

So on this afternoon in Los Gatos, Adolf Baller sat on the stage at the high school, and Edith sat in the front row, smiling. Yehudi Menuhin was beside her, and Nola Menuhin, and the critics, and the tense little audience that somehow sensed the rebirth of a brave, free spirit.

There was a hush, because now he would begin.

Mendelssohn? No.

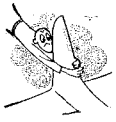
Bach, Brahms, Beethoven?

No—that first crashing chord was something they all knew by heart. Now the whole song rolled out strong and beautiful, as none of them had ever heard it played before. There was one man's heart and voice in the throb of the keys. There was a nation of free men marching. There was fire in Adolf Baller's healed eyes, and in his new fingers, and it will not be forgotten.

Do you remember how the song goes?

" . . . *the land of the free and the home of the brave.*"

Freak Squeaks



WHILE TRAINING in Yorkshire, England, Aviation Cadet Derek M. Sharp fell out of a plane flying at 500 feet. As he plunged through space something hit his head. Instinctively he reached up and found himself clutching the tail of his own plane. He managed to wiggle up on the elevator surfaces, and the pilot made a careful landing, leaving Cadet Sharp with only a bumped head and a "thank-the-Lord" feeling.

IT WAS SO COLD one winter day in Chicago that 14-year-old Louis Sabatini was on the run for home and fireside. As he loped along, his breath came short and his tongue lolled out. Suddenly he skidded on the ice and slid head-first into a lamppost, where he got a painful lesson in physics. Connecting with the chilled iron lamppost, his tongue froze to it. The fire department and a kettle of hot water separated the two.

IN BRANCHVILLE, New Jersey, George Ray was driving a caterpillar tractor on a construction job. A sudden jolt of the machine threw him to the muddy ground, and as fellow workers watched in paralyzed horror, the massive tractor treads plowed slowly, inexorably over him. As onlookers rushed forward, the flattened earth moved. First a hand appeared, then a head. Workers helped George out of his premature grave and rushed him to the hospital, where doctors found nothing more than a broken leg. —GRACE POSTON

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Laughter, according to Josh Billings, consists of "feeling good all over and showing it in one spot"

Grin and Share It

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

"WHERE HAVE you been all morning?" bellowed the mess sergeant spotting the recalcitrant rookie.

"Filling them salt shakers like you told me to, Sarge," answered the soldier innocently.

"What took you so long?"

"Well, it ain't easy pouring the salt through them little holes."

—MRS. I. M. GODFREY
Morristown, N. J.

MRS. O'BRIEN and Mrs. Kelly were comparing family trees. "Have ye any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' what's ancestors?" returned Mrs. Kelly.

"People ye've sprung from, of course."

"Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly hotly, "I come from the old stock of Donahues that spring from nobody. They spring at them!" —R. E. KIEHL
Canton, Ohio

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, be brief!" an exasperated railway superintendent counseled an employe whose reports on trivial incidents too often ran to many tedious pages. Thus reprimanded, the worker reported as follows on damage done by a cloudburst:

"Dear Sir: Where the railroad was, the river is." —ROBERT PETERS
New York, N. Y.

ONE CINEMA citizen is interested in the deaf and dumb language, and spends long hours listening in on people who carry on conversations in sign language. Lately, he's been running across a new signal which stumped him—a sort of sweeping-down gesture. Finally he went around to the man who had taught him the language, and did it for him.

"Oh, yes," the teacher said. "That has come into vogue only recently. It means 'Oh, yeah?' "

DECIDING TO BE extra cautious, a thrifty Chinese removed a brick from the hollow wall of his house and carefully deposited his hard-earned savings in the opening. Still haunted by a feeling of insecurity, he wrote across the homemade safe:

"No money in this wall."

His astute neighbor, Wong, saw the telltale writing, rifled the cache and took the hoarding. Fearing detection, he wrote on the replaced brick:

"The money was not stolen by Wong." —S. Y. WENG
Manitoba, Canada

WHEN THE lady of the house answered the door, the junkman asked, "Any old beer bottles you want to sell, ma'am?"

The elderly spinster drew back indignantly. "Do I look like I drink beer?"

"Sorry, lady," returned the junk dealer. "Got any vinegar bottles you want to sell?" —MAUDE BRADEN
Chicago, Ill.

TWO OLD wood choppers came out of the forest one spring and decided to have themselves a time by taking a ride on the steam cars to the nearby Adirondacks metropolis of Plattsburg. It was their first train ride, and all was new and wonderful—not the least be-

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ing a strange fruit, bananas, which the vendor persuaded them to buy.

Peeling a banana, and examining it curiously, the bolder native popped a section into his mouth. At that moment the train plunged into a tunnel. Grabbing his companion's arm the bold one shouted excitedly, "Hey, you ate that there banana yet?"

"Nope," was the reply.

"Then don't. I just ate mine, and durned if I ain't stone blind!"

—H. R. Shields
Keeseville, N. Y.

An old traveling preacher, encountering many a meal which needed seasoning, always carried a bottle of Tabasco sauce with him. At one meal a hillbilly eyed it curiously, then requested some and poured it liberally over a piece of beef which he bolted. There was a pause. Suddenly the hillbilly made a grab for the water pitcher.

Finally he spoke: "Well, sir, you're the first minister I ever met who carried a sample of hell right with him."

One day the telephone rang in the office of the Episcopal Church which President Roosevelt attends in Washington, and an eager voice inquired, "Do you expect the President in church tomorrow?"

"That," replied the rector, "I cannot promise. But we expect God to be there, and we fancy that will be incentive for a reasonably large attendance."

When I first ran for governor in 1938, I was campaigning in the eastern part of the state with John Danaher, candidate for the U.S. Senate. We had given little thought to the location of the boundary between Rhode Island and Connecticut when we stopped at a service station to buy some gas.

Danaher suggested we might as well make ourselves and our mission known to the attendant, so I said to him:

"I'd like to introduce myself. I am Raymond Baldwin, running for governor, and this is John Danaher, running for United States senator."

"Governor and senator of what?" inquired the man.

"Connecticut," I replied.

"Well, what in thunder are you doing way over here in Rhode Island?"

—Raymond E. Baldwin
Governor of Connecticut

A stranger appeared at the combined general store and post office and inquired if a registered letter addressed to Jake Fry had been received.

"Yup," said the postmaster chewing languidly. "Such a letter is here, but can you prove your identity?"

The stranger scratched his head, then reached in his pocket and brought out a small photograph of himself. After carefully comparing the picture and the stranger, the postmaster exclaimed, "By heck, that's you all right. Here's your letter." —Agnes May
Baltimore, Md.

Walking into a tobacco shop, the man asked, "Have you got any cigarettes today?"

"No," replied the clerk.

"Any cigars?"

Again the answer was no.

"I don't suppose you have any chewing gum?"

"No."

"Well," persisted the customer, "What *have* you got?"

"A headache—and you can have that!" —William Ornstein
New York, N. Y.

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in Grin and Share It, or in the filler department. Payment of 10 dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: Grin and Share It, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird

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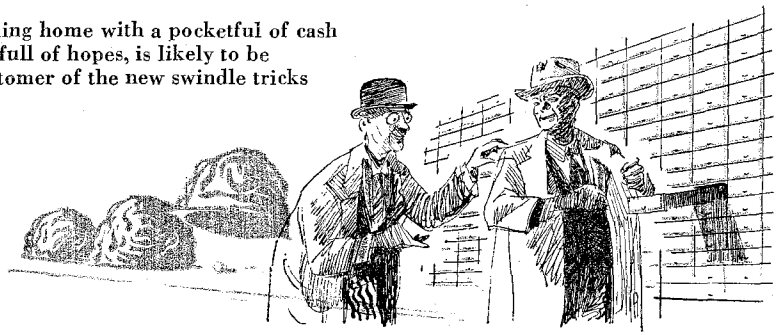
GI Joe, coming home with a pocketful of cash and a heart full of hopes, is likely to be the best customer of the new swindle tricks



The Coming Boom for Swindlers

by ROBERT SOTHERN

SEVERAL MONTHS ago Homer Frye, manager of the Better Business Bureau in Columbus, Ohio, warned a man about certain practices in his collection agency. As Frye was leaving, the collection man followed him into the hall, jerked a gun from his pocket and fired five shots at Frye. Then he ran wild-eyed back into his own office and put a fatal slug through his brain.

Fortunately, Frye will recover and, no doubt, will go back to his job of trapping business racketeers. About this same time, Better Business Bureau managers in two other cities were slugged by irate malpractitioners, and a third has since been threatened with death several times.

All these incidents are but symptoms of a coming crisis, the first nervous twitchings of an impending war between the people and the masterminds of fraud over the greatest financial stakes in history. At this writing the banks and safe deposit vaults and home hiding places of the nation bulge with 130 billion dollars in E bonds and savings, a fabulous sum that will break loose in a green and silver flood when the war ends.

The swindlers are already poking sizeable holes in the dam. In 1944, they cheated perhaps a million gullible citizens out of as much as three and one half billion dollars.

Today, all of us are eligible for the All-American sucker lists—unless we stop, look and listen right now. Indeed, the current growth of post-war racket schemes is so prodigious that some experts have estimated as much as 10 to 20 per cent of the money now in War Bonds may eventually be diverted into the roomy pockets of professional chiselers.

The National Association of Better Business Bureau's 86 member organizations in 30 states, the District of Columbia and Canada have lodged no less than one million complaints in the past 12 months, a fifth of them from servicemen and their families.

In fact, GI Joe, coming home with a pocketful of cash and high hopes for his future, is the most likely victim. Following the last war, according to SEC statistics,

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returning vets lost 400 million dollars to sharpshooters.

What form will the post-war rackets take?

Recently, a promoter decided to cash in on the great national interest in plastics and their industrial future. He conceived glowing advertisements claiming that he had a method of building plastic homes at a cost of 100 dollars per room, and offered to let the world in on the secret for $1.98. For their money, eager post-war builders received a four-page leaflet from which they learned, with justifiable shock, how to mix sawdust and concrete into building blocks.

Already ex-servicemen and civilians with an eye on the future have fallen for an old joker—the vending machine racket. In some dozen cities eager investors pushed each other around in the scramble to buy stamp, candy, gum, cigarette and other kinds of machines at 100 dollars and up. They were assured by friendly salesmen that each machine would net 75 dollars a month, a cheerful and steady income for the post-war years on a small investment. Most of them discovered to their consternation that their neighborhoods were already glutted with these gadgets, and that they were lucky to clear a few dollars a month.

W. Dan Bell, executive director of the National Association of Better Business Bureaus, says that recent national surveys indicate post-war rackets fall into four general categories:

1. Cheap new merchandise turned out by unscrupulous manufacturers capitalizing on the shortage of consumer durable goods. 2. Enterprises requiring fairly large investment such as gold mines, oil fields or inventions. 3. Jobs and business partnerships, particularly for ex-servicemen, that call for cash deposit or investment. 4. Schemes based on every family's desire for a home.

Each of these seemingly lush fields, already well planted, will yield a crop of heartache and financial disaster for the unwary.

In Atlanta alone, for example, the Bureau's books recorded 53 different phony projects in one month, 18 of which have already brought court action. In San Francisco, crowded with well-heeled war workers, the National Association's vice president, Muriel Tsvetkoff, struggled with four times this number of schemes designed to extract sucker money. In Chicago, New York, and every other city it is the same tragic story.

The Bureau's sleuths, who have fought frauds and chiselers for the past 30 years, say there's no such thing as a new racket. The softest touch is the man who believes in the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, and swindlers are simply substituting imaginary gold mines, non-existent oil fields and worthless stocks for the rainbow.

Bureau agents recently came across some flossy leaflets entitled "Farming Under Water," describing fortunes to be made growing oysters under the sea off the Florida coast. The leaflets said the submarine land was available at 50 cents an acre, and promised a lifetime income of three thousand dollars a year to each investor. The Bureau men identified the pro-

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moter as a confidence man with a prison record.

In Kansas City, returning soldiers and others were promised riches if they would advance 800 dollars for a pair of breeding chinchillas, plus a dollar or two monthly for the animals' room and board. Unfortunately, the Bureau's men point out, the investors will never see the animals, would never know if their pair produced any junior chinchillas, and wouldn't know if they caught the itch and died. This sort of fur speculation comes under the Security Act, but even so, the Bureau says, there are chiselers who get the money first and worry about the law later.

Business racketeers have a positive genius for timing, on the simple theory that you pluck any rich fruit when it's just ripe.

And Bureau investigators have noted with bitter cynicism that every new MacArthur invasion, every Eisenhower victory invariably brings out a poisonous rash of familiar frauds. In Los Angeles, the news of General Patton's breakthrough on the Siegfried Line touched off a whole series of rackets. One member alone of the Bureau staff had 103 telephone calls in one day from citizens who had been approached by crooks offering everything from movie directorships to world-saving inventions.

There are rackets concerned with the finer ideologies of post-war life, too—peace rackets, religious rackets, spiritual rackets.

In the Pacific northwest, for example, a "Dr." Alfred G. Hall organized the "World Fellowship of Faith and Service," and did very nicely. When he was arrested and given a five-year sentence in Vancouver, B.C., some of his women financial backers protested violently that he was being persecuted. And then there was "Sir" Roger Clark, who claimed to be raising funds on behalf of the British Ministry of Information for post-war planning and peace. Sir Roger was finally cornered in Chicago by the FBI and exposed as a notorious bunco man.

EVIDENCE that the racketeers don't even spare your heart came with the exposure of a campaign aimed at relatives of wounded servicemen. A Midwestern concern mailed hundreds of letters asking recipients to contribute to a fund to send mechanical walking devices to men with leg wounds. The Army stopped this cold-blooded plan by announcing that Uncle Sam himself was doing a pretty good job caring for his boys.

There has been an alarming increase, in fact, in direct mail deception, particularly in the kind wherein unordered merchandise is sent to a sucker on the chance that he'll pay, rather than take the trouble to send it back. The law, of course, says you are not required to pay for or return unordered merchandise at your expense.

One canny Grand Rapids doctor found what the Better Business Bureaus think is a fair solution. He received three neckties with the following letter: "Dear Dr. . . . . : We are taking the liberty of sending you three exceptionally fine ties. We know you will like them. Please send us two dollars."

The physician sent this answer: "I am taking the liberty of send-

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ing you two dollars' worth of exceptionally fine pills. Please accept them in payment for the ties you sent."

Rackets exposed recently cover a bewildering maze of ingenious ways to extract your money—imaginary colleges offering degrees to returning vets so they can get better jobs, firms who will save you money with surplus war goods, ex-convicts who'll put your name in a serviceman's reference volume, slickers selling apartment houses they don't own, or solutions that change rayon stockings into nylon.

But the situation is not entirely without hope:

Last summer, at its national convention in Cleveland, the Better Business Bureaus set up a powerful committee to study plans for fighting the post-war rackets. This group, enthusiastically supported by reputable businessmen everywhere, has already launched a national campaign in which radio, newspapers, magazines and other media warn people to "investigate before you invest." Posters, speakers, letters and loud speaker systems, particularly in war plants, will tell the story of the rackets.

Moreover, late in the year, James A. Treanor, Jr. of the Securities and Exchange Commission called a conference at Philadelphia, attended by 85 representatives of government, business and trade groups. The SEC set up a committee of nine men, including a Better Business Bureau expert, to combat racketeers in the financial field.

Just in case you think you are too wise to need a warning, remember Miami's classic case of the Unknown Soldier.

Shoppers in half a dozen of the city's large stores saw little glass jars on the counters, labeled "Fund for Statue to Unknown Soldier." They may have wondered about it a little, but they dropped in their coins reverently and forgot about it. Finally, when authorities investigated, the unknown soldier turned out to be an Army private on furlough. As he was picked up collecting his first haul, some 75 dollars, he grinned:

"I thought up the idea myself. Pretty good, huh?"

Beware of These Phrases

The Better Business Bureaus, familiar with "approaches" used by racketeers, urge prospective investors to beware of the following phrases, all of which may be give-aways. If you hear one of them, directed to you as a prospective investor, it is suggested you get in touch with your Bureau before settling (or signing) anything:

1. "This is a secret deal . . . we lose control if the news gets out . . ."
2. "If your bankers investigate this, they'll grab it all themselves . . ."
3. "I'm just passing through and this is your only chance . . ."
4. "Yes, we've sold all the rest. This is the only one left . . ."
5. "The books of the corporation are being closed tomorrow and . . ."

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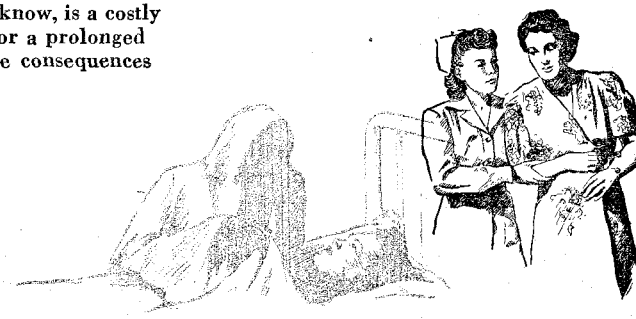
Bed rest, doctors now know, is a costly cure. Staying in bed for a prolonged period may have grave consequences



Get Up to Get Well

by HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M. D.

THERE IS A STORY told about a woman who, with long-range foresight, never showed the intense hatred she felt for the girl her only son married. On the contrary, her manner was outwardly charming, and she earned the reputation of being the ideal mother-in-law.

Her chance came when she learned she was going to be a grandmother. As the months and weeks drew nearer she insisted that her daughter-in-law stay in bed for a longer period each day until, finally, the expectant mother did not get out of bed at all. Rather, she was waited on hand and foot, given trays of delicious food and certainly appeared to be the luckiest girl in the world.

After the baby was born, the mother-in-law insisted that the bed rest continue, and the girl did not dare protest for fear of seeming ungrateful. Unfortunately, though, instead of becoming stronger while resting in bed, she became weaker and weaker. Anemia and other complications set in. Eventually, the girl died.

Of course, this was what the mother-in-law had wished—whether consciously or subconsciously. She knew that enforced bed rest for a long enough time might injure the girl. She was just as guilty of murder as if she had used a knife.

In military and civilian hospitals today beds are at a premium. Patients cannot be pampered, and the idea is to get them out as quickly as possible and make room for more urgent cases. Even after major surgery, some persons are permitted to get out of bed and sit on a chair for a few hours. They may even be discharged five days after the operation.

Several years ago one hospital dared to try a ticklish experiment. Instead of enforcing the rule that patients must be bedridden for about a week after surgery, it permitted some cases to get up on the fourth day. Nothing in particular happened. Everybody seemed happy. Cautiously, patients were let up on the third postoperative day—the second postoperative day—and, finally, on the day following the operations.

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Amazingly enough, no one seemed any the worse for the experiment, and today, that order still stands in the hospital: *patients are permitted, if able, to get up out of bed on the day following surgery.*

The rapidity of their convalescence is amazing.

This is understandable when we see what happens to the human body when it gets a prolonged "rest" in bed. Anyone who has lived through this experience knows what seven days of it will do to one's morale and backside. Overnight, a lifetime of natural habits is broken. One is expected to produce results while performing uncertain acrobatic maneuvers in bed. Gastro-intestinal disturbances are inevitable and, too often, it is the beginning of a lifetime addiction to cathartics.

Kidney and bladder disturbances of all kinds also are common complications of prolonged rest in bed. Kidney stones form easily when one is confined to bed indefinitely. This is because enormous quantities of calcium leave the body via the kidney route. The presence of excessive calcium predisposes formation of the stones.

The folly of being imprisoned in bed because of broken bones is at once apparent. The bones need calcium to bridge the gaps firmly. If being in bed causes loss of this valuable building material, as explained before, what is gained? Nothing, because it has been found that no amount of calcium taken by mouth can compensate for what is poured out through the kidneys.

Bed rest causes almost every muscle in the body to ache, especially those in the back and in the legs. One must be on the lookout, too, for abnormal sensations in the legs, such as numbness, pain, coldness, changes in color, swelling, dilated veins, hemorrhages in the skin and unusual tenderness.

One wide-awake nurse noticed that one leg of a patient was perspiring, whereas the other leg was not. She called it to the attention of the physician, and a serious complication was avoided in time.

The more a muscle is used the more powerful it becomes—look at the arms of hard working laborers, swimmers and fighters. Conversely, the less a muscle is used the weaker it becomes. The muscle fibers waste away and eventually become so thin and weak they are practically useless. The joints become stiff and deformed from disuse. Even assuming that, for some reason, enforced bed rest is necessary, there still is no reason for ignoring muscles and joints. Atrophy can be avoided by systematic massage and exercises and the use of diathermy.

Over a year ago a man required a skin graft on the sole of his left foot. This was successfully accomplished in a few weeks by sewing his foot to a flap of skin on his right thigh. After the graft became secure, the foot was freed from the opposite leg. It was then discovered that he could not straighten his knee. It had been flexed for so long a time that it just stayed that way. A year of treatment has not yet corrected the damage done in a few weeks.

The lungs are much affected by prolonged bed rest—especially those

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of elderly persons. The fluids of the lung tissues settle, become stagnant and eventually infected. This is known as hypostatic pneumonia. It can be prevented by shifting the person's position frequently.

Another lung complication arises in a most peculiar way. It actually begins in the legs. Pressure of the calves of the legs against the bed causes a compression of the veins in that area and a slowing up of the blood stream. A clot, known as a *thrombus*, gradually forms there. If a piece of this breaks off and flows along the blood stream it is called an *embolus*. Quite likely, it will reach the lungs and get stuck there, shutting off a complete network of smaller blood vessels. Without a blood supply that section of the lungs is damaged.

Of course, the idea that a blood clot is always fatal is by no means true. Many tiny clots are well taken care of by the lungs and dissolved before they become packed and solidified. But exactly what will happen in any individual case cannot be predicted. Obviously, those persons who are allowed to move about and who are given regular, gentle massages, are less likely to have trouble. In the event clots do form they will be dislodged before they become too large or too hard.

The skin takes a terrific punishment during bed rest. As muscles become atrophied the bones become more prominent and cause pressure areas on the skin. Although painful at first, these areas later become numb and before one realizes what has happened, deep-seated ulcers, called "bed sores," appear. They heal slowly and resist almost every kind of treatment.

Fatigue is cured, logically, by going to bed. Paradoxically, however, fatigue becomes aggravated by staying in bed too long. In ordinary sleep, a healthy person moves around in bed every few minutes. Moving about frequently increases the circulation of the blood and helps to carry away the waste products which have accumulated in the muscles during the day and which are the cause of fatigue. If a person is forced to be absolutely quiet in bed—under the influence of narcotics, if necessary—these waste products will accumulate. Small wonder, then, that the longer one remains inactive the weaker he becomes.

If anyone says, "My doctor made me stay in bed for six weeks and ordered me not to move a muscle," it is a dead giveaway that the person had a heart attack, presumably coronary occlusion. Six weeks of enforced bed rest has been the accepted standard treatment for this condition, and there is no doubt that many lives have been saved by this ritual. But medical thinking is now swinging away from this extreme. As the pain in the heart region subsides, a graduated amount of freedom is permitted. Common sense is the basis of good treatment, always.

The psychic effect of enforced bed rest is just as harmful as the physical damage. The original idea of bed rest resulted from an observation that most psychoneurotics expend a great deal of physical and nervous energy by overworking or overplaying. It was thought that such hyperactivity was the cause of mental aberration. The opposite is

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true. Such expenditure of energy is a safety valve release which helps to prevent a psychoneurotic explosion. Rest, then, is distinctly useless, if not harmful.

This can be compared to an automobile racing along the highway with the fan belt disconnected. When the motor becomes overheated the driver pulls up along the side of the road and waits until it cools down. We would think such a driver a fool, since the proper way to handle that situation would be to replace the fan belt. A psychoneurotic needs a mental adjustment, not a rest. Otherwise the condition becomes exaggerated and the individual becomes a psychic invalid.

Enforced bed rest is next to impossible for children, so there is little to worry about concerning them. Even if confined to bed they toss around enough to keep their circulation, and everyone else's, in high gear. That is why young adults who are confined to bed because of tuberculosis are not a serious problem, either. They move around plenty in bed. It is the middle aged and elderly folks who are the ones to worry about.

Two warnings are in order: 1. Don't take it upon yourself to tell anyone to get out of bed or to become more active in bed. That is something only the physician can decide. 2. Don't feel that every complication that arises in a bedridden patient is the result of too much bed rest.

Anyway, it is gratifying to know that in the future when a person is hospitalized there will be enough daytime physical activity to keep him busy and occupied so that he'll be tired enough to sleep naturally at night. When the nurse writes "Patient quiet and comfortable" on the hospital chart it won't be because she shot a double-barreled syringeful of morphine into his arm!

Checkmate

ONE OF HIS novice bank clerks once asked J. P. Morgan to explain the mechanics of a joint account.

"That's quite simple, my boy," quipped the veteran financier. "It is merely an account where one person does the depositing and the other the withdrawing—usually husband and wife." —LOUIS HIRSCH

AN ILLITERATE WOMAN had inherited a sizable fortune. Her friends finally persuaded her to put the money in a bank, assuring her that she could sign her checks with crosses. It worked out nicely until one day the bank called the woman and asked her why she had signed a recent check with three circles instead of three crosses. "I had to," she explained. "I got married last week and changed my name."

—KATE SCHWAB

GOING OVER the accounts one evening, the young husband said reproachfully, "Look, dear, the bank just returned your check."

The bride beamed. "Isn't that wonderful, darling! What'll we buy with it this time?" —*Camp Beale Bealiner*

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Dr. Meyer built up a beautiful alibi when he found himself in a tight corner; but too much wine led to his final undoing

Poison à la Carte

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

SHORTLY after Dr. Henry Meyer —a pompous little general practitioner with silver-rimmed eyeglasses and straw-colored hair— tacked up a black-and-gold shingle on a ramshackle frame house on Chicago's North Side before the turn of the century, neighborhood tongues began to wag. Gossip had it that Dr. Meyer, about whom little was known except that he had formerly practiced in Fort Wayne, Indiana, had quickly become enamored of one of his patients—Ida Geldermann, a married woman. In fact, just about every adult in the neighborhood seemed to know all the details of the love affair except Mrs. Geldermann's plodding husband, Henry, and Dr. Meyer's devoted, self-effacing wife.

A few months after the doctor first met Mrs. Geldermann, her husband, who ran a well-paying saloon, became ill and took to his bed, with Dr. Meyer in attendance. And it wasn't long before he died from what the physician vaguely described as complications.

Within a week of Geldermann's death, Dr. Meyer's wife suddenly became ill, and died.

Relatives of Henry Geldermann were unpleasantly surprised to learn that they had been specifically excluded from a new deathbed will, to which Dr. Meyer had been a witness, and which bequeathed 70 thousand dollars to the widow. The kin, therefore, became suspicious. They held a conference of the surviving blood relatives of Mrs. Meyer, who had never been friendly with the doctor, and then reported their suspicions to the District Attorney's office.

The bodies of Meyer's wife and Mrs. Geldermann's husband were exhumed. At the autopsy which followed, a considerable quantity of strychnine was found in each corpse, and Dr. Meyer and the widow were indicted for the murder of the woman's husband.

Meyer borrowed five thousand dollars from his lady friend and hired a well-known criminal lawyer who was a past master at obtaining acquittals for his clients.

The lawyer dug into obscure, uninterpreted statutes and made so

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many motions on behalf of Mrs. Geldermann that the District Attorney's office moved to nol-pros the indictment against the woman. Then she promptly married Dr. Meyer.

The little doctor, out on heavy bail on the theory that his patients needed him, began, on the advice of counsel, a campaign to build public opinion in his favor. He joined a church and began to devote himself to charity work, especially among crippled children.

MORE THAN A year passed. Dr. Meyer gained such renown through his clinic work that the District Attorney's office, suspecting that the doctor's newly won reputation would outweigh the debatable evidence against him, cleared him of the murder charge. The physician and his two-year-old son, Carl, had meanwhile moved into his second wife's home.

One day the child was found in the bathtub, drowned. Dr. Meyer, who had been the only other person in the house, was strongly suspected by the District Attorney's office of having deliberately rid himself of the child because the boy reminded him of his first wife.

There was, however, no evidence to disprove that the child had died through accident, so Dr. Meyer continued with his charity and church work. Moreover, he exhibited such signs of grief over his son's death that he quickly converted whatever suspicion had been directed against him into outright sympathy.

Dr. Meyer now persuaded his wife to turn over a large share of her fortune to him. Then the doctor, who had previously been the soul of devotion, became a changed man.

During the third year of his second marriage, Dr. Meyer, who was unable to get his wife to assign him the balance of her fortune, took up cooking. The woman complained to intimates that the doctor's culinary achievements were strangely bitter, as if arsenic had been employed as a condiment, so she began to take her meals in the tables-for-ladies room of a neighborhood saloon. Then one fine morning the police came around and arrested the doctor.

A dull-witted fellow named Peter Bretz had, it developed, gone to the police and confessed that Dr. Meyer had hired him to make love to Mrs. Meyer, whom he had known prior to her first marriage, and then poison her. "The Doc hypnotized me, that's what he did," said Bretz, "but I come out of it before I done what he told me to."

The hypnotism allegation carried considerable weight when the authorities learned that, following Meyer's graduation with honors from medical college at Leipzig, Germany, he had for several years been a student of Professor Herbert Flint, one of the best-known hypnotists of the day.

The diminutive medico went on trial for plotting to poison his wife, and the lawyer who had previously defended Meyer went into action again. By the time he was through with Bretz, the State's principal witness—the jury was under the impression that *Bretz had hypnotized* Meyer, and the doctor was freed.

Meyer left his wife and opened

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up an office on Fullerton Avenue. There he fell for a pretty patient—a mercenary actress more than 10 years his junior. He went so completely overboard for the girl that he abandoned his practice and traveled with her for two years. When his money was gone she left him, and Meyer returned to Chicago to practice medicine again.

The doctor learned that his second wife had divorced him during his absence. He began to drink heavily and neglected what little practice he was able to get. Then he met another pretty young girl—Mary Dressen, daughter of a former patient—and married her.

To finance a honeymoon to Colorado, Meyer forged the name of another physician to a check for 12 hundred dollars. Upon his return he was convicted of forgery and sentenced to six months in jail.

The doctor was shrewd enough to know that the forgery sentence, coupled with his previous difficulties, had written *finis* to his Chicago professional career. So, while still in jail, he began to cast about for a means of making a living when he got out.

He decided to devote his talents to swindling insurance companies. For such assistance as he would need, he had to look no further than two fellow prisoners whose terms were to expire at about the same time as his—a drunk named Ludwig Brandt, and a beer-hall pianist named Carl Mueller.

When Meyer was released, his devoted third wife—the former Mary Dressen—over whom he had cast a hypnotic spell, was waiting for him. She, too, was to participate in the insurance swindle, the details of which Meyer had not yet unfolded. Although Mary Meyer was essentially a decent person, she was so much under the influence of her husband that she no longer had a mind of her own.

Meyer borrowed five thousand dollars from his wife's mother, then he and Mary met Brandt and Mueller in New York, and the plot got under way. The physician hung up his shingle. Mary, using her maiden name, went through a marriage ceremony with Brandt, who had changed his name to Joseph Gustav Baum. She moved into an East 13th Street apartment with Brandt on what Meyer gave Brandt to understand was to be an in-name-only basis.

Brandt, all dressed up and posing as a prosperous real estate operator, took out 100 thousand dollars' worth of insurance on himself with various companies and named his wife as beneficiary. Mueller, whom Meyer had set up in a music studio under the name of Professor Carl Reuther, established Brandt's spurious background to the satisfaction of the policy writers.

MEYER'S IDEA was that the insured man, after a certain length of time, was to go through the motions of a fatal illness, to be witnessed by outside physicians. Then Meyer would say that the patient had died, palm off a medical-school cadaver as the corpse, and he, Brandt and Mueller would split the insurance money.

The plot took an unexpected turn when Brandt, alone with Meyer's wife, attempted to violate the in-name-only clause of the mar-

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riage. Meyer, enraged, set about getting rid of Brandt.

About a year after he had become heavily insured, Ludwig Brandt was dead from arsenic poisoning. Meyer had not informed his wife or Mueller of this deed and when Mueller was summoned to look upon what Meyer represented as a cadaver, he blinked in astonishment and said, "Why, that's Brandt himself. He was my friend. I'm going to the police."

Mueller was dissuaded from talking when Meyer, turning a hypnotic gaze upon the man, asserted that Mueller, too, was legally in the plot up to his neck. Then, when Meyer promised him half the insurance money, the professor's grief changed to happiness.

A celebration was in order and Meyer sent Mueller out for a case of champagne, which he, the professor and Mary proceeded to drink in a room adjoining that where the corpse lay. When the undertaker and an insurance adjuster arrived they found all three intoxicated.

NEXT DAY, when one of the insurance companies displayed symptoms of reluctance to pay up without a thorough investigation, Doctor Meyer realized that the champagne party had been a grave mistake. He and his wife and Professor Mueller left town before they could be arrested.

The three landed in Toledo where Meyer forthwith began thinking up another insurance plot. Mueller, who by this time was under Meyer's hypnotic influence, was, according to the newest scheme, to marry a girl whom the doctor would select and load her up with insurance whereupon Meyer would poison her.

The murderer, who began to practice in Toledo under the name of Hugo Weiler, picked as Mueller's prospective bride a young lady named Mary Neiss, who sold neckties in a department store. He struck up a friendship with Miss Neiss and introduced her to Mueller. Within a few months Mueller and the girl were married.

Mrs. Mueller was heavily insured immediately following her honeymoon. Presently Dr. Meyer, whom the bride regarded as something of a Cupid and who was a frequent visitor at a cottage the newlyweds occupied, began to mix drinks for the bride.

One night Mueller stormed into Dr. Meyer's office, a strangely changed man, no longer under the Meyer hypnotic influence. "My wife'll be dead in a week if you don't stop giving her that stuff!" he exclaimed.

"So?"

"You gotta cut it out, Doc," said Mueller, "or I'll go to the police."

"Who are *you* to go to the police?" asked Meyer.

Mueller paced the floor, tortured. "I don't care what happens to me now," he said. "*I'm in love with my wife.*"

Meyer, desperate to carry his plot to fruition, made several unsuccessful attempts to gain access to the Mueller cottage, before Mueller and the wife he had come to love fled to Chicago. There the man, still tortured by his conscience, confessed everything to his wife. The fact that he loved her now was all that mattered to Mary Mueller, so her husband went to

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the police and told them everything he knew.

Anticipating Mueller, Meyer left Toledo and went to Detroit with his wife, who by this time was in such mental turmoil that she hardly knew her right name. In Detroit Meyer not only changed his name again—this time to Carl Schaeffer, M.D.—but he also altered his appearance by dyeing his straw-colored hair black, shaving off his mustache and wearing rimless eyeglasses and lifts in his shoes. For almost a year he was a successful Detroit practitioner. He specialized in treating children—particularly crippled children—as he had done in Chicago, and that was the clue that eventually led police to him.

At his trial in New York for the murder of Ludwig Brandt, two of the principal witnesses against the arch-poisoner were Mueller, who had meanwhile been freed of complicity in the murder, and Professor Flint—the hypnotist under whom Meyer had once studied. Shortly after Professor Flint had been on the stand, explaining how an evil hypnotist could make another human being do his bidding, one of the jurors suddenly went insane, and a mistrial was ordered. Mary Meyer, released from the doctor's baleful influence, left him and vanished.

At his second trial, Meyer was found guilty and sentenced to life in Sing Sing. There, retribution at last caught up with him. Within a short time he lost his mind and remained violently insane until the day he died.

Book Reviews

SOMEHOW OR OTHER a book salesman managed to get in to see President Lincoln. Courteously the President glanced through the book. Then he shook his head.

"But won't you write a recommendation of the volume which will help me sell it to others," suggested the salesman when he saw that Lincoln was not interested.

"Perhaps I can do that," agreed the President. And he wrote, "Anyone who likes this kind of book will find it just the kind of book he likes."

—EMERY G. YOUNG

WANDERING THROUGH a second-hand bookstore one day, George Bernard Shaw chanced to pick up a volume of his own plays which he had given to a friend some years before.

On the flyleaf was inscribed, "With the compliments of the author."

He purchased the book, took out his pen, added, "With renewed compliments,"—and sent the book back to the original recipient.

—ANDREW KIRK

Ghost Tree

Visitors to Monterey on the California coast are familiar with the sturdy cypresses that cling to precarious perches above the pounding sea. Wind and spray twist and bend even the strongest trunks into grotesque silhouettes. Along the shore at Pebble Beach, photographer Carola Rust was struck by the gnarled beauty of this "ghost tree" as it is known to those who reside in the locality. Even though the life-giving sap is gone and leaves will never burgeon again, the twisted roots grip the earth as tenaciously as in life.

KODACHROME BY CAROLA RUST

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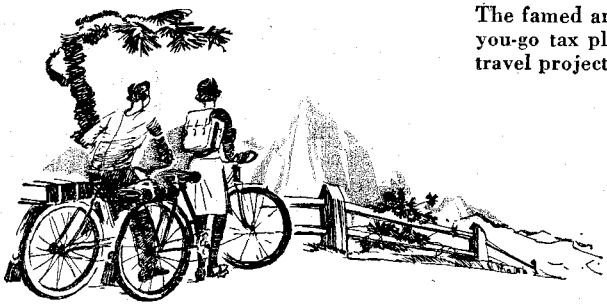

The famed architect of the pay-as-you-go tax plan now suggests a travel project for American students

Go to School and See the World

by BEARDSLEY RUML

LET ME BE the first to disclaim credit for originating the idea of national travel for a nation's youth. Poland and Czechoslovakia are pioneers in the youth-travel movement. Many young Americans, including the present President of the United States, have bicycled and hiked on vacation jaunts throughout Europe.

Commenting on this experience, President Roosevelt said, "From the time I was 9 till I was 17 I spent most of my holidays bicycling on the Continent. This was the best education I ever had—far better than formal schools. The more one travels the better citizen he becomes."

All Americans of high school age should have 10 thousand miles of national travel as a part of their education. A selected number of teensters should also visit Canada, Cuba and Mexico, and even extend their travels to the rest of the world. Two million boys and girls a year between the ages of 14 and 18 should be given an opportunity by our people to know and understand their country.

The travelers should see the salt fields of Utah, the wheatfields of Montana, the cotton fields of Alabama. They should visit the steel mills of Pittsburgh, the automobile plants of Detroit, the shipyards of Seattle. They should pause to regard the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia, tread the battlefield of Bunker Hill at Boston, stand on the steps of the Capitol at Washington.

They should have the priceless privilege of realizing America's vast space, its stimulating variety, its inspiring majesty.

They should more thoroughly

← *Stormy Weather*

Hell hath no fury like a young man scorned, and this young man is giving vent to his rage with a fit of the screaming meenies. Year-old Michael—who is ordinarily a very happy and content youngster—is the product of a successful Anglo-American union: his mother is an Englishwoman and his father an American, now on duty with the Navy somewhere in the Pacific. Coronet has published pictures of charming children and sweet kids, mischievous youngsters and angelfaces . . . but Michael takes the cake as the maddest baby of them all.

KODACHROME BY HOOPS AND FOLEY

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understand its unique history through intimate acquaintance with its historical landmarks.

They should learn to appreciate its powerful present and envision its promising future through first-hand knowledge of its industry, agriculture and natural resources.

They should get acquainted with Americans from other sections of the nation and make the discovery that friendships need not be limited by localities.

These are living things that no textbook can adequately reveal. While it is true that schools exist for educational purposes, on the other hand not all education by any means occurs in schools. It is high time that our educational program was elevated to modern levels. National tours should be given priority on the agenda of the nation's educators for discussion and deliberation.

We in the United States have made beginnings on a relatively small scale. The American Youth Hostels, Inc., for instance, is a voluntary organization adapted from the European idea. Under this system, low-cost overnight shelters are provided on convenient regional routes, especially in New England, for young Americans who enjoy getting acquainted with their country. Also provided are guide books, showing routes and recommending points of interest.

All very well and good, the realist will say. But who's going to pay for these national tours, and how can such a huge project be organized? The answer, of course, is that *you* will pay for them; all of us will pay for them. And the only way we *all* can share the costs and be sure that all will share the benefits is through leadership by our government in Washington. This does not mean the Federal government must necessarily bear all the expense. Citizens of local communities undoubtedly would form voluntary organizations to help house, feed and inform their youthful guests. Chambers of Commerce, Kiwanis Clubs, and American Legion posts would want to cooperate. But the Federal government would have to grant funds to meet fundamental costs and supply impetus for the tours.

Naturally, no one should endorse such a tremendous educational project without thinking it through. We should all thoroughly comprehend its vastness, for this is no mere schoolchildren's picnic, with teacher taking the kids for a trip into the country. The tours call for big organization, big expenditures and, most of all, big thinking.

There are about 12 million Americans within the age range of 14 and 18. Health and mental deficiencies and other handicaps would prevent participation in the tours by a small percentage of this total number. About 10 million youths, however, might well be eligible for travel. A statement of the proposal itself is simple—to give two million of these youngsters 10 thousand miles of *planned* travel as a part of their education, each year. Each youngster would spend 100 days covering the 10 thousand miles. But now look beneath the surface at the job of administering such a vast travel project.

Although local groups would be expected to cooperate, nevertheless the travelers must be accom-

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panied by a corps of specially trained teacher-guides. Doctors and dieticians would comprise a part of the entourage. A staff of administrative executives, specialists in transportation, geography, history, science and education generally, would have their headquarters in Washington and in branch offices. I estimate conservatively that at least 35 thousand administration specialists and assistants must be associated in the management of the tours.

To examine just one aspect of the problem, suppose a specific point selected as a definite *must* on the National Tours' itinerary was Washington, D. C. Given an eight-hour day, six days a week, every hour 800 persons must start out on tours of the city. Every day 6,400 people must pass in review, with time out for explanation of the Capitol's history and patriotic significance. That's a large order. It means that while a few "musts" would be included on the itinerary of each student, it would obviously be necessary to plan for many alternative travel schedules. Otherwise bottlenecks of congestion would develop and the smooth flow of travel would be impeded. Informality should keynote the national tours. To the greatest possible degree, the youngster should be given some choice of travel.

THE VERY SIZE of the job to be done necessarily involves a substantial financial cost. My rough estimate is 600 million dollars a year. In other words, I believe a 100-day national tour, including transportation, food and lodging, could be accomplished at a cost of about three hundred dollars for each traveler. This may seem to be a low estimate. But the figure, in fact, is probably a little high. For this is a mass travel plan and, just as manufacturing costs are decreased by mass production, so would touring costs be lowered by mass travel. The Army now feeds a soldier—and feeds him well—on a garrison ration of 65 cents a day. The cost is comparatively low because the Army has to feed millions of men, often thousands of them at a single serving.

Several friends gathered with me for dinner on a recent evening and mentioned the proposed national tours as a topic of conversation. Questions were posed which I know must come to many readers' minds. For instance, why the choice of ages between 14 and 18? Isn't the youth of that age range more apt to be interested in Frank Sinatra and juke boxes than the scenic grandeurs and man-built wonders of the nation?

The answer was decided without my saying a word, when a man commented that his 17-year-old son was apparently mature enough to serve as a paratrooper in the present war.

Another question was raised. Should the tours be regarded as a regular part of the student's course of studies and credited on his school record?

I am of the opinion that they should. Certainly the tours would be nothing if not educational. Educational authorities should decide whether or not the student receives an examination upon the completion of the tour.

Should the students travel only

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during their summer vacations?

Necessarily the tours would be extended the year around. The job of administration would be difficult enough when scheduled on an annual basis. Condense a 10 thousand-mile swing around the nation for two million travelers into a vacation period and the problems of transport and administration would be practically insuperable.

Would it not be reasonable, another proposed, to expand national tours to international tours?

For a limited and selected number of students, I should answer yes. A selective system could be evolved by educators which would enable outstanding students to extend their national tours to Canada, Cuba and to Mexico, where they could become acquainted with our immediate neighbors. Still another smaller and more selective group of students, who have shown exceptional talents and abilities, should be given an opportunity to travel on worldwide educational tours. America's future leaders will require a thorough understanding of the economics, politics and social customs prevailing in other nations.

Endless arguments for and against the proposed tours can—and, I hope, will — be raised. It's a proposition that can never prove practicable unless it is thoroughly thrashed out. But America and the world will badly need a spirit of understanding cooperation after this war. Sectionalism is the scourge of modern civilization. We are too close together to live too far apart. Our aim must be to banish sectionalism nationally and internationally, economically, culturally.

The national tours would be a long step in that direction.

Cost Accounting

A DETROIT MOTHER sent her little daughter to the grocery store, with a list of things she needed. Opposite each item she had marked the price. When the child returned with the order, she was lacking the change the mother had expected.

Glancing at the receipted slip of paper, the young matron found the grocer's cryptic explanation: "Fifty cents' worth of sweet butter—60 cents."

DURING THE EARLY DAYS of his prime ministership, Winston Churchill's war expenditures aroused an opposition member of Parliament to demand a strict accounting of the vast sums involved. Well aware that such an accounting would be almost impossible to make within the time set, the MP sat back to wait for the fiasco. Churchill, however, blandly promised to have the figures ready the very next day, and true to his word he did. At any rate, he read off a series of figures that ran into 103,429,009 pounds, eight shillings and sixpence. The opposition was promptly silenced.

The session over, a friend asked Churchill how he had worked the miracle. "Quite simple," Churchill confessed. "I made those figures up as I went along. It will take the opposition at least three months and a score of clerks to prove me wrong—if they care to try it!"

—LOUIS HIRSCH

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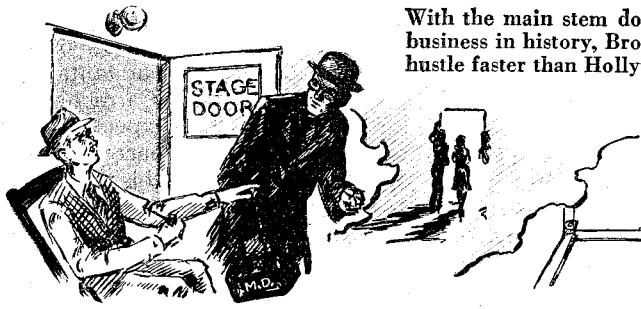

With the main stem doing the biggest business in history, Broadway's doctor must hustle faster than Hollywood's Kildare

Is There a Doctor in the House?

by ALAN WATERS

HARRY COVELER is the most sought-after man on Broadway. Yet when he's around there's sure to be pain, grief or worry in it for someone. For Harry Coveler, M.D., is house physician for every legitimate theatre in New York's Times Square district.

When an over-excited dowager suddenly slumps down in her $3.60 seat at murder-crammed *Ten Little Indians*, Dr. Coveler administers the smelling salts. Whether it's Paul Robeson trying to play *Othello* while fighting a raging fever, or an Agnes de Mille dancer who trips while running down the spiral staircase from her dressing room, it's Doc Coveler who patches them up. Bert Lahr is just one of many stars who was able to take his final bow one evening thanks to the doctor's ministrations. Earlier in the day the comedian had undergone a painful tooth pulling. While Lahr cavorted as usual before a convulsed audience, Dr. Coveler stood in the wings with swabs of cotton wool, anesthetizing the comic's pain between numbers.

Three other doctors used to assist Coveler in these manifold tasks, but since the war he's been carrying on alone. With the main stem doing the biggest business in its history, he has to hustle faster than Hollywood's Kildare. From six p.m. on, he can expect SOS calls from any of the 40-odd theatres in his charge, and Broadway's crowds usually go home long before he does.

You may think his work glamorous but he has this to say about it: "Take away the glitter and glamor of the Roaring Forties and what have you got? Cuts and bruises, births and deaths, mumps, measles, stomachaches and plain old-fashioned lumbago. I'm just a country doctor on Mazda Lane."

When Broadway's Medicine Man left his native Montreal for an interneship at Bellevue Hospital, there was no regular house physician serving the main stem. Whenever a patron or actor suddenly became ill or had an accident, the manager thumbed through the telephone books and dialed desperately until he found a doctor. Harry Coveler hadn't any particular intention of

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catering to the theatrical crowd. He started a practice on the West Side solely because "the folks there get just as sick as those on Park Avenue."

Then the Shubert Brothers built the Sardi Building on 44th Street, and Coveler took a suite in it. He soon became well acquainted with the people on the Main Stem and it wasn't long before his name was listed as official house doctor in the playbills of every theatre along the Gay White Way.

ANYTHING CAN happen in Dr. Coveler's line of business—and does.

A stage doorman gets beaten up by thugs trying to crash a star's dressing room, a drummer suddenly goes berserk from over-jived nerves and winds up in a heap in the orchestra pit, a man swallows his false teeth during an hilarious scene.

One afternoon at the Roxy Theatre a crowd of 3,000 persons was shaken with horror by the unscheduled personal appearance of sudden death.

A trapeze artist, 21-year-old Mary de Phil, slipped as she was finishing a dangerous highwire bicycle act and dropped to the stage 40 feet below. At the sight of her crumpled, broken body, six women passed out cold.

Word was rushed to Dr. Coveler. He quickly commandeered an ambulance and did what he could for the fatally injured girl. Then he stepped swiftly off the stage and set about treating the half dozen prostrated women.

On another occasion a Marine sergeant on furlough bought the most expensive seats in the house to make a big impression on his girl. The GI, taking advantage of the darkness, put his arm around the young lady. Unexpectedly the lights went on. Embarrassed, the sergeant yanked back his arm, yelping a split second later with a dislocated shoulder. When Dr. Coveler arrived at the first-aid room the Marine implored him to hurry and put it back in place—he couldn't wait to get back to the girl and his $6.60 seat.

The doctor works with the light-fingered deftness of a magician. He's removed dead men from their seats without diverting any attention from the stage and rushed blessed-eventing women to the delivery room with only the manager being aware of the emergency.

During a performance of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* a fidgeting woman spectator jammed her fingers in the hinges of her seat. The usher found her problem insoluble and sent for Dr. Coveler. Aided by a carpenter who crawled along the aisle and unscrewed the seat, Dr. Coveler eased out the bruised hand and bandaged it up. All the while several of his friends were sitting just two rows behind but they never knew until later what had taken place.

He's busiest when a horror play or side-splitting comedy is knocking 'em in the aisles. Mounting tension built up in hair-raising melodramas like *Angel Street* is always good for a large percentage of prostrations and heart failures.

"Hysteria coming on top of a heavy meal brings the largest number of theatre calls," says the doctor. Weak hearts or upset stomachs are

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high on the list, too, and even domestic troubles have had dire effects out in front of the footlights.

One woman became so jittery as a result of a pre-theatre squabble with her husband that during the first intermission she rushed to the nearest drugstore for some nerve sedative. The distraught lady swallowed 24 pills before she realized what she'd done. Back in the theatre she told her husband, who became frightened and sought the manager.

"I would advise two things," said Dr. Coveler on his arrival a few minutes later. "Either the immediate use of a stomach pump or 48 hours of undisturbed sleep." Relieved, the lady chose the latter, but insisted on postponing the cure until after she had seen the rest of the play. By the finale, however, she was sleeping soundly, and her husband had to carry her out to a taxi.

Only once has the doctor succumbed to the lure of the stage. A nearby casting agency wanted someone to play the part of a physician in a one-line walk-on part. Just for a joke Dr. Coveler applied. He was immediately rejected.

It seems he didn't look the type.

The Power of Pessimism

ONE PESSIMIST CAN KNOCK down the work of a thousand sincere builders. The pessimist doesn't need to have any ability, except the ability to break hearts, stop progress and destroy human faith. The pessimist believes that nothing is possible, that every activity will have a bad ending, that the accomplishment of good and great things is not one of the functions of man. A ton of sincerity can be destroyed by an ounce of pessimism.

The pessimist is the devil in disguise. He specializes in discouragement. He loves to take the negative side. He says, "The depression after this war will be the worst the world ever knew!" He says, "Bad times are coming." He says, "Trust no man—everyone's a crook."

And his pessimism is powerful! His forebodings are believed a hundred times faster than the predictions and assurances of those able workers who seek to do the greatest good for their nation and humanity. For the pessimist has a tremendous advantage over the optimist. The optimist has to think and act in a plus way. He has to solve the problem, and more than that, he has to overcome the inhuman resistance which the pessimist throws in to make the problem almost insurmountable. All the pessimist has to do is say: "No good. It can't be done."

It's a lot harder to be an optimist than a pessimist—but be one anyway. Muster up the extra energy it takes to think big, to act nobly, to see good in people and in things. Shout the pessimist down. Ignore him, override him, crush him with the steamroller of enthusiastic good faith.

This is an optimistic country, built by optimists, run by optimists, and victorious because of its optimists. Our individual and collective future is in the hands of the optimists. Let's all be optimists and thus guarantee ourselves and all people a better future.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

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It's man's great good fortune, opines this writer, that his dreams so seldom come true

Security Is No Cure-all

by CHANNING POLLOCK

A NATURALIST of my acquaintance recently told me a significant story about eagles. The mother hatches her young in a nest made of twigs and lined with grass. When the fledglings are old enough to fly, she removes the cushion, and leaves them to choose between resting on hard sticks and faring forth to fend for themselves.

I shall be reminded that eagles are not civilized, and that theirs is "the law of the jungle," but it seems to me that this mother is a wise old bird. Among humans, we do not find that the best have been sheltered and coddled or that they are commonly rich men's sons or inhabitants of the tropics, where food and warmth are to be had without effort. My own best bits of luck were that my father left me only a rugged constitution and a considerable family to support, and that my first successful play sold outright for very little. Royalties would have brought me a large sum just after I came of age, and would have cost me that need for earning a living that produced initiative and self-reliance, and made thrift and industry habitual.

It is man's good fortune, perhaps, that his dreams so rarely come true. Naturally, most of us long for what Eugene O'Neill called "a warm sty for eaters and sleepers." As a place of eternal bliss, we envision a heaven of gold and mother-of-pearl, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Governments have always won and held power by the mere promise of "bread and circuses." Freedom from fear and want—and freedom from work—are among the oldest of human desires, and it seems to me obvious that their achievement at any time would have stopped civilization dead in its tracks.

If and when mankind becomes perfect, we shall not require any external urge to do our best, nor any law or government, but, unlike prosperity, that perfection isn't just around the corner. Kipling sang of a millennium when we shall work "for the joy of the working," but was wise enough to set it for after "an aeon or two"—an aeon, according to the dictionary, being an incalculable period of time. Meanwhile, it seems regrettably probable that most of us will toil only because otherwise we should want, and as efficiently as possible chiefly for fear of losing our jobs. There are exceptions, of course, but they are mainly poets and scientists and leaders in their fields who have achieved eminence through some inner compulsion as rare as it is fortunate for the world. Thomas A. Edison slept only four or five hours a night, and frequently forgot to eat in his absorption in a

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task, but that's why he was Edison.

Wartime shortage of manpower, and other considerations, have produced something approaching absence of fear and want, with dire consequences in the matter of courtesy and competence. A few days ago, a strapping youth was sent to wash windows in my flat. He cleaned three of them badly, and then retired from business. "They're too dirty," he said. I pointed out that a similar attitude on the part of his predecessors was the reason they had become that dirty and that the condition couldn't be improved until something was done about it. But my young friend remarked that he didn't need to work in the immediate future, and could get another job whenever he did need one. Also, that there was a movie on the next block that had been described to him as "hot stuff."

I could multiply this incident by dozens, but so could any of my readers. To a cheering throng on relief, at a meeting in Madison Square Garden made possible by taxpayers, the technocrat, Howard Scott, once explained that "Nobody but a sucker ever worked unless he had to." Just about then, 5,000 single men in California were taken off relief until they could prove that they hadn't refused employment, and North Dakota was compelled to suspend the dole until the shortage of farm labor was eliminated. That's ancient history—far more ancient than the recent Depression—but the manager of one of our great hotels has just told me that he considers it a fine morning when 80 per cent of his personnel reports for duty.

"They know we can't fire them," he said, "and about half the lot quit anyway when they've got a little money ahead, or are eligible for insurance."

We shall always be afraid of something, and we shall always want for something, and throughout the next four or five thousand years, at least, we shall progress, individually and collectively, in proportion to that fear and want. Dread of persecution, and the desire to improve their material condition, brought our ancestors to America, and drove them into the wilderness to fight hunger and cold and drought and the savages. It produced as hardy and capable a race as the world has ever known, and as great a nation. At this moment, fear of a victorious enemy, and of the want his victory might bring, is driving millions of men ahead through snow and mud and a rain of death.

I think of my window cleaner, who didn't want anything, particularly work, and then of an old lady I met years ago on a train in South Dakota. She and her husband had gone to Montana in a covered wagon when "Indians was poison"; they had cleared land and built cabins, because "dirt's better than gold, if you work it." When their place burned down in the dead of winter, they'd begun another before the ashes were cold.

And now the old lady was on her way to the funeral of her son, who plainly had never amounted to much. "His pa always took care of him," she said, "so he didn't have our advantages. The young folks'll learn when they get some hard knocks, like we did."

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The red lights, signal of empty gas tanks, blinked on and the big plane began its howling descent through the night—the story of a unique shipwreck

Shipwreck in the Desert

by MAJ. RICHARD THRUELSEN AND LT. ELLIOTT ARNOLD

IT WAS EARLY evening of July 9, 1943. The Liberator *Big Job* was on its way back to its North African base from the bombing of Comiso airdrome, in Sicily. *Big Job* was alone. After turning away from the target the Liberator had lost the other ships of the Group in the clouds and now the big plane was alone in an empty sky, pounding off the miles across the twilighted sea. The 10 men in the crew were feeling good.

Landfall was made on schedule. The white line of the beach, the rolling dunes and then the red-brown wastes of the African desert stretching interminably south. Benghazi wasn't where it should have been. They were probably a little west of their course. The nose swung around and all eyes began to search for the first sign of the field. Any minute now . . .

Six hours later, at 0245 hours on July 10, the red lights indicating empty gas tanks shone brightly in the cockpit. A last radio message was sent. Flight Officer M'Kelvey feathered the props. An order was given: the crew bailed out. The blackness swallowed them. The engines of *Big Job* sputtered and stopped. The big plane began its howling descent through the night.

That last message of *Big Job*, on an emergency frequency, was picked up by seven Directional Finder stations. They all heard it and chatted among themselves during the early morning hours, pinpointing the position of *Big Job* as some 300 miles southeast of its base in the heart of the Libyan desert.

Meanwhile, the crew of *Big Job* dropped through the darkness to an alien earth. Four of them landed close together—Lieutenant Street, the co-pilot Lieutenant Rasmussen, the navigator, and two gunners, Staff Sergeant Renk and Staff Sergeant Magee. There was no moon, though the stars were bright, and they could see little. They had apparently landed in a large field of stones. Picking their way carefully, the four joined together and began to yell for the others. Not a sound came out of the empty night. Finally, despairing, the four men bundled themselves up in their chutes and lay down among the

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rocks to await the coming of dawn.

The first light of day revealed a limitless expanse of tortured, black volcanic rock. Fields of boulders alternated with patches of bare sand. It was a grim and desolate landscape, without a living, growing thing to break the harsh outlines of the jagged ridges which met the swept blue sky. There was no sign of the other men.

Seldom has a group of castaways been more ill-equipped for a fight against the desert. They were dressed in khaki trousers and shirt and GI shoes. One of the men had a canteen with a little water in it. There were no arms, no rations and no signaling equipment. Several of the crew had small pocket compasses, but they proved of little help in that endless waste.

It was decided that Street and Magee would walk north (a direction which should, eventually, bring them to the sea) and look for help, while the others followed as fast as possible.

Street and Magee started out, picking their way laboriously through the boulder fields, hunting paths around the outcroppings and wading slowly through the intermittent stretches of sand. As they topped each rise they could look back and see their companions. By midday the two to the rear were tiny figures. During the afternoon they disappeared entirely.

Late that blazing afternoon Street and Magee stopped to rest. They were sweat-soaked, exhausted and parched. Finding a crack in a ledge, they spread out a piece of parachute and lay down in its meager shade. The air roiled and eddied in the heat and the rocks were scorching to the touch. Around them the horizon quivered as the black land writhed in the glare.

When the sun had lowered, Magee and Street continued. They saw nothing but the same dreary waste. The sky had been empty all day. This was July 10.

THE SEARCH began at 0825 hours on the morning of July 10, when an Air/Sea Rescue Wellington took off to cover the area in which *Big Job* had gone down. After eight hours in the air the pilot returned to base, having vainly searched 900 square miles.

Meanwhile, a land rescue party, drawn from the Sudan Defense Force, had been formed. This was composed of five trucks, a mobile radio unit and 16 men.

STREET AND Magee didn't sleep well that night. The parachute was a poor protection against the cold. And their thirst plagued them. In the gray dawn they started off again, heading north. The sun came up, hot and brassy. They walked on in the pulsating sun. This was their second day and their tongues began to feel big. Finally they *had* to swallow, but they couldn't. And then they spied a tree several miles ahead. Feeling sure it marked water, they stumbled on. They arrived at the tree about noon. It grew from a small depression that must have drained water from infrequent rains. But now the depression was dry. The exhausted men fell asleep in the shade of the tree. This was July 11.

About midday of July 11, Renk and Rasmussen, plodding along behind Street and Magee, were joined

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by two other members of the crew. Lieutenant Alexander and Technical Sergeant McDermott had apparently landed several miles farther south. They reported finding the wreck of *Big Job* and on it this note: "July 10, headed North, no water." It had been signed by Flight Officer M'Kelvey and Technical Sergeant Greathouse.

THE AIR search continued. Liberators reported finding four survivors in position 27. 10 N., 18.00 E. and two survivors a few miles to the north of that point. Supplies had been dropped for both parties.

Meanwhile, the ground party picked up a message giving their position and saying that some of the survivors had been located.

STREET AND Magee slept through most of that baking afternoon. The sun was low when they awoke. They decided to wait until the cool of the evening to push on. It was almost sundown when they heard the first, far-off sound of an aircraft. They stood out in the open and waved their piece of parachute frantically. At first they thought it was going to pass without noticing. Then it turned and, swooping low, circled the tree. It was the *Joisey Bounce*, a Liberator from their own squadron.

Magee held up the empty canteen. The *Joisey Bounce* circled again and six canteens came flying out. All broke against the rocks. The *Joisey Bounce* disappeared. A few minutes later two more Liberators appeared. They dropped some packages and a message:

SUPPLY SHIP COMING SOON. YOU ARE 320 MILES SOUTH OF BASE. HAVE FOUND FOUR OTHER CREW MEMBERS SEVEN MILES SOUTHEAST. HAVE DROPPED VERY PISTOL AND K-RATIONS.

The men read the note, wondering who had joined Renk and Rasmussen. They didn't care about the rations or the Very pistol. All they wanted, in the whole world, was water. Thus ended July 11.

The second day under the tree, July 12, was uneventful. The two men watched the rippling heat waves outside their circle of shade and strained to catch the sound of engines in the vacant sky.

Throughout the blistering heat of July 13, Street and Magee lay in the shade of their tree, moving only when it was necessary to change their position and keep out of the sun. Their tongues were swollen now with thirst and their lips cracked with the heat. Aircraft were heard, but none seen.

Seven miles to the southeast, Alexander, Rasmussen, McDermott and Renk had camped. Here, during the afternoon, they were located by a Wellington which dropped supplies. The men made a shelter of a parachute.

Some time during their fourth interminable day under the tree, Street and Magee were shaken to consciousness by the roar of a plane overhead. For a while they just listened, looking dully at each other. Then came the realization that the plane was looking for them, and that it might go away. One of them reached for the Very pistol. The plane was circling now, farther away. The red flare arched into the sky.

The plane swooped low. It was the *Joisey Bounce* again. Its pilot had

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found his squadron mates a second time. A five gallon can of water and cases of food tumbled out of the ship. Street and Magee watched the can disappear into the folds of the black lava, several hundred yards away. They started hobbling toward the spot.

There were two gallons left in the battered can. Street and Magee drank a gallon between them. Then they crawled slowly back to their tree and slept. At dusk, strengthened, they were able to bring the rest of the water back. They also salvaged the boxes of food. There was fruit juice, stew, pork and beans, C-rations, a new parachute and more flare shells. The boys drank some of the fruit juice, ate a can of pears and then slept again.

On July 14, the Liberators reported they had relocated the two men first found on July 11. Supplies had been dropped. An Air/Sea Rescue Blenheim again found the party of four farther to the south and dropped supplies to them. The Blenheim also dropped spare parts and marked maps to the Sudan Defense Force patrol which had stalled at Marada.

On this day, having received their parts and maps, the ground party set out for the estimated position of the survivors. The going was rough and rocky, with frequent patches of soft sand. The trucks boiled continuously and there were further breakdowns.

On July 15, their fifth day on the desert, Street and Magee felt better. With water and food and shade they felt they could face the burning wastes around them. They decided, however, to stay by their tree. During the afternoon a Wellington circled and dropped a note asking the direction of the other party. Street drew an arrow on a patch of sand. The Wellington flew south and later returned and dropped a note: DO YOU NEED ANYTHING? Street wrote, WATER, on the sand. Four canteens were thrown out. All of them burst. Street wrote, WATER BURSTING.

The Wellington flew away.

Up to this day, the exact positions of the survivors on the volcanic plain—it was now learned that this immense area was known as "The Coal" — had not been clearly established. Everyone who had seen the parties agreed that they could be definitely located by certain formations in the rock. Accordingly, a Wellington with a composite crew containing somebody who had been on each previous successful flight went out. Both parties were located and supplies dropped. This was the ship that dropped the four canteens to Street and Magee. A reconnaissance was made for a landing strip as near The Coal as possible.

On July 16, Street and Magee received, via a Liberator, a sea-bag containing five- and two-gallon cans of water. Also more food.

On July 17, Street and Magee received a note from a Wellington telling them that a rescue party was in the area and proceeding towards them. They were to start shooting flares after 24 hours. More water was dropped. The intense heat continued, but was bearable with shade and water. Both boys

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wondered how the small birds which occasionally appeared managed to live in that area.

AIR PATROLS dropped supplies to the survivors on this day and also contacted the land party. Instructions were dropped concerning the landing strip to be prepared.

The ground party made better time, finding good going and the track well marked. At 1730 hours the patrol reached the area chosen for the landing strip. By 2000 hours the strip was completed.

At 0900 hours on July 18 a Wellington succeeded in landing on the improvised landing strip in the desert just east of The Coal.

Others of the land party, meanwhile, had made their way 25 miles west of the landing strip and were well into The Coal.

ON JULY 19, on their tenth day on the lava, Street and Magee received a note from an RAF Wellington instructing them to shoot flares at five minute intervals. Later in the day Magee picked out a column of dust in the north.

ON JULY 19, both patrols left camp at 0630 hours. The going amidst the lava rock was "appallingly bad." The columns had to stop frequently so that boulders could be cleared out of the track. The trucks continually boiled over. A Wellington appeared and assisted in directing the ground party.

Two of the missing airmen were picked up shortly after 1800 hours. Their names were Street and Magee. Four others, to the south, were picked up an hour later. All were in fair condition. None of the six survivors knew the whereabouts of the other four missing men.

The six survivors of *Big Job's* crew were taken out by the land patrols. Given medical attention and food, they were trucked 60 miles across the lava and then loaded into a Wellington at the landing strip. After a week in the hospital they reported back to their bombardment Group for duty.

The patrols continued the search for the other four men for two more days. The men were finally given up for lost. They have never been heard from.

Forgotten Man

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN was somewhat nervous when he was put on the same program with Governor Thayer of Nebraska on St. Patrick's Day in 1889. Only a short time before he had delivered 50 speeches in an attempt to stop the Republican victor, and he feared his oratory must have made an unpleasant dent in the governor's memory. The program was long and varied, including songs, speeches and vaudeville numbers, but at last Thayer announced: "Next we have Mr. W. J. Bryan."

As Bryan came forward, Thayer smiled and extended his hand. Thinking the past was forgiven, Bryan grasped it warmly. But Thayer only pulled him over and whispered, "Quick! Do you sing or speak or dance?"

—JAMES ALDREDGE

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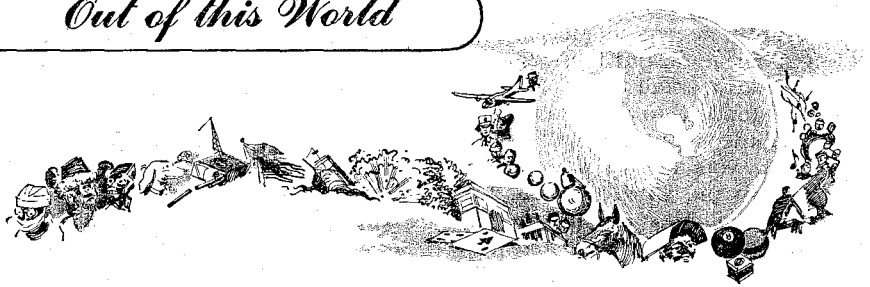
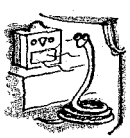
Out of this World



How can the most in information and entertainment be compressed into the least space? Answer: by coming as quickly as possible to the point in six pages of capsule reading which you should find varied, amusing and memorable.

Hypnotic Voice

AT A LONE jungle outpost in New Guinea, Lt. Colonel Earle O. Thornton Jr. flicked on his radio to



the short-wave broadcast of Bing Crosby's program. As the rich voice of the crooner filled the tent, the colonel's thoughts wafted homeward. But reality could not be escaped for long. In the middle of the song, he was momentarily called away.

When he approached his tent a few minutes later, he could hear the Music Hall still in session with Bing singing another tune.

Pushing aside the tent flap, the colonel stepped inside—and stopped short. Only a stride away lay a four-foot adder, poised to strike, but with its head turned toward the voice pouring from the loud speaker. It did not move a muscle at the officer's entrance. The colonel soundlessly backed away until he could reach his machete lying on a camp stool near the entrance. Then with one whack he killed the adder.

If the crooner's voice had not hypnotized the snake, Colonel Thornton might not have been alive to write the letter Bing recently received, telling him how his song had reached across thousands of miles to save a life.

—PATRICIA SULLIVAN

Sobering Influence

WE THOUGHT we had seen everything, but the other night in a fashionable bar in New York's Fifties we changed our minds. There sat a British naval officer thoughtfully sipping a large beer. Tied to the leg of his stool was a length of black shoelace with the end carefully placed in a jigger of beer.

As we watched, the officer drained his glass, leaned down, untied the shoelace and, dangling it from his hand, sauntered out.

The next evening in another well-known bar we were amazed to see the whole pantomime repeated. This time we asked the bartender what it was all about.

"Him and his mongrat has been

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comin' in here on and off for the duration," he explained. "I always serves 'em both, but the little feller only takes a small one."

He stopped to wait on a customer, then continued. "They're famous, you know, all over the world. In the United States, London, Cairo, him and his mongrat always goes on a spree together."

Still bewildered we asked hesitantly, "Just what is a mongrat?"

"Oh, that," replied the bartender with great disdain, "is a cross between a mongoose and a rat. 'Tis an invisible animal." With a haughty glance he went about his work as if mongrats and their ilk were the most natural thing in the world.

Not content, we managed to stammer, "But, why?"

"Well, you see, sir," the bartender finished condescendingly, "when he has trouble untying that there little feller he knows he's had enough, an' him and his mongrat head for the ship."

For our part we left hastily, hoping to find a peddler of shoelaces.

—ADRIENNE S. CONANT

Musical Chair

THAT OLD STORY of a man who could hear music transmitted through the fillings in his teeth may not be so far wrong if the musical anesthesia devised by Dr. Elmer Best, of Minneapolis, becomes popular. He has devised a dental chair with a built-in recording and amplifying system. Two special plates which conduct sound through bone are fastened to the head rest. They, in turn, are wired to a phonograph in another room.

When the patient tilts his head back against the plates, the recorded music travels through the mastoid bone and drowns out the agonizing sound of drilling. Not only are unpleasant noises eliminated but the patient relaxes under the soothing therapy of music.

—ELEANORE MCK. SWARTLEY

Taken for a Ride

ALL WEEK the Chicago papers had been heralding my demand for 10 thousand dollars cash. Now I had it, and as I left the promoter's office and walked back into the crowded arena, I suddenly became self-conscious. This was 20 years ago, when a machine gun was a toy in Chicago, and I felt as if hundreds of them were aimed in my direction.

It was my own fault. My prize-fighter, Johnny Dundee, was boxing Sammy Mandell that night in East Chicago, Indiana, and I had demanded the 10 thousand before allowing Dundee to enter the ring.

In the excitement of the fight, I forgot about the money, but once the final bell sounded I was again on edge. Suddenly I felt a tug at my coat sleeve.

"This is it," I thought, expecting the prod of a gun muzzle in my back. Instead, I heard the voice of a Chicago newspaper reporter.

"You'd better get out of here, Jimmy," he said. "I just heard that a couple of the boys are planning to relieve you of that 10 thousand."

I whirled quickly and headed

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for the rear of the arena. In a few seconds I was stumbling through the parking lot. Just then the glare of headlights cut through the night. I reached for the money, but it was still there. The car drew up alongside and the driver leaned out in the darkness.

"Going my way, Jimmy?" asked an unfamiliar voice.

"I'm going to the Congress Hotel in Chicago," I managed to say.

"Hop in," was the virtual order.

I stepped in and huddled next to the driver. Neither of us spoke a word all the way into Chicago. It seemed only a matter of minutes before the driver was saying, "Well, here's your hotel, Jimmy."

"Thanks," I said to my rescuer, "and by the way, tell me your name so I can look you up the next time I'm in town."

"You can ask anybody where to find me," he replied. "Just ask for Al Capone." —JAMES J. JOHNSTON

Green Pastures

A FAVORITE GI pastime in the Solomons is trading with the natives. One Army enlisted man had tried in vain to buy an exquisitely carved cane from a village chief. Cigarets, pipes, matches, rings —even money—failed to impress the old tribesman. The soldier finally gave up and turned to leave. Preparing for the trek back to camp, he put on an old pair of cracked sun glasses.

The chief's eyes widened at the sight. "You stay," he commanded excitedly. "Me look-look." And he stretched out a wrinkled palm.

Fitting the glasses to his eyes with great care, the grizzled descendant of a cannibal looked about in childish wonderment. He cackled to himself as he peered this way and that, his toothless mouth quivering with new-found delight.

Removing the glasses, he dug into his bag of valuables and brought out a frayed American 10-dollar bill. This and the precious carved cane he offered in exchange for the remarkable glasses which turned everything bright green before his eyes.

—LT. GEORGE H. LARSON

Heat without Heft

AT 50 BELOW, rubber parts in a plane become brittle as glass. Light oil in vital mechanisms becomes like chewing gum. That was the problem our airmen faced in making our bombers and fighters fly higher and faster than anything the enemy could produce.

Then heating engineers took over and produced what is probably the most amazing heating development you've ever heard about. To heat one room of your home on the coldest day, if you live in the northern United States, takes 10,000 British Thermal Units per hour. One current Army-used heater delivers 200,000 BTU per hour, weighs just 23 pounds and is the size of an ordinary wastebasket. A few such lightweight heaters in a big bomber are enough to keep inside temperature above 70 degrees even when the air outside the thin metal skin is 37 below. It keeps tail and wing surfaces so warm that the

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bomber can fly through cloud formations enemy interceptors don't dare go near. Once the war is over, this new heating principle may well make old-type cellars with their huge, space-filling furnaces obsolete and give you more living and playing room, as well as more heat, at much less cost and trouble.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

Don't Spare the Applause

WE WERE among the first batch of American troops to arrive in Australia and were camped at a staging area some distance outside a large city. Things were chaotic; there was little in the way of recreation until after a week or two, when the Aussies staged some nightly variety shows.

Most of the talent was amateur, and frankly not too good. The musicians were more enthusiastic than skillful, the numbers were antique and the comedy was generally obscured by Australian dialect.

After a few evenings of polite reception, a few "wags" began to entertain themselves by wisecracking and razzing the performers.

The catcalling continued to grow worse until one evening an American officer ordered all such exhibitions to stop. If we did not like the show we could stay away, and if we did come, we should remember that the performers were giving up their free time to entertain us.

That night the show began in respectful silence. The first few turns were considerably better than usual, and were greeted with hearty applause.

Then the curtain went up on the usual fading contralto songbird with a repertoire of prewar ballads. Her hairdo, pince-nez and velvet ribbon at the throat marked her as a period piece. Her voice, though robust, flirted coquettishly with the melody, wavering impartially between sharp and flat. Yet despite her brave front, you could discern the timid look of one long accustomed to getting the "bird."

Her final piercing note of *Hark, Hark the Lark* was followed by a moment of stunned silence. Then, as if on a signal, the hall was shaken with a thunderous ovation and yells of "More! More!"

She was plainly staggered by this reception. But her surprise soon gave way to gratification, and she went into her second number with the expression of a spaniel who has been expecting a beating—and gets a bone.

I have forgotten what her encores were, but they were delivered with the same measure of skill, and received the same tumultuous applause. When she finally left the stage, there were tears of happiness in her eyes.

I do not think she will ever forget that evening, any more than I shall.

—ALLAN CRAWFURD

Shoe Shine Lady

JANE ADDAMS, founder of Chicago's famed Hull House and one of the most deeply loved Americans of all time, received countless visitors interested in social reform who came to observe the activities at the settlement.

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One day an English educator arrived. He watched the young people practicing ballet dancing, rehearsing for plays and concerts and playing basketball. He watched deft fingers molding pottery, weaving and drawing. In the evening he sat with Jane Addams and the other people of Hull House and soaked in the warmth of the fire and the fellowship.

After he had been shown to his quarters for the night, Miss Addams passed down the hall. There outside his door, English fashion, stood his boots. Without hesitation, she gathered them up, took them to her rooms and polished them. Then she put them back. Her close friends chuckled, for they knew that was the kind of a woman Jane Addams was. The English educator? He never discovered who his benefactor was.

—GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN

Uninvited Guest

WHEN BRAND WHITLOCK took over as mayor of Toledo, Ohio, the city was a mecca for thieves, and the mayor came in contact with all types and kinds of criminals. One day his closest friend, the novelist Meredith Nicholson, remarked enviously, "Brand, you're lucky. You actually meet and talk to burglars. All I know about them is what I read or imagine. Now, the next time you find a good, competent burglar, I wish you'd send him to me. I'd like to talk to him and see just how a criminal differs from other men."

Whitlock promised, but promptly forgot all about it. A few weeks later he received a letter from Nicholson:

"Your friend came, but I had not expected him professionally. If you will tell him to bring back the family plate and Mrs. Nicholson's jewels, you and I will resume social relations." —STEPHEN J. SCHMIEDL

Express to Tokyo

ONE OF THE most bedeviled ghosts of this war is New York City's Sixth Avenue L, which was torn down and sold for scrap during the period from December 1938 to May 1939, and which is recurrently rumored to be tearing into the bodies of American soldiers in the form of Japanese bullets, or sailing against our Navy in the form of the Japanese fleet.

There are two reasons why the L is periodically dug up from its decent burial and reembodied in such rumors.

First, the demolition of the L happened to coincide with the time when the nation, slowly rousing to war anger, began wholesale self-recriminations for its stupidity in selling scrap, oil, and rubber to Japan and other Axis countries in the late '30s—to be made into weapons that would be turned on us. But while recriminations were warranted, it so happened that the Sixth Avenue L was not part of the scrap so injudiciously sold.

Secondly, the L achieved such prominence in its last days that it was seized as a convenient symbol for all such gifts-to-the-enemy in the flailings from pulpits, orators'

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tongues, cartoonists' pens, and the typewriters of newspaper and magazine writers.

On December 20, 1938, Mayor LaGuardia, before a crowd of 3,000, applied the acetylene torch to cut away the first girder. The night before some 2,000 sentimentalists had taken one last ride, and at zero hour carried off as souvenirs everything that wasn't nailed down. The leisurely sky train that by day cast fleeting shadows in the dark arcade of the street below and by night was a string of jeweled lights winding from station to station, was no more. Underground a sleek subway tunneled through the earth.

After the statute providing for the condemnation of the Sixth Avenue L was passed in 1924, it was fourteen years before the city acquired clear title to the L and the demolition contract could be awarded the Harris Structural Steel Company, which had bid $40,000 for the privilege of doing the work—and in return would receive all resulting scrap and other material.

In the contract was a specific provision that the scrap metal salvaged should not be sold directly or indirectly to any foreign country other than Great Britain—thanks to the fore-sight of Stanley M. Isaacs, former president of the Borough of Manhattan.

The Harris Company, one of the largest fabricators of structural steel for bridges and buildings in the country, is ordinarily engaged in constructive rather than destructive work.

However, the wrecking of the L proceeded with lightning dispatch while work on the subway directly below continued simultaneously.

After the salvaged material had been chopped into commercial lengths, the resulting 12,000 tons of scrap and other material were sold by the Harris Company. A small part went to a New Jersey dealer for remelting purposes and domestic use only. The bulk, 98%, went to the Bethlehem Steel Company, with the same proviso. Inspectors followed the shipments to their final destinations, and a committee from the New York City Council satisfied itself that the injunctions of the contract, banning export of the salvaged material, were followed through in letter and spirit.

So the 12,000 tons of the Sixth Avenue L vanished into the open hearths of the Bethlehem Mills, constituting about .2% of the yearly average of 6,000,000 tons of scrap consumed by their furnaces.

Whether the L ended up in armor plate for U. S. Naval ships, in guns, in airplane cylinders, in tin cans that protect foods for lend-lease and our own military—cannot be accurately determined. It is probable that it went into the building of bomber plants, since the particular mill which received the L scrap was at that time mainly engaged in supplying structural steel girders and beams for the frenzied construction of war plants in our mobilization for total war. No doubt some of it was returned to the Harris fabricating plant in New Market, N. J. and erected by them in hangars, bridges and munitions plants for our own use.

In the end, the Japs did get the Sixth Avenue L (several times removed)—and are still getting it—from U. S. guns. But that is the only way they got it.

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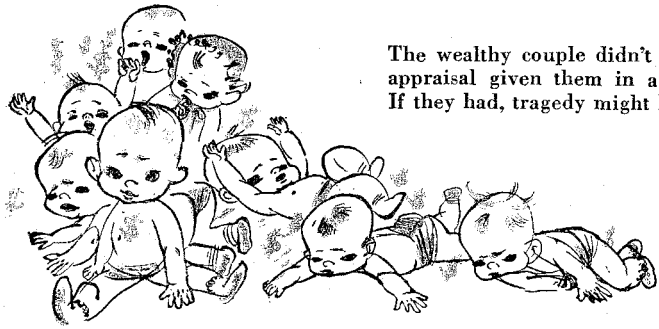

The wealthy couple didn't observe the shrewd appraisal given them in a black-market nursery. If they had, tragedy might have been averted

Babies for Sale

by GEORGE H. COPELAND

EDITORS' NOTE: *The facts and figures in this article have been taken from reports of highly reputable children's welfare bureaus and societies throughout America, and bear startling testimony to one of the most inhuman black markets ever to burden the nation in war or peace.*

THE HANDSOME, well-dressed couple in their late thirties were too engrossed in their mission to note the look of shrewd appraisal in the eyes of the woman attendant who ushered them into the nursery of a pretentious suburban home in the nation's capital, where a half dozen babies were kept.

Trying to hide her eagerness, the childless wife hesitated at the crib of a beautiful blonde child and turned to the woman in charge. "A girl?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, and one of the sweetest we have," smiled the woman whose wares—homeless children for adoption—were on special display in this black market.

The wife, her eyes shining, looked up at her husband and asked, "Can I have her?"

At his indulgent nod of approval, the woman attendant said smoothly, "I hate to see her go, especially since we've had such heavy expense in taking care of her. Prenatal care of the mother cost $100; the special nurse, $75; hospital, $100; doctor, $150. Those items, together with boarding, bring the total to $650. I assume you will pay these expenses."

The husband, a business executive, might have questioned those figures under any other circumstances; but the look on his wife's face softened him. "It's a deal," he agreed, and turned over the money.

An isolated case? Not at all. Dozens of similar transactions are being made by "baby brokers" running black markets in America today, where war has sent the birthrate soaring.

Now, let's look at the aftermath of this particular deal. The foster parents obtained a release for the baby from the natural mother. The father did not even enter the picture.

So the couple won custody of the baby girl, took her home and gave her every care and attention.

During the year before the

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question of actual adoption came up, the foster parents grew to love the little girl, but they had to admit that she wasn't too bright. This fact was confirmed by the family physician who felt reasonably certain that the child was of subnormal intelligence, if not actually feebleminded. Certainly not of the mental calibre that would warrant entrance into a first-class college, where the ambitious couple planned to send her. It was doubtful if she would even be eligible for high school.

What to do with the baby put the well-meaning couple in a bewildering dilemma. They had gambled with a baby broker and lost. Had they not taken this short cut to vicarious parenthood and stayed on the road to safe adoption through recognized agencies, their heartbreak could have been avoided. For reputable organizations insist on testing the babies in their care for at least six months before placing them. During that period children are carefully studied to determine the sort of foster parents and home where each will fit best. If a baby gets into the wrong family, the organization will take it back and try again.

If foster parents obtained the baby through a broker, there is little chance of the "salesman" taking it back. Furthermore, there is no way to force such an action. The chances are 100 to 1 against the natural mother taking her baby, and the only recourse is to put the child in a private institution or into one of the few—and crowded—public institutions. It is against the law for parents by adoption to desert the child.

Patently aware of these facts, some baby brokers make a handsome living. They circulate among hospital clinics and induce expectant mothers to turn over their unborn babies, agreeing, in return, to take care of delivery expenses.

Young men going off to war, girls snatching at romance, and financially able childless couples all combine to make the traffic in babies easy for the unscrupulous brokers. They simply spread the word that a baby is available, and as the demand always far exceeds the supply, a sale is quickly made.

Well known in Washington circles are the operations of one woman broker who plied her trade a dozen years or so and made news headlines a number of times as defendant in court actions. She has been sued by natural parents wishing to recover their baby—alleged to have been turned over to her through a misunderstanding—and by foster parents trying to force her to take back a mentally and physically deficient baby placed with them.

For health reasons, authorities recently shut down on the "baby-farming" angle of her operations, making it impossible for her to keep several babies as sales bait, and forcing her to leave them in hospitals during negotiations for payment. Further to curb her activities, Congress, which makes the laws for the District of Columbia, passed a "baby broker" bill. This bill makes compulsory the licensing of all child-placement agencies, which should at least stop the operations of the black market in babies in the shadow of the nation's capital.

But in other sections of the coun-

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try this black market still flourishes. In a large eastern city, where the law does not protect children from being victims of black-market brokers, the Children's Aid Society reports: "We know of lawyers in one city who work with agencies of low standards in other sections of the country and who 'import' children about whom little is known, and sell them at a high figure to intelligent families. Eagerness for a child makes the foster parents close their eyes to the hazards inherent in such adoptions.

"Baby brokerage is a sideline for most of these lawyers, and they make about 200 dollars on each adoption. Unless some control can be exercised in the original placement, there will be many tragic results from these hasty adoptions."

Problems with which authorities must cope in this black market for babies vary in different sections of the country. In a Southwestern state an agency reports: "Recently there has been an unbelievable increase in the number of babies and the people who want them. We are constantly faced with 'baby brokers' who number not only doctors, nurses and attorneys, but also wealthy dowagers who have nothing else to do. The first group gets fees from prospective parents; but we cannot figure what the dowagers get. They don't need the money.

"The age of unmarried mothers is lower. We have several 14 and 15 years old. The fathers usually are members of the armed forces and the young girls do not know what to do about the babies."

An agency in a huge Midwestern industrial center says: "We are having a terrific infiltration from many of the Southern states and we find that parents are leaving their children behind in home communities, and inquiring how adoptions of these children can be consummated."

"Young, willing and delinquent," is the street-corner description of many of the so-called victory girls who hang around military camps and huge service concentration centers. These girls contribute most to the huge crop of illegitimate babies. Two-thirds of all adopted children are estimated to be of unwed mothers.

Migration of war workers, sometimes resulting in the abandonment of babies, plays into the hands of black-market operators. Soldiers' wives who become camp followers often leave a first child in a boarding-home, and when another baby starts on its way, the first may be given up for adoption.

THE TREMENDOUS number of "war babies" intensifies the adoption situation. In 1942, a total of 2,808,996 babies were born. In that same year, there were 1,800,000 weddings, many of the marry-in-haste variety. The year of 1943 brought 3,200,000 babies and 1944 will probably come close to that number.

The U.S. Children's Bureau in Washington estimates that from 1,200,000 to 1,700,000 women with children took jobs in 1943, with some 3,000,000 youngsters affected. A number of these will be subject to adoption. There are no nation-wide statistics on the number of adoptions, but the Bureau estimates that 300,000 children are being reared by foster parents.

The war, with its demand for

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birth certificates by those going into the armed forces or defense jobs, has brought about "legalizing" of foster children in many instances.

Licensing of child-placement agencies is required in about 30 states; but the laws governing adoption vary widely. About one-fourth of the number require their own welfare departments to investigate petitions for adoptions. Less than one-half have what the U.S. Children's Bureau terms "adequate service for psychometric examinations" for testing the child.

How does one avoid the black market in babies when seeking a child for adoption? The safe way is to consult the council of social agencies or the State department of welfare.

These organizations can provide a list of approved agencies. Such agencies ask no fees for child placement; but they are staffed by persons who will want to become well acquainted with the prospective foster parents, their home and their reasons for desiring to adopt a child. Reputable private organizations also follow this policy.

Beware of those places where attendants in charge of nurseries simply rattle off expense items and turn over a baby with no questions asked—once the stipulated fee is in their hands.

Cross-Country Views

A NEW YORK book salesman was sent on a trip to St. Paul, Minnesota, and some of the Mississippi valley towns. On the train ride west he read up on the Mississippi region and became so enchanted with the river lore that he decided to travel to the next town, La Crosse, Wisconsin, by steamer rather than rail.

Arriving in St. Paul, he immediately went to a travel bureau to ask when the next passenger packet left for La Crosse. "I couldn't say," answered the veteran attendant. "The last one left 40 years ago." —LUCILE STOLTEBEN

VERMONTERS ARE supposed to be the hardest people in the world to surprise, but they have nothing on the inhabitants of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, a small mining town.

A carnival came to Carbondale and was pitched next to an old, abandoned mine. Most of the town turned out, but they didn't respond easily to the hoarse-voiced barkers for the sideshows.

After cajoling at great length one talker wound up his spiel with an absolute guarantee:

"Everee single word I've said is the absolute, unvarnished truth, as sure as I'm a-standin' here—"

In the middle of his sentence a shaft of the old mine caved in, and the talker, his platform and his show disappeared into the pit.

The crowd hesitated. Then a loud voice was heard: "Well! Guess he ain't to be trusted." —JULES WEINBERG

HAVING PROSPERED, raised a family and installed every modern convenience on his land and in his home, an Illinois farmer settled down to spend the rest of his life in comfort and contentment. But his family had the itch to travel and urged him to come along. The old man refused.

"Some folks would take a train out of heaven, looking for it," he snorted. "Me, I know I'm there."

—JOSEPH GOLLOMB

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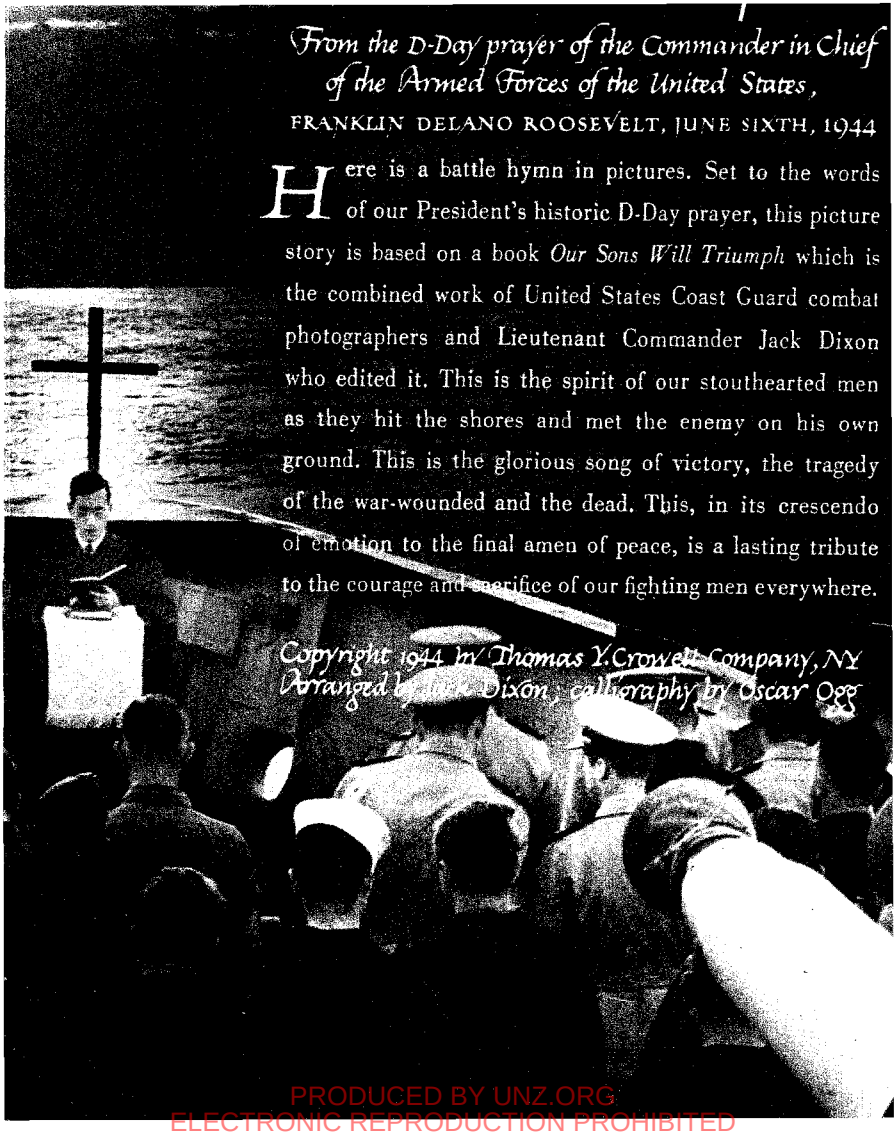

From the D-Day prayer of the Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States,
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, JUNE SIXTH, 1944

Here is a battle hymn in pictures. Set to the words of our President's historic D-Day prayer, this picture story is based on a book *Our Sons Will Triumph* which is the combined work of United States Coast Guard combat photographers and Lieutenant Commander Jack Dixon who edited it. This is the spirit of our stouthearted men as they hit the shores and met the enemy on his own ground. This is the glorious song of victory, the tragedy of the war-wounded and the dead. This, in its crescendo of emotion to the final amen of peace, is a lasting tribute to the courage and sacrifice of our fighting men everywhere.

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Arranged by Jack Dixon, calligraphy by Oscar Ogg

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ALMIGHTY GOD: *Our sons, pride of our nation,*

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this day have set upon a mighty endeavor,

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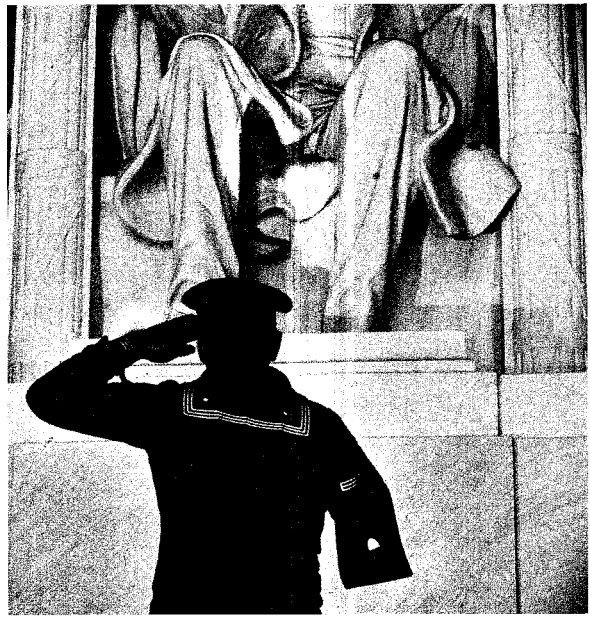

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and to set free a suffering humanity.

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Lead them straight and true :

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give strength to their arms,

stoutness to their hearts,

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... steadfastness to their faith ...

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The enemy... may hurl back our forces.

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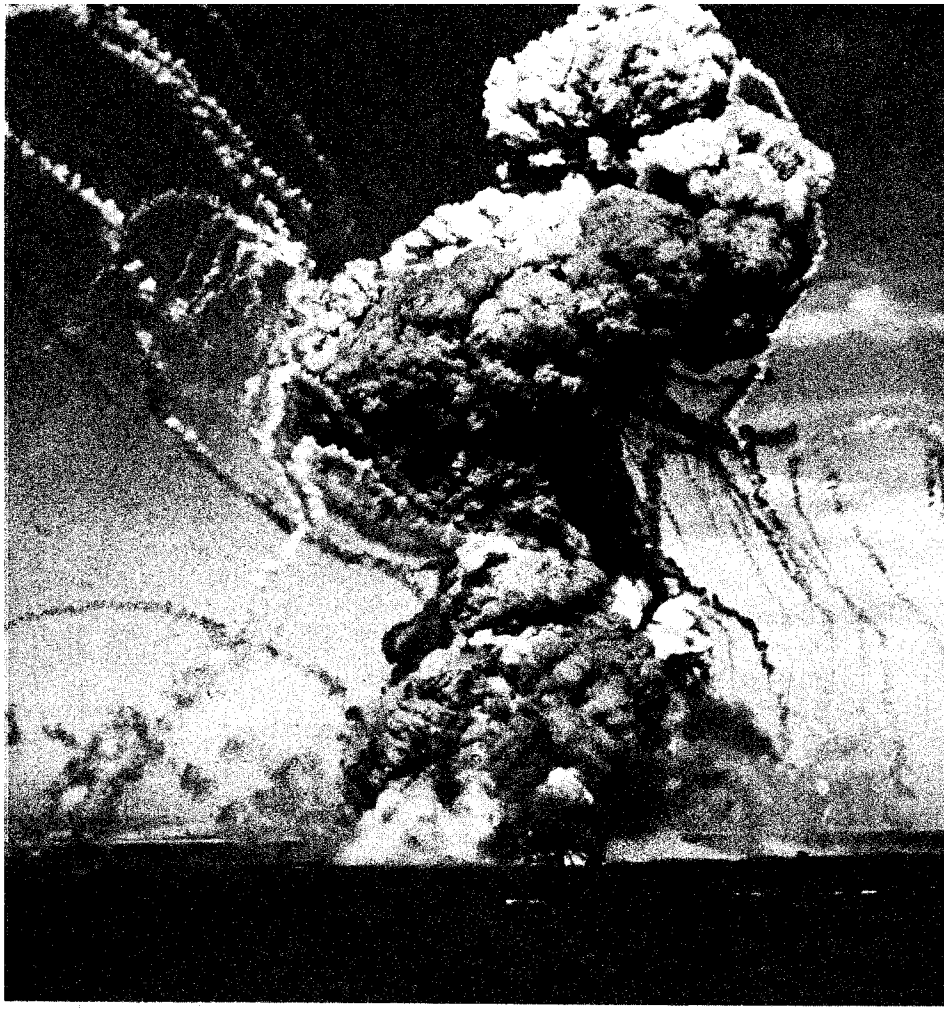

But we shall return again and again;

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and we know that by Thy grace ...
our sons will triumph.

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Some will never return. Embrace these,
Father: and receive them,

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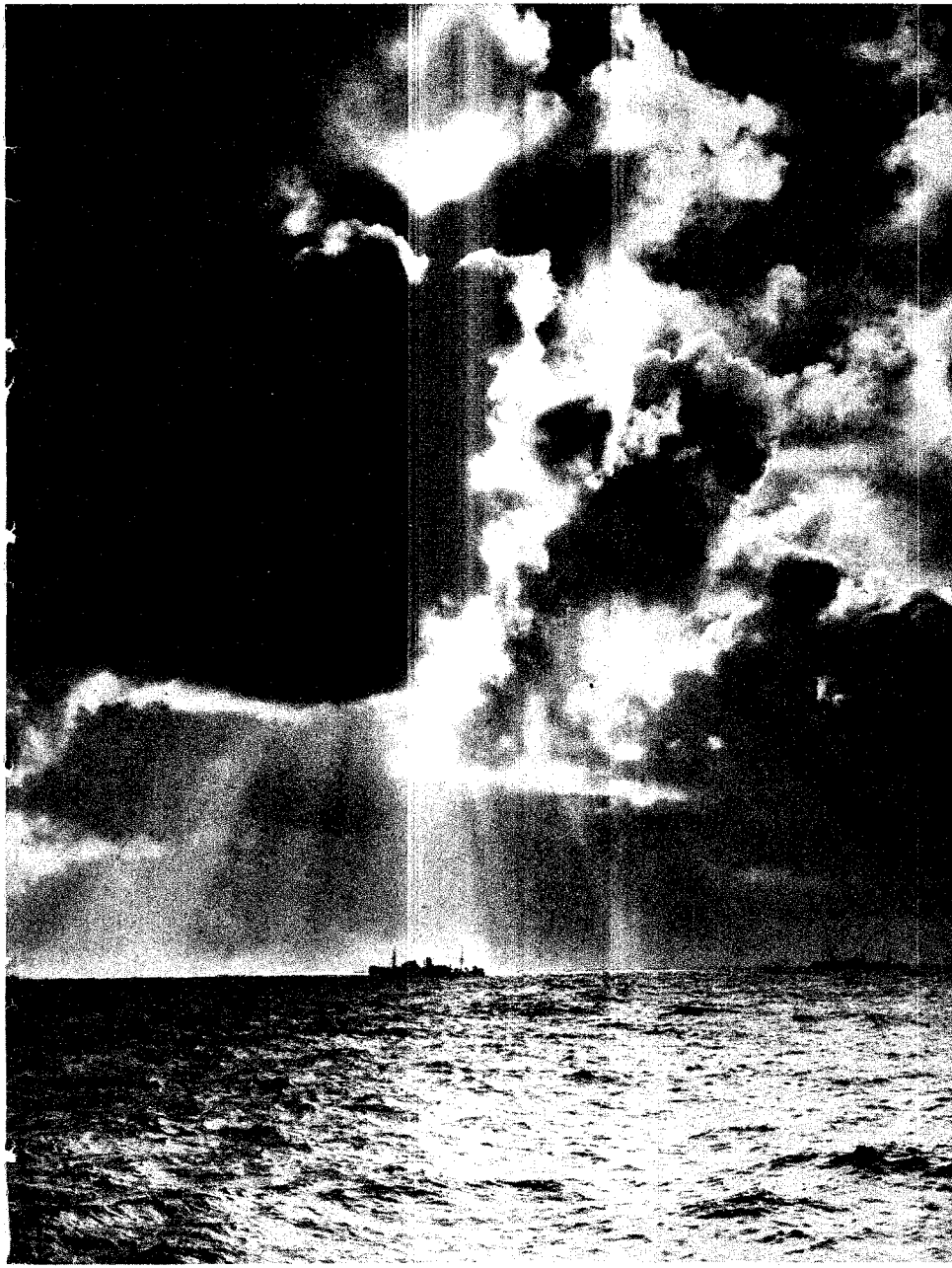

Thy heroic servants, into Thy Kingdom...

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With Thy blessing, we shall prevail ...

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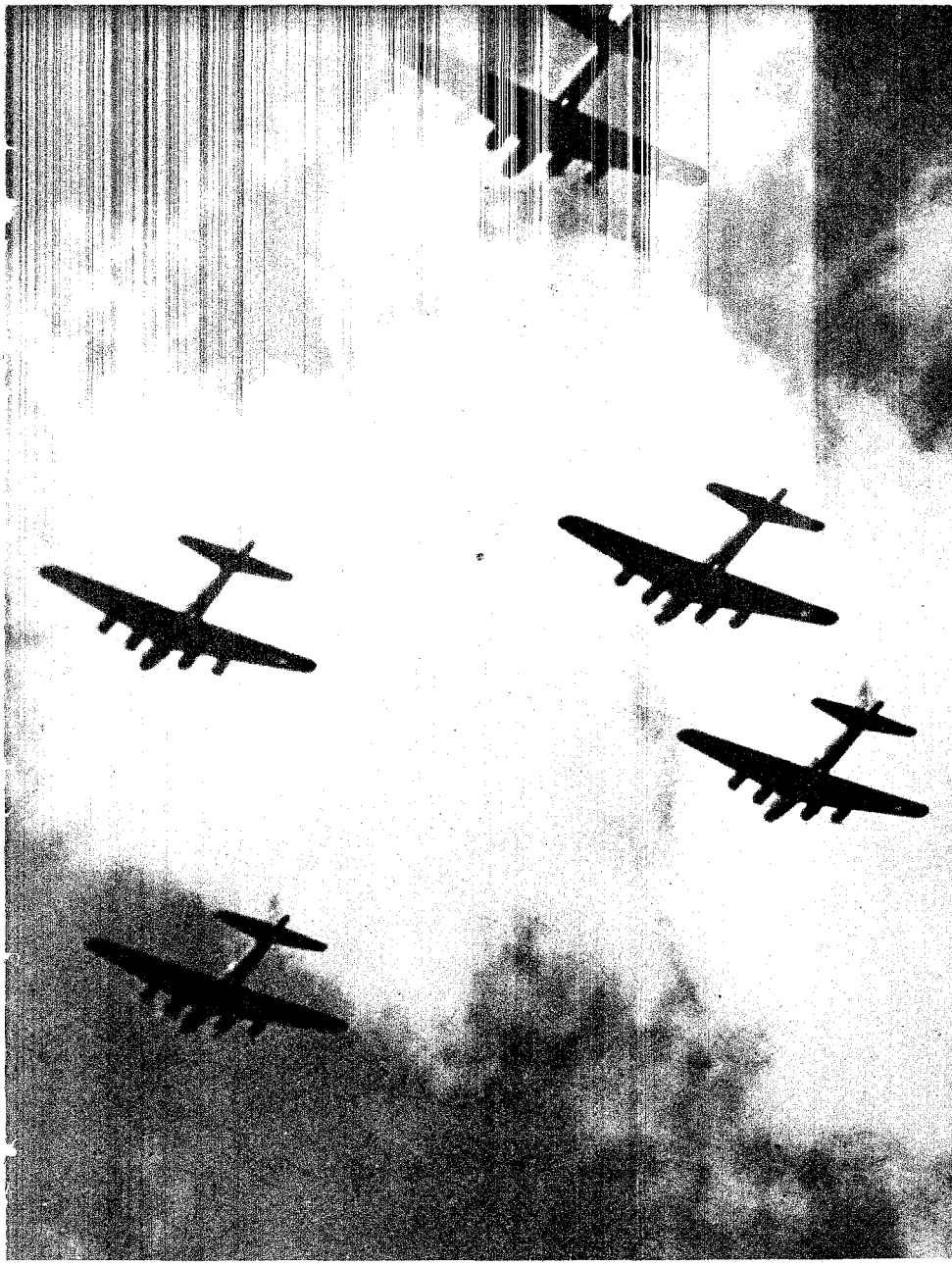

Lead us to the saving of our country,

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...and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—

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To keep the boys informed about what's new back at the office, American industry has devised these lively, helpful plans

Business Looks out for the Doughboy

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON

NOT SO LONG AGO, Lt. Robert J. Brown, Jr., Army Air Force bombardier, bailed out over Europe, was picked up by the Nazis, and confined in the Sagan prison in eastern Germany. After a few weeks, Brown became accustomed to prison life and began to do some thinking. What was he going to do when the war was over? Could he do anything about it now?

To Otto Kleppner, head of a New York advertising firm whose book he once had read as a student at the University of North Carolina, the lieutenant finally wrote a hesitant letter: "At the present time a prisoner of war, I have a great abundance of time to further my pursuit of advertising. On the basis of your experience, I wonder if you could make any suggestions which would help me."

Mr. Kleppner wasted no time. He had the letter photostated, then circularized it as part of a plea to his outstanding colleagues—men like Stuart Peabody, Borden Co. advertising director; H. L. Laupheimer, head of Schenley Distillers advertising; and A. W. Sherer, ad manager of National Biscuit Co. Today, these men have united in a unique organization: the Lt. Robert J. Brown, Jr. Prisoner-of-War Club. Object: "To give counsel and guidance to Lt. Brown, and any other Americans in prison camp with him who are interested in making advertising their postwar career." Each of the many members writes the lieutenant a monthly letter, advising, supervising his study, keeping him posted on latest developments in the field.

The Bob Brown club is just one episode in one of the war's most constructive stories: the tale of what American industry, big and little, is doing for its boys in service. In 1917, when a boy went off to fight, most of his bridges were burned behind him. This time, scarcely a company doesn't have a program to keep in touch with its men in service.

In the Studebaker Corporation, each man or woman, upon induction, received a kit containing writing utensils, a Bible, a duffle bag, playing cards and toilet accessories. As soon as his service address was

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known, he gets a subscription to his local newspaper. At Christmas he's remembered with a package of candy and toilet articles.

These are the little remembrances, the little but important contributions to material comfort which are always appreciated.

Then there's the company publication which may range from a few mimeographed pages to an elaborate magazine. But in every case it's designed to give the serviceman the feeling of still belonging. It tells about company activities, it reproduces pictures of him in uniform, tells about his activities, lists addresses of other men in service with whom he might like to correspond.

LAST YEAR Lt. Gerry de Gelleke, Jr., visiting the Johns-Manville Milwaukee office where he used to work, had a sad tale of woe. He had asked for leave the next month, when a blessed event was due, but the Army had been too previous. Getting wind of the disturbed papa-to-be's plight, the *News-Pictorial*, company paper, followed him on his round of toy shops, snapped him as he loaded up with both girl and boy playthings. When de Gelleke went back to the Army, the paper stayed on the job. In one of its issues appeared a picture spread headed "Lt. de Gelleke, Meet Your Daughter!" The big item was a shot of the baby snuggled in the arms of her mother. That was the first likeness the lieutenant had seen of his offspring.

As common as the company publication is the emphasis on letter writing. At the Goodrich Co., letters from soldiers are sent to the department where the senders worked, so that fellow employes can reply. They go up on posters featuring a likeness of "Uncle Sam" and captioned "Please write to my nephew today." At Christmas, special stationery captioned "Christmas greetings from a friend at B. F. Goodrich" is provided by the company and hundreds of employes send greetings to their former colleagues.

U. S. Steel mimeographs copies of individual letters received from servicemen and then mails them to other employes in uniform.

Many companies have even set up special letter-writing departments. The R. J. Reynolds Co. Military Correspondence Department does nothing but write to employes in service. Personal, individual letters, including company news, department news, verbatim messages from friends, jokes and friendly gossip of interest only to the recipients are written periodically by "Roslyn" and "Roy" Reynolds.

These special departments often perform valuable services. Every morning, to the desk of Jane Hathaway who writes 1300 letters a week to 19,345 Swift and Co. employes in the service, comes a flock of V-mail answers from all over the world. Most are thank-you notes with latest news about the writer. But many have problems, questions, requests.

There was the seaman whose child was in a hospital. He was worried. Could Miss Hathaway do anything for him?

She called in social workers from

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the company's industrial relations department. A few days later, a letter went out to the perturbed father, assuring him that his daughter's case had been looked into, she was now getting special treatment and would soon be well.

Complaints from men whose wives aren't writing often enough are frequent. Here again, Miss Hathaway puts social workers on the trail. They visit the wife, ask tactful questions, usually find she doesn't understand the importance of writing even if she "has nothing to write," and almost invariably get results.

IN THE Bell Telephone System, the rights of all regular employes in military service are protected throughout their absence. They receive service credits for any total period of absence up to two years and for longer periods in accordance with their term of employment. To those employed for a year or more, the difference between company and government compensation is paid for three months.

One of the nicest gestures is the booklet distributed by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. It's titled "To Our Men and Women in the Services" and begins:

> "We are sending you this booklet to bring you up to date on the company's military leave policy, which, as you know, was made effective the day after Pearl Harbor. The policy was set up to do three things: (1) Provide a lump sum in cash to help you settle your finances at the time you entered the service. (2) Help to provide a steady income for your dependents. (3) Protect your job and your employe status while you are on military leave."

The serviceman or woman then gets the full details in black and white. His job, or a better one, will be waiting. On entering the service, he gets two months' pay to help settle his affairs. Thereafter, his dependents receive the difference between his service pay and half of his old company salary.

To the man in uniform all these arrangements and keeping in touch ideas are invaluable. But the question that looms largest in his mind is: what happens after the war? On this, too, many companies are doing a creative job.

Not long ago, International Harvester Co. ran large newspaper ads headed: "A statement to the families and friends of 15 thousand Harvester Employes in Service." In it was this statement:

> "Every Harvester employe honorably discharged from military service, desiring reemployment by the company, and making proper application, must be offered (1) his former position or a position of like seniority, status and pay; or if this is not possible (2) some other available position for which his seniority and ability qualify him, at the same location where he formerly worked; or if this is not possible, (3) some other available position for which he is qualified, at some other company location; or (4) if he is physically or otherwise handicapped by reason of his war service and cannot qualify immediately for employment, he shall be offered special training or other appropriate rehabilitation designed to prepare him for eventual employment. It is the company's objective to provide a job for every qualified Harvester veteran and to try to help every Harvester veteran qualify for a job."

And not only large companies are doing such advertising. In

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Watertown, N. Y., Empsall's department store runs ads in the local newspaper to "Marty, the lad who used to push merchandise trucks around the stockroom but who now is pushing planes over Europe." It promises not just a job but a better one for him when he returns.

In Syracuse, labor and management are working together at the Continental Can Co. to make jobs available for all veterans. The labor-management committee is writing to every worker in military service, asking each to advise the committee of new training or skills acquired since leaving the plant. This will enable the committee to plan for reemployment in jobs for which veterans will be qualified.

The committee is keeping records of when an employe might have been promoted except for his absence in service and is noting that fact in his personnel record. It is also planning so that every employe will be given a reasonable time to qualify for positions involving greater skill and will be offered training and job-instruction to help him qualify.

In Procter and Gamble, post-war programming has already reached the stage where President R. R. Deupree could recently tell stockholders and workers: "I think you would be astonished at the charts that have already been made and the plans that have been laid in every department actually to assign returning servicemen to specific jobs. Where this is impossible, the man's name has been placed on a list covering a great variety of work. Our plans call for every former employe being reassigned to some particular job on his return."

Westinghouse, looking ahead to reabsorbing its 21 thousand veterans, is placing industrial relations representatives in all of its principal plants. They will coordinate the work of employment, training and medical departments in getting the men back to work. Already a survey has been made and shows that approximately 19 per cent of all jobs could be performed by persons with one leg, 17 per cent by operators who must use crutches, 83 per cent by men with only one eye, and 82 per cent by deaf persons. A physician in each plant will examine returning men and provide special medical attention.

MEANWHILE Henry Ford has announced the opening of a 300-acre camp to serve as a rehabilitation center for disabled veterans. It will combine work on camp farm lands and in the camp machine shop with classes in supplementary subjects. Recreational counsels will direct exercise periods as well as entertainment. A medical check-up will be made every morning and necessary treatment provided. In addition, each man will receive three dollars a day in payment for his work on the farm, in the machine shop or on camp maintenance duties. He will remain in camp until he is mentally, physically and skillfully ready to take a job. When he leaves, he is under no obligation to work for the Ford Motor Co. but may if he wishes.

Not many companies have gone so far as the Gallowhur Chemical Corp. of Windsor, Vermont and New York City. Gallowhur has

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made a thorough survey of pre-war business and post-war needs and opportunities. On the basis of this factual study, it has made a public pledge to provide jobs for 25 per cent more employes after the war. It has sent letters to former employes now in the armed services telling them about it. Moreover, it has pledged itself to extend cooperative benefits to returning servicemen, giving them a share in total net profits, and providing them with free insurance, hospitalization and retirement benefits.

Best of all, "something for the boys" isn't a dole or a patronizing gesture.

It's recognition of a debt and never can be fully repaid. And of a challenge that must, can, and apparently will be met.

Lessons That Failed

AS MANY AS HALF the pupils in the small town grammar school had been absent with colds at one time. On a day when the attendance was comparatively good, the teacher decided to give a little talk on the dangers of exposure. To clinch her point, she concluded: "I had a little brother just seven years old who took his new sled out in the snow one day, caught pneumonia and three days later he died."

The classroom was heavy with silence and she was satisfied with the effectiveness of her story, until a small voice piped up from the rear:

"Where's his sled?"

—*Terminal Topics*

DURING A VACATION at Beaver Lake, Wisconsin, when I was just eight years old, Dad and I stopped in at the local pavilion. There were slot machines everywhere, and I was curious. Being a serious-minded father, Dad decided to give me a first-hand lesson on the evils of gambling. "Son," he said, handing me a nickel, "this coin will buy you an ice cream cone or a big candy bar. Or you can put it in a slot machine and lose it. You decide what you want to do with it."

I rushed over to a slot machine, dropped in the coin, pulled the lever—and hit the jackpot!

—WHITT N. SCHULTZ

HOPING TO DISCOVER what their precocious seven-year-old would grow up to be, the parents of the lad decided to conduct an experiment. They placed him alone in a room which contained only a dollar bill, an apple and a Bible. Their theory was that if the boy chose the dollar, he would become a business man, if he selected the apple his future would be in agriculture, or if he picked up the Bible he would become a minister.

Peering through a keyhole to watch the results, the mother shrugged her shoulders hopelessly and beckoned to the father. The boy had pocketed the dollar and thumbed through the Bible while he ate the apple.

—EVELYN DOBBS HYND

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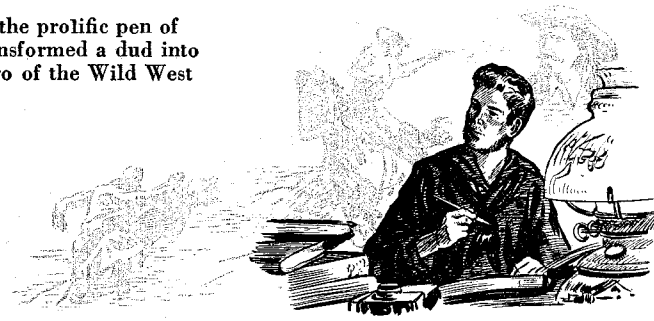
Like a magic wand, the prolific pen of a forgotten hack transformed a dud into the most famous hero of the Wild West



Wonder Boy of the Wild West

by RICHARD SHARPE

THIS IS THE story of a brawler, a braggart, a fraud and a hack who, without the slightest intention of doing so, created an immortal legend.

The gentleman in question was christened Edward Zane Carroll Judson back in Philadelphia in 1822. When most boys were still in knee pants he ran away to sea, and at 14 was an able-bodied seaman with the best of them.

He could swim like a fish, and in 1836 distinguished himself by rescuing a boatload of drowning people in New York Harbor. For this feat he was rewarded with a midshipman's commission presented by President Martin Van Buren. Soon after he sailed as a junior officer aboard the *Levant*.

In seven months he fought as many duels with the other midshipmen who snubbed him because he had been a common sailor. He won all seven.

Two years later he became a writer—one of the worst of his or any other generation, yet one of the most prolific and successful. His first effort was a sea story for boys published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. Youngsters liked it so well that there was an instant demand for more. Drawing from his own experiences and adding all the blood and thunder and briny derring-do he could invent, Judson laid it on thick. Thus began the meteoric career of the dime novel.

One after another, wild and woolly, improbable and gory, his stories rolled out and the money rolled in. He left the sea to become a traveler and lecturer, but still a writer. Half the time he was brawling or dead drunk in a saloon. The other half he was delivering temperance lectures in the most pompous and portentous manner.

And he changed his name.

Now he called himself Ned Buntline, a nom de plume which appeared on more stories than the combined output of Dickens and Thackeray, yet which today is meaningless to any but the few who go in for early Americana.

Even this gigantic outpouring didn't exhaust his energies. He published a magazine in New York called *Ned Buntline's Own*, the *Police*

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Gazette of its day. It dealt with everything from denunciations of politicians through temperance lectures and lists of the best saloons. Its circulation was vast.

At one time he claimed to have dashed off a 610-page book in 62 hours, abjuring both food and rest. But the interest of his readers began to flag. They were sick of the sea, and so was Buntline. He needed a new subject and a new hero.

He thought of the Indian fighters and buffalo hunters of the Wild West. Ah, there was meat for a hundred juicy, literary pies! Buntline headed for the plains.

He knew the man he wanted for his real-life hero. It was Major Frank North, White Chief of the Pawnee Indians and reputedly the most fearless fighter in the entire West. He was the head Army scout for the Indian country, a dead shot and remarkably handsome.

Buntline sought out Major North at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, where he was resting from his battle against the last-ditch stand of the Sioux Indians. The major was in no mood to be prinked out as a fiction hero. As a matter of fact, he was indignant at the suggestion, and onlookers were a little concerned about Buntline's continued health during the interview. But suddenly the proposition struck the major funny. He laughed and said, "If you want a man to fill that bill, he's asleep under that wagon."

Buntline rooted out the sleeper. Twenty-three years old, with long blond hair and the figure of a god, he yawned and stared up—beholding for the first time his appointed Pygmalion.

The youth was an ex-road grader, day laborer, carpenter, freight handler, mule skinner, Pony Express rider, inn keeper and hunter, and a failure at all of them. Two years before he had found himself broke in Hays, Kansas. There he gained a small fortune and a name.

The Kansas Pacific Railroad had needed someone to organize buffalo stampedes to feed its huge railroad gangs and had hired young Bill Cody.

Using rodeo roundup methods, Cody and his employes supplied 4,280 buffaloes in 17 months, and thereby begat a song popular around the campfires:

> The men all called him Buffalo Bill,
> He never missed and he never will.
> He always aims and shoots to kill
> And the company pays his Buffalo Bill!

In that bad pun lurked fame, but no cash. When the railroad moved on, Bill was broke as usual, until he landed a job as chief of scouts with the United States Fifth Cavalry. It was there that Buntline found him.

AFTER LOOKING him over, Buntline wrote a contract paying Cody for the use of his name, took notes on the tall tales he heard around the campfires and went back East. There he wrote the first of several hundred stories on Buffalo Bill.

They were not only popular, they were sensational. Grown men and wise, from James Gordon Bennett, the millionaire publisher, to the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, fell beneath the manly spell of this hero. Swallowing the novelist's descriptions of Cody's prowess and virtue, they rushed West to meet him. Overnight Buffalo Bill became the small boy's god, the overgrown

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boy's dream come true and the Adonis of a million women.

Buntline continued to write. Through fanfare and the author's inventive genius, Buffalo Bill, with scant five years' experience behind him, became the most famous buffalo hunter, the greatest scout, the most intrepid Indian fighter in the world.

He appeared on the stage. He starred in his own Wild West Shows. He toured Europe where, for the special benefit of Queen Victoria, the Kings of Denmark, Belgium, Greece and Saxony rode in the "Deadwood Coach," while Edward VII, then the Prince of Wales, sat on top with Buffalo Bill.

Cody made and spent millions. His only comment on his enormous success and royal reception was that his coach had once "held four Kings, but, with the Prince of Wales, that's a royal flush, and unprecedented."

Buntline had done his work well. For Cody, actor that he was, accepted the role the writer gave him and lived it for nearly 50 years.

Edward Zane Carroll Judson eventually died, and no one cared. He had never written well; he had never really done anything well. But in choosing a young buck with a yard-wide streak of ham for his hero, he had unwittingly dabbled in the authentic stuff of folklore.

The figure that he made, that dauntless hero of the plains, remains his celebrated though anonymous monument.

The Shavian Way

At Ayot St. Lawrence, in England, Postmistress Mrs. Jisbell Lyth has a full-time job handling only one individual's mail. It's that of George Bernard Shaw. For the past 14 years the famous Irish playwright has bought his stamps in five pound lots, writing out each order. One day Mrs. Lyth asked him why the longhand.

"My dear woman," Shaw replied, "don't complain. You'll get five shillings for each autograph when I'm dead." "I'm not waiting for that," she retorted. "I have a market now at 10 shillings."

Part of Mrs. Lyth's time is devoted to directing Shavian pilgrims to the shrine, for which she usually receives generous tips from the grateful tourists. She mentioned to Shaw that she believed she could make a living sitting outside his gate and charging a penny for the privilege of walking up the avenue leading to the shrine.

"Make it half a crown," Shaw replied, "and I'll bring a chair down, sit beside you and split the spoils."

Mrs. Lyth tells the reason for Shaw's coming to live at Ayot St. Lawrence. Many years ago he journeyed through and was struck by its rustic simplicity and charm. He took a stroll and came to the village graveyard. Studying the tombstones, he found that the average age of the dead was well up in the 90's. He rushed to her post office and demanded a real estate agent, crying, "This is the place for me!" —Josef S. Chevalier

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Germany knew of Allied plans to halt her drive into Belgium in 1940. Here's how she got them

The Case of the Nazi Decoys

by CURT RIESS

EDITORS' NOTE: *Curt Riess, author of the books "The Self-Betrayed" and "Total Espionage", is now in Europe and has access to information about some of the most fascinating, true spy stories to come out of World War II. Until recently it has been impossible, for obvious reasons, to disclose much of this information. Now some of it can be released without risk.*

ON JANUARY 10, 1940, a rainy, foggy day, a German military plane made a forced landing at Mechelen-sur-Meuse in Belgium. As Belgian guards approached the plane, two men in uniform clambered out and started running away. The Belgians ran after them and soon overtook them. One was a staff major, the other a Luftwaffe lieutenant. The Belgians declared that, their country being neutral, there was no alternative; they must intern the Germans. So they took them back to Mechelen.

The German major seemed terribly upset and confided to the Belgian officer who interrogated him that he was on his way from Berlin to Cologne. Instead of traveling by train he had persuaded his friend, the Luftwaffe lieutenant, to fly him because he wished to visit his wife in Stuttgart. They could have made the trip by air easily if bad weather had not caused them to lose their way.

The Belgian officer listened carefully. Perhaps the story was true; perhaps it wasn't. Certainly it could not be the whole truth. The Belgian knew that during the few moments the Germans had been left alone in an outer office they had nervously discussed what to do with certain papers. The major lit a cigarette, opened his coat, and apparently was about to set fire to the papers. But the door opened and it was too late.

The Belgian said, "I'm afraid I'll have to search you. You know, regulations." Two soldiers approached from the background. At that second the major tore a number of papers from the inner lining of his coat, crumpled them in his fist and threw them into the stove. The Belgian officer quickly shoved him aside, opened the stove and pulled the papers out before they were destroyed. Whereupon the German lunged at the Belgian officer, grabbed his gun and tried to shoot himself. Immediately he was disarmed. As he was led away, he muttered: "I'm a lost man."

Now the Belgian began to study the documents he had saved. Addressed to the commander of certain German garrisons along the Belgian frontier, they contained instructions to the commanders of the Second German Air Fleet concerning an invasion of Belgium. They also contained an outline of troop movements during such an invasion, giving exact names of the points where the Germans were to strike and the date. The Germans were to invade Belgium in the early

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morning hours of January 14.

Notified, the Belgian General Staff went into session. The Dutch were notified and, of course, the French and the English.

THIS WAS IN the days of the so-called phony war. Germany had invaded and occupied Poland, then for more than three months hadn't done anything except wage a war of nerves. French and British headquarters discussed the possibility that the plane incident was just another attack in this war of nerves. The Belgians thought this possible but not probable. The documents were studied with the greatest care and found to contain precise information concerning the Belgian defenses—a fact which nobody realized better than the Belgian General Staff itself. Naturally it was strange that an officer carrying such important documents should get lost so easily. But to consider the forced landing merely a fake, and do nothing, was too dangerous a risk to take. The Belgians decided they must operate under the assumption that the invasion would take place in four days. France and Great Britain agreed that this was the safest course to take.

So the enormous machinery of the Belgians and of the Allies was set in motion. In three days all the plans of the Allied General Staffs, which were to be carried out in case of a German invasion of Belgium, were finished. French troops were deployed along the French-Belgian frontier. The Belgians took up positions along their lines of defense. They removed road blocks from certain roads leading into France and instructed their men to let the French and the British pass. Everything was ready.

January 14 came and all Belgium held its breath. Would the Germans invade? For more than 36 hours, in freezing weather, Allied and the Belgian troops waited. But the Germans did not move. Nothing happened.

Or so the Allies thought. But something did happen. German reconnaissance planes took off from their bases in the West and flew at high altitude over Belgium and northern France, taking pictures of troop movements and positions occupied by the Belgians and the French. Within a few hours the German High Command had a complete picture of how the Allied troops would be deployed for a real German invasion of Belgium.

The incident of the forced landing of the German military plane was soon forgotten by the Belgians and the French. It was called another move in the war of nerves, and even a hoax. But it was far from this. It was an inspired and successful maneuver by German intelligence which provided Berlin with exact knowledge of how the Allies would counter a German attack in the West. It laid bare the workings of the overall plan of the French General Staff for the defense of northern France and Belgium—the so-called Plan D.

When the Germans invaded Belgium four months later, they knew exactly how they would be met, where the Allies would concentrate their troops and the location of the weakest points for a break-through.

Thus did the Germans save untold time and the lives of a great number of their soldiers.

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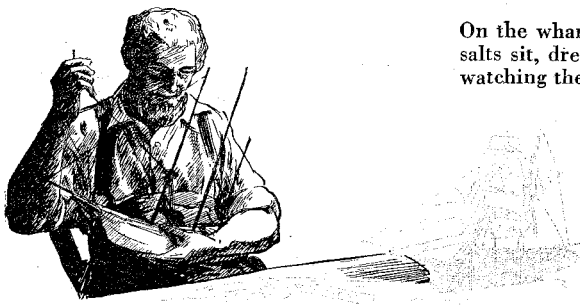

On the wharf of Snug Harbor, the old salts sit, dreaming of days gone by, watching the war craft pass out to sea

Snug Harbor for Old Salts

by CAROL HUGHES

FOR A FIVE CENT ferry fare from New York City any sailor who is aged and tired of the sea can sit himself down, for life, in the richest charitable institution in the world and watch in comfort the ship traffic of America's busiest port. He need never spend another dime of his own money; his day of dependence upon the sea can be over.

Sailors' Snug Harbor in Staten Island, N.Y. is a port for aged and crippled mariners, almost unique in the world. A half million dollars a year is spent to feed, clothe, shelter and coddle its few hundred guests.

Life at the Harbor for the old mariners is one of spaciousness and luxury: large comfortable bedrooms, strawberries out of season, cake and tea at four p.m., the best food money can buy, radio listening sets, machines and tools, movies twice a week, well-equipped libraries, band concerts and an opera house.

Everything at the Harbor is free —and everything is nautical. Here the "rich" old sea-dog can sit on the wharf and watch the waters of the sea flow into the tranquil Kill van Kull, the narrow channel off Staten Island. Everything about him has been put there with his comfort in mind. His uniform is nautical, gold buttons and navy blue. Time is struck with a ship's bell. The walls of his many buildings are covered with the finest nautical paintings in the world. From the moment he enters the Harbor he is addressed by the courtesy title of "Captain." Even the telephone exchange is "Gibraltar."

The man who made Sailors' Snug Harbor possible would be amazed today, were he alive, to see what he left when he willed his "small New York farm" to sailors along in years.

Back in 1801, Captain Robert Richard Randall, a bachelor who was very ill, sent for his attorney, Alexander Hamilton.

"I am wondering," he said to Hamilton, "how I can dispose of my property most wisely. What think you, General?"

"How did you come by the property?" asked Hamilton.

"It was earned by my father

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through honest profiteering," responded Randall.

"Then I think you might put it back from whence it came," said Hamilton. "Leave it to the benefit of disabled seamen."

Captain Randall agreed. Laboriously he wrote: "I give and bequeath unto my housekeeper my gold sleeve buttons . . . unto my faithful overseer my gold watch . . . and to Gawn Irvin my shoe buckles and knee buckles. The rest of my estate, both real and personal, I give and bequeath to erect a Marine Hospital to be called Sailors' Snug Harbor, for the purpose of maintaining and supporting aged, decrepit and worn out sailors . . ."

TODAY THE cowpath that ran to the barn on one side of the "little farm" is Fifth Avenue. The other boundaries include Fourth Avenue, Tenth Street and Waverly Place. The sprawling Wanamaker store stands just across Broadway from where the farm house originally stood. The will stipulated that the farm must never be sold, only leased. Today it is leased to a giant nest of some 60 real estate firms with a value of $8,779,500.

It had been decided by the trustees that the property would be of much more value if the home for the aged mariners were located off the farm. And so the trustees selected a site on the banks of the Kill van Kull, and the first building was erected in 1831-32. They purchased 160 acres at a cost of 16 thousand dollars for their project.

Sailors' Snug Harbor in 1945 has 100 acres and 55 buildings. Some 60 acres are laid out in lawns, flower beds, fountains and shade trees. On these grounds stand buildings costing several million dollars.

Captain Randall was one of America's first and most avid internationalists. His will opened Sailors' Snug Harbor to men of any nationality, to any race, creed, color. Sailors from anywhere in the world can pass through the gates of Snug Harbor and retire for life. The only stipulation is that they be 60 years old, "worn out in the service of the sea" and that they have served as many as five years' service under the American flag, or ten years under a foreign flag. The will, which once applied only to sailors of sailing vessels, has been amended to include steam.

Despite all the comforts and facilities, all is *not* snug at the Harbor. The eyes of the men tell you they've seen nearly everything there is to see in the world, and that what's left isn't very important. Their faces tell you they've heard almost everything there is to hear in their time, and that much of it is best forgotten. They look a little like children who had been told there was "a big party"—and when they arrived found the party had been called off. They have found they cannot exchange God's outdoors for palatial bedrooms.

Their complaints are common and chronic: land haters all, they have a passionate resentment against the dead calm of the Harbor—the slow passing of time, the horror of days and nights that run together. Living their present life of luxury in a perpetual sea hangover, they fight against the luxury; they fight against time and each other.

By and large, the men have one

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thing in common—the sea. And by and large, they are agreed on only one thing—they like it. They do not always like each other. The old sea salts who have served in sail have the greatest contempt for the men of steam. "Is there anything foul aft there?" shouts an old mariner. "Aye, aye, Sir," comes back the reply, "plush bottom swigs from the steam engines ha' taken over the deck chairs." Men who have served on all the oceans look down upon Coast Guardmen.

One jarring note is that at the Harbor all men are really equal. Not infrequently does the onetime master of a great ship find himself seated in the dining room with an inmate from the galley. Some captains find it difficult to refer to a former stoker as "Captain" and eat beside his former cook. Shipboard tradition is deeply rooted.

Across the expanse of turbulent years the administration of Sailors' Snug Harbor has learned you can't mold men "who follow the sea" to modern anchorage. No respectors of protocol, sailing men do and say what they please.

PROBABLY ONE of the most interesting characters ever to lodge at Snug Harbor was an old weather beaten man-of-war's man named P. J. Miller. Famed for his yarn spinning, P. J. could embellish the slightest material into Barnum proportions. After nearly a half century of service as a boatswain he was granted liberties rarely enjoyed by that humble service.

At Snug Harbor P. J. was in his element. "Do you know H.R.H., the Duke of Edinburgh?" he would ask an old-timer. Of course everyone in his day knew *of* H.R.H.—none could boast of a personal friendship. That is, none but P.J. He did long and loud.

"H.R.H. says to me one day, 'P.J., don't you never pay no attention to them marines and quartermasters and the like when you're a-coming aboard fur to see me.' 'H.R.H.,' says I, 'put it thar!' —and we shook."

The story got to be a little too much for the crew of Snug Harbor. An enterprising old salt dug into the facts. Actually, it seems, P.J. had been spinning the same tale for his shipmates throughout his sailing days. One day a big British man-of-war hove in sight and the guns from the English fleet riding at anchor saluted until the waters were covered with smoke. It was the Duke of Edinburgh; he was boarding P.J.'s ship. Never did a boatswain make faster time to the lower decks than P. J. The story of his "great friendship with the lowly boatswain" finally reached the Duke. P.J. was sent for. When P.J. received word from the admiral to "lay aft" he knew what was coming.

By the time he reached the break of the quarter deck he was drenched with perspiration. His knees were ready to buckle under. But as he walked into the Duke's presence, H.R.H. stepped forward: "P.J. old man," said he, "put it there."

The administration has always handled the old mariners with kid gloves. Rules are practically nil. They are not required to retire at any certain hour. All mariners may keep whatever money they have; none are asked to surrender private funds on entrance. They can leave

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the Harbor whenever they choose. The actual time limit of "return by 10 p.m." is merely one of protection—in case of accident. If a mariner wants to stay out a week he merely asks for a pass. The only stern rules are against "drinking on the premises" and against carrying firearms.

Offenders are sent to Ward D—in the hospital. Here a man may have anything he wants, but is confined to quarters. He has a small garden in the back, surrounded by a high iron fence within which he can walk, but he is kept in Ward D for a time limit. There is ample opportunity for the mariners to earn money through odd jobs, if they want to hear it jingle. About the only use they have for money at the Harbor is to buy liquor. Everything else is theirs for the asking. Even a funeral, at voyage's end.

There is always an active resident governor in charge of Snug Harbor. The present one is amiable, sympathetic Governor Howard A. Flynn. Flynn is a Main'er, as the residents of the Harbor call seamen from Maine. He loves his crew and watches over them with the same discipline and eternal watchfulness that he gave when he served the sea. When war broke, Governor Flynn went through his most trying period. Every mariner secretly nurtures the hope that he will one day be able to throw off the pinions of old age and return to sea duty. Thus, when the United States entered this war, the men at Snug Harbor were jaunty as peacocks—confident they would soon be needed at sea. Many of them actually left, and Governor Flynn, watching them go, shook his head sadly, saying: "They'll be back."

They were, in most cases.

And when the storms break on Staten Island and the sea lashes against the Harbor, the old mariners stand with noses glued to the windows, each knowing that somewhere out there a younger man is making history. During the day, they sit on the planks of the Snug Harbor wharf, watching the war craft passing out to sea, knowing they have dropped anchor, forever.

The Man Who Came to Dinner

A MAN WHO LIVED three miles from the main road outside of Nyack, N. Y., left his house one afternoon at two, walked until he caught a bus, and rode on it to the Nyack ferry station. He took a ferry to Ossining, another bus to the railroad station, and a local train to Grand Central.

There he transferred to the subway train for the end of the line at New Lots Avenue (Brooklyn), where another bus carried him nine or ten miles further. A brisk 20-minute walk brought him to a solitary apartment house, where he climbed six flights of stairs and rang the bell of his friends, the Heimerdingers, just as they were sitting down to dinner. "For goodness' sake!" said Mrs. Heimerdinger. "What brings you here at this hour?"

"Oh," he replied vaguely, "I just happened to be in the neighborhood."

—BENNETT CERF

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Portfolio of Personalities

From Hobby to Profit

by LILA NOLL LIGGETT

THERE MAY BE money in your hobby—perhaps big money. And tremendous satisfaction besides.

Consider Ely Culbertson. If the mathematical possibilities of his hobby, contract bridge, hadn't intrigued him, he'd still be just another man-about-town instead of the world's most financially solvent authority on the grand slam.

Then there's Beatrix Potter. The animal stories she wrote to a sick child led a friend to suggest: "Those should be published." Thus was born *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*—now translated into five languages and selling 60 thousand copies in America alone last year.

Nice work if you can get it. And you can.

Here are four people whose hobbies not only produce amazing profits, but have grown into nation-wide businesses. There may be a lesson here for you.

Lloyd C. Brackett

When Lloyd C. Brackett's mother ignored his pleas for a dog, he stormed: "If I ever get married, my wife will have to like them." Fortunately his bride did, for in 1912, Lloyd topped off his honeymoon with the purchase of a collie.

He took the collie to a Detroit dog show and, while there, saw several strange wolflike creatures unlike anything he'd ever seen.

When he was told: "They're German Shepherds given Thomas Fortune Ryan by the German Kaiser," and that the puppies, when available, would bring 500 dollars each, he began to wonder where he could get that much money. "I was determined," he says, "that one day I'd own one of that breed. Perhaps raise them!"

Luck tossed the chance in Brackett's direction. One morning he received a letter from a German immigrant fresh off Ellis Island, suggesting, "You trade a pony for a Shepherd pup, ja?" Brackett wired, "Ja!" and called his new 10-weeks-old wolf-gray pup Flinka.

He started studying bloodlines and located a mate for Flinka in the East, where he shipped her for breeding when she was a year old. Her nine puppies were the start of his famous Shepherd kennels at Allegan, Michigan, which he calls Long-Worth.

Now Mr. Brackett is a nationally recognized authority on the bloodlines and breeding of German Shepherds. Pups whelped at Long-Worth bring from 75 to 100 dollars;

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his full grown dogs 250 dollars and up. Scores of his dogs have gone to The Seeing Eye to aid the blind and three were shipped for use on the Alcan Highway.

"One thing about a hobby—it grows!" says Lloyd C. Brackett. He might add it has also proved very profitable, for the owning of Flinka led to a hobby which nets over seven thousand dollars annually.

Jackie Fleming

Jackie Fleming of Denver, Colorado, was 10 years old when his father took him to see a magician perform. Jackie, all eyes, said, "I'd like to do that!"

So Papa Fleming bought him a small magic set, the kind for sale in any toy shop.

Not long afterward, amateur magician Jackie was invited to appear before a church group. One member was so impressed with his magic that he asked him: "How would you like to put on a show at a party our firm is sponsoring for a group of kids at the orphanage? There's five bucks in it." Jackie accepted.

"When I got there," he says, "the magician I'd so recently seen with my Dad was there, too. Since I was doing several of his tricks and my repertoire was very limited, I felt like bolting. But he was a 'right guy!' He acted as my stooge, and the kids went wild."

Jackie—now a 15-year-old high school student—has to date invested more than 700 dollars in magic equipment, every cent of which he's earned himself. Best-loved magician in the mountain states, his tricks range from the usual disappearing balls and handkerchiefs to the sawing of a schoolmate in two. He always practices before a mirror.

"If I can fool myself, the trick is good," reasons Jackie. Then he adds, sheepishly, "I always have more fun than my audience."

He entertains as often as five times a week—in lodge rooms, high schools, private homes and theatres—and his bank account is sizeable. "Who would have thought," he asks, "you could pull a college education, like a magician's rabbit, out of a hat?" For that's exactly what young Fleming is doing.

Betty Scanlan

Last year when Betty Scanlan designed, made and mailed a metal Greyhound stickpin and dress clip to a friend, she became a triple-threat protagonist in hobby development. For already her two other hobbies—fishing and the running of Greyhounds—have led to nationally known enterprises.

The running of Greyhounds has yielded startling profits. Back in 1924, when a friend presented her with two Greyhound pups, she said to her husband: "Let's take them to a coursing meet."

She made traveling clothes for the pups, including matching blankets, hand-wrought muzzles and canvas kennel blankets, with their names in appliqué. Greyhound owners at the meet exclaimed, "My dog must have a blanket like that! And one of those perfect muzzles. Where did you find them? Please get some for me, will you?"

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Betty promised, and went into the mail-order Greyhound Specialty business, the only one of its kind in the United States. By mail, she now furnishes Greyhound blankets, leads, muzzles, slips, and her special design of dog scale to more than three thousand customers in the Western Hemisphere.

Izaak Walton devotees began clamoring for her "Aeroplane Spinners" about 10 years ago. Failing to tempt wary trout in a mountain stream one day with a well cast salmon egg, fly or spinner, Betty tossed aside her rod, yanked a tool box from her automobile and foraged for a piece of tin can, declaring: "We need some bait that the fish will fight. Here—cut something with wings that will really spin."

With the result, a gleaming miniature aeroplane propeller, she landed a two-pound rainbow.

Today, she issues weekly paychecks to 15 employes installed in a two-story spinner factory in Denver, Colorado. Now busy manufacturing 2,800 kinds of spinners—considering size, finish, hook and fly—her original spinner, the Aeroplane, is her trademark. "And my best seller," she confides.

Vernon V. Haff

Vernon V. Haff, nationally famed wood carver, was once a Kansas farmer with a knack for whittling. But that was before asthma hospitalized him following World War I, and he lay propped on his pillows. Bobby, his five-year-old son, stood beside the bed smiling at a little wooden dog Haff had just carved with a new penknife, and begged for more.

To please him, Haff carved a colt, a replica of the hundreds he'd seen foaled back on the farm each spring.

"That colt was hardly a masterpiece," says Haff, "but the feel of the knife blade in wood did something to me. Like finding a new interest will do to any man. Especially a sick one."

His bedside table and dresser were soon laden with wood carvings that brought admiring "Oh's" and "Ah's" from doctors, nurses and fellow patients. On his first day's hospital leave he took a carved walnut mare and colt to a roadside souvenir shop and asked, "Do you think these will sell?"

Time proved that they certainly would. For Haff's carvings, exquisite masterpieces of action and detail, now enjoy nationwide distribution. His originals, which he releases through an art shop in Denver, bring from 50 to 250 dollars.

Today Haff does his carving in an ell-shaped studio in Loveland, Colorado. Working in walnut, cherry and poplar woods, he uses air pressure and electrically driven instruments. For models, he uses three Arabian horses, which he owns.

"The proceeds from my hobby," he says, "give me a sense of security and contentment which only a man whose daily work is close to his heart can attain."

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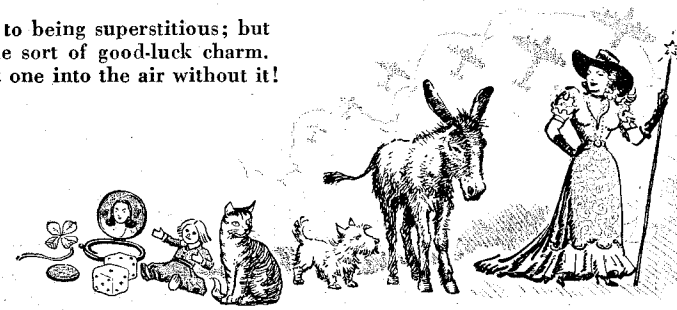
Pilots don't admit to being superstitious; but they all carry some sort of good-luck charm. And just try to get one into the air without it!



Pilots Lead Charmed Lives

by GEORGE WISWELL

LAST SUMMER a Navy fighter pilot climbed into his plane and took off for a base a few hundred miles distant. He was in the air before he realized he had entered the cockpit from the right side. Instantly he sensed disaster. Heretofore, he had always got in from the left and in 20 months without an accident he had come to consider this good luck.

Now it was too late. He called on his good sense to convince himself there was nothing to worry about; it was just a superstition. As the ship hummed along smoothly, he even made little jokes about it, but the first freezing realization that he had failed to respect the power of a jinx would not wear off.

Juggling his hopes, he came in for the landing. The plane was actually on the ground, rolling to a stop, when Old Man Trouble played his ace. The ship blew up. Miraculously, the blast hurled the pilot through a sheet of flame and dumped him, groggy but unhurt, on the grass.

The officer who later made the investigation announced routinely that oil accumulating from a leaky line had received the spark necessary to set it off. But the pilot feels that it never would have happened had he entered on the lucky left side. It's an important little gesture he never fails to make now to keep death out of the cockpit. It is his particular way of battling the phantom of bad luck, and keeping his number down.

Perhaps there is a loneliness in a pilot's life that is conducive to mysticism. Whatever the reason, strange stories, with fact generously mixed with imagination, come up at every hangar bull session.

When the crew of the *Misgiving*, a Liberator bomber in the Pacific theatre, came back whole after the first mission, the members were thankful. Things had gone right and they wanted them to go right in the future. For the next 18 missions they donned the same begrimed coveralls and jackets, the same sweat-streaked helmets they had worn on the first trip. With laundry service at best irregular, shirts were usually crusted with dirt. But they were worn just the

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same. They were good luck.

There is one about English flyers who turn back the sheets of their cots before they go up to repulse a wave of German bombers, or to carry their bombs over Axis territory. It's a way they have of asking Lady Luck for a successful mission and a safe return. Pilots look for signs of the Lady's presence, hoping they can deduce from them the particular state of her capricious mind when they take off.

Even the stolidity characteristic of the British does not make them immune to superstition. There was, for example, "Caesar" Hull, a tough, fine pilot of the RAF. He owned a scarf which had belonged to him since his fledgling days. He never flew without it. One day his C.O. hid it as a joke. Hull defied orders and court martial in refusing to go near his ship until the scarf had been found.

Captain Don Gentile, the "one-man air force" from Piqua, Ohio, who was the first ace to down 30 enemy planes in this war, carries his luck around his neck. There dangle the cross and the scapular given to him by his mother and father before he left to join the Eagle Squadron. Gentile has more than once given the impression that he would rather climb down the muzzle of a German cannon than take off without them.

He believes they have already helped bring him safely through moments when Death was chasing him up and down in the sky. Once a ball from a Focke-Wulf cannon smashed into the motor of his Mustang over Munich. It took a blessing from Somewhere to get him over English soil before the motor gave out. Another time he crash-landed his plane and crawled out without a scratch.

Gentile's wingman, Captain John Godfrey, fights bad luck openly and traditionally. Before each flight he hangs a glass four-leaf clover on his flying suit and it stays there until he's kicking the dirt again.

MEMBERS OF THE "Tree Top Terrors," a B-25 Mitchell Bomber unit, all have their pet good-luck charms which they stick to tenaciously. Captain K. E. Dean, one of the pilots, wears a hat adorned with fish hooks—the same headpiece he always wore for luck on fishing trips; Bombardier Captain J. G. Ratterree writes his girl friend's name on all the fuses of his bombs; Engineer Staff Sergeant Glen Seaman is never without the gold cross his mother gave him; Staff Sergeant J. B. Catlin always takes Homer, his cocker spaniel, on bombing missions; Staff Sergeant C. R. Heath carries a buffalo nickel and Technical Sergeant J. R. Musgrave carries his wife's picture next to his heart.

Bomber crews are especially rabid about their planes. By the time a ship has brought them back several times after brushing wings with the dark angel, they have developed what practically amounts to a fixation for that sleek-lined chariot fondly called the Suzy Q, Madame X, or Little Eva. The plane has heard their confessions, their prayers and conspiracies, listened to their cajolings, and is one of them.

The intensity of this love of man for plane can be told in a thousand incidents. Typical perhaps is the

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time the crew of the *Misgiving* took her up with a faulty engine. They didn't want to jeopardize their string of luck with another plane. There are occasions on record where men have waited hours, walked miles, and worried themselves through a hundred hardships in order to ride their own plane.

When a cadet hits the silk, he follows a tradition for keeping his luck intact. The moment he gets down he seeks out the woman who packed his parachute to give her a dollar and an autographed picture. Walls of the chute-packing rooms at most training fields are proudly covered with the likenesses of grateful flyers.

GRADUATION WINGS are a widely respected jinx. Usually they are put away and seldom worn, especially in the air. One U. S. bombardier pinned his on for the first time while on leave in Washington, D. C. That same day he lost his wallet, was involved in an auto wreck and had two serious arguments with close friends. That night he stowed the wings away at the bottom of his pack and the rest of the leave passed untroubled.

Helmets, on the other hand, have acquired a history of good luck. They are a weapon against the darkness; witchcraft, 1944, against as many evil spirits as there are enemy bullets and chances of accident on the skyways.

There was the case of the Army pilot who carried his top-piece all the way through training and over to England. He fought for it, confided in it, mislaid it, and spent frenzied minutes searching for it before taking off on a mission. Then coming back from a raid over Germany, his plane took a slug of flak in the right wing. He stuck out his head to investigate. The wind snatched off the helmet and he saw it drop crazily downward into occupied territory.

On the next raid, somebody noticed the new helmet. A lot of his fellow flyers remembered the incident when they learned he had been killed at the controls.

Dice, too, have earned a popularity for happy landings, and no pair is more famous than Lt. General George C. Kenney's. When the Fifth Air Force started out on its knock-out raid on Rabaul last fall, everything had been planned with customary military precision. But just for luck, the general resorted to galloping dominoes. Kenney's aides crowded around anxiously as he gave the dice a roll. There was a second's silence, then sighs of satisfaction. The general had tossed a lucky eleven.

Major Joe Foss, the flying Marine, carries a pair, also. They bring him luck in craps as well as in the air.

"You know," he said once, "some guy offered me a buck and a half for these dice. I just about hit him. A buck and a half—imagine that!"

Three hundred hours is the prescribed stint for combat flying. After that, you are supposed to get time off at home for a rest. This became the basis for a superstition at a Pacific bomber base last year.

"Jughead" had served his 300 hours. Two of his pals needed a couple of hours more. They were going up on "just one more" mission, after which the three of them planned to spend their furlough

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together. "Jughead" went along to keep them company on the last lap.

The plane winged off into space and was never heard from again. Since that incident, men at that base have stubbornly avoided extra hours. And to say that you have "just one more" to go will bring shocked looks to battle with the hope that Lady Luck didn't hear you.

Mascots, charms, pet sayings and lucky gestures—these are the frail weapons flyers use to combat the unknown forces always lurking just behind the borderline of the future. Perhaps, if you think about it long enough, you will understand why the trivial sometimes means so much in a life beset by dangers. And you might even get a vicarious glimpse of the solemn grandeur that marks the hazards of wartime flying.

Wings, Luck and Faith

DURING MY WANDERINGS about England's many aerodromes, I have developed a great respect for charms, even though the pilots who carried them scoffed at superstition. Talk at length with any pilot and he will glance furtively around to be sure no one is watching, then pull from its hiding place his own particular protector-from-harm. I remember a Flying Fortress pilot who swore that the only thing that brought him through his 25 hair-raising missions without a scratch was an unused Baltimore streetcar ticket he had tucked in his wallet.

Another carried a one pence piece with him. His major had slipped him this coin before each mission just after the squadron briefing and said, "Now, I want that back again, please." The very first thing the boy would do upon landing would be to seek out the major and return the pence. Now the major has been posted to another squadron, but he left the pence with this boy with instructions that it was to be mailed to him immediately after the 25th mission along with a full account of all the raids.

There is a sentimental boy who carried half of a thick, steel heart with "Pug" engraved on it. Pug is his wife's nickname and she carries the other half of the heart with "Slug," the pilot's nickname, engraved on it. When he gets back to the States, they are going to have the two pieces soldered together.

So on endlessly—a match box of Brooklyn dirt, a snapshot of a baby, a silver dollar—all bits of the old home life clung to in this wild new era and dubbed goodluck charms.

I do not believe in these luck-charms either. But never ask me to explain why the wings that my father wore when he won his DFC as a fighter-pilot in the last war are always pinned underneath my own ferry-pilot wings when I fly.

Religion, too, has played a leading role in this air war. "There are no atheists in foxholes" can be reworded to read, "There are no atheists 30,000 feet over Germany." One officer confessed that he said a silent prayer each time before taking off. He used to bury his face in a map and try to appear very absorbed in pin-pointing while he finished the prayer. One day he caught the toughest topkick on the base doing exactly the same thing! He felt less ashamed after that, and now they say the prayer together whenever they can.

Nearly all the pilots find their way into a church at least once a week and whatever the embarrassed, mumbled excuses, you understand that it is just a renewed belief in God. As one 21-year-old pilot put it in an awe-struck voice, "Only God could bring us safely through some of the flak I've seen over the continent!" —BETTY ANN LUSSIER

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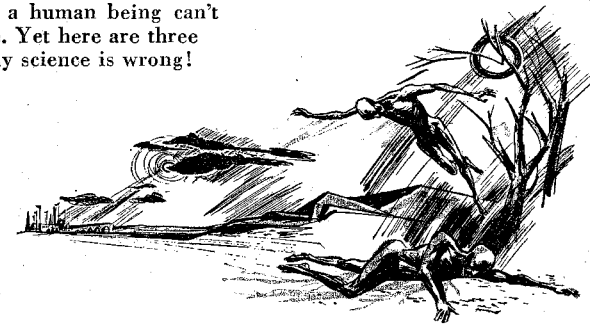
Scientists maintain that a human being can't be in two places at once. Yet here are three authentic cases which say science is wrong!



Legends of Double Life

by FRANK SHEEDY

NOBODY DARES TO deny the old axiom: *you can't be in two places at the same time.* Scientists and philosophers agree that bilocation —the physical ability to be in two places at once—is quite impossible.

But is it? In the latter part of the 18th century, a prominent Neapolitan named Alphonsus Liguori was seen by prudent witnesses on the same day and at the same hour in two places which were four days' traveling distance apart.

On the morning of September 21, 1774, he was at his monastery in Arienzo—four days' journey from Rome—donning the vestments in preparation for community mass. Suddenly he was overcome by weakness. He made his way to a chair and fell into what appeared to be a cataleptic sleep.

Hours later, when Liguori awoke, he was surprised to see the priests and domestics of the monastery gathered about him. He asked what they were doing and why they were not about their tasks.

"We thought you might die," replied one.

"Ah, no," answered Liguori, "but I have just come from the bedside of the Pope in Rome. He is now dead."

The priests assumed the remark was the result of a vivid dream, and they were ready to let it go at that. But their diagnosis was soon revoked. Word came to Arienzo that Pope Clement XIV had passed away during the interval Liguori was in his apparent trance.

A conservative element in the monastery preferred to believe that it was coincidence. Then the truly amazing news came from Rome a few days later. Among those in attendance at the bedside of the dying pontiff was Alphonsus Liguori.

Everyone who was present, including the superiors of the Dominican, Observantine and Augustinian orders, not only spoke to Liguori, but joined with him as he led the prayers for the dying. When the Roman Congregation of Rites gathered to discuss the events of Liguori's life in preparation for canonization, the witnesses from Arienzo and Rome were examined critically. Bilocation was not only accepted but it also was approved.

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Yet bilocation—being two places at the same time—is considered physically impossible. Theologians, philosophers and scientists alike say so—not to mention universal experience and natural science. How then is it explained? Especially when the facts are so amply demonstrated.

One of the most extraordinary events ever recorded concerned the experience of a British army officer towards the turn of the last century. He was returning home on an English boat.

The ship had been at sea for about two weeks. The captain and the English officer were chatting at dinner. "By the way, Captain," the officer said, "who is the stranger you are hiding from us?"

"There is no stranger aboard," laughed the captain. He made a silent count of all the people seated around the table and continued, "This is the whole passenger list at the table. There are no stowaways. That I know."

"That's odd," commented the Englishman. "Last night, while I was taking a turn around the deck, I saw a man come out of your cabin. He seemed quite anxious to find someone. He came quite close and looked at me intently and said, 'Pardon me. I thought you were someone else.' Then he walked down the deck and looked in some of the other cabins."

"What did this man look like?" asked the captain.

The English officer described him as best he could, and laid stress upon several peculiar mannerisms that were obvious to him. As the Englishman spoke, the captain appeared to be very agitated. Finally, he could keep silent no longer. "My God, man! You are describing my father!" he exclaimed.

When the boat docked in Liverpool, the captain found that his father had died. The death had occurred the day after the apparition had been seen on the boat. An unusual thing happened the night before he passed away. He'd fallen into a deep state of unconsciousness from which he could not be aroused. When he awoke at last, he turned to his wife, who was sitting at the bedside.

"What a strange dream I've just had," he said. "I dreamed that I crossed the sea and was visiting our boy's ship. I looked all over, even in the cabins, but I couldn't find him anywhere."

Duarte da Gama was a well known and fearless voyager of the 16th century. The boats that they sailed in those days were light, wooden affairs that could offer little competition to a bad storm, while in calm weather the sails hung idly from the yardarms and the boat floated with the drift. Da Gama was becalmed in the China Sea as he was sailing from Japan to India. He ordered a long-boat and oarsmen overboard to tow the craft by manpower in order to remain on his course.

As the sailors pulled at the oars, the mother ship made slow headway through the still sea. Suddenly a terrific blast of wind bellied the sails. The ship came to life and bore down on the long-boat. She rushed by her with such speed that the hawser snapped and the little craft was left to the mercy of a furious hurricane.

Among the passengers was Fran-

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cis Xavier, celebrated missioner of the Orient. When he heard da Gama order the crew to sail before the wind, he begged the captain to go back and pick up the men in the long-boat. Da Gama was deaf to all entreaties. He refused to risk his ship against the hurricane on the slim chance that the few oarsmen were still alive.

Despite the hurricane and the captain's orders, Xavier promised the crew that the men in the long-boat would turn up. He advised them to keep a careful lookout. Then he retired to his cabin to pray.

For two hours the ship ran before the mighty wind, and the lookouts could see nothing but mountainous waves. Then as quickly as it started, the wind subsided. As soon as the waves lost their peaked sharpness, one of the lookouts cried out. There, coming towards the ship, was the abandoned long-boat. Within a few moments the lost sailors were aboard.

An eyewitness, Mendez Pinto, wrote of the miracle. When the men had been taken aboard, he called, "Give a hand to Father Francis. He is still in the boat."

The sailors replied that Father Francis was already aboard; that he had never left the ship. In vain did the four rescued sailors point to the empty long-boat and recount how they had talked with him during the hurricane, and they refused to believe their mates. They insisted that Francis had been with them in the long-boat all the time they had been lost. They repeated bits of conversation. They told how the missioner had promised they would be rescued.

Some authorities think the answer to bilocation may rest in scientific facts as yet undiscovered. Perhaps Shakespeare knew it when he wrote: "There are more things in Heaven and earth . . . Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Question of Thanksgiving

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER asked the children to say a little prayer of thanks to the Lord for their many blessings. Mary's thanks were for her blonde, curly hair. Sue thanked the Lord for her blue eyes. Martha was thankful for her peaches and cream complexion. Finally, only Evelyn —bow-legged, cross-eyed, stringy-haired Evelyn—was left. She had no prayer to offer.

"Come dear, don't you want to thank the Lord for something?" prodded the teacher kindly.

"No," Evelyn said. "The Lord almost ruined me!"—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

MATTHEW HENRY, the famous scholar, was once accosted by thieves and robbed of his purse. Instead of bemoaning his fate, he wrote a page of thanksgiving in his diary:

"Let me be thankful: first, because I was never robbed before; second, because although they took my purse, they did not take my life; third, because although they took my all, it was not much; and fourth, because it was I who was robbed, not I who robbed." —P. J. CLEVELAND

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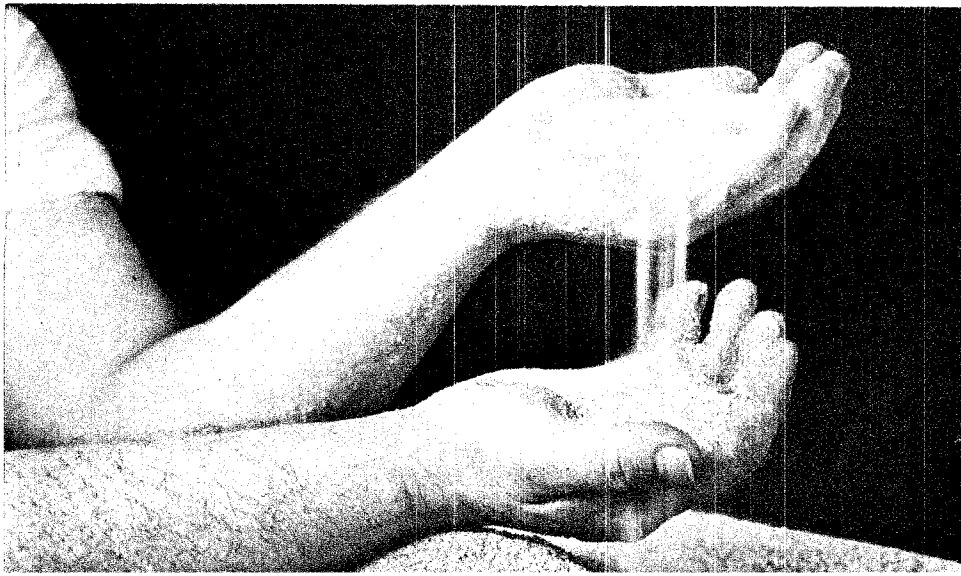

1. *Raw stuff of glass. Unrefined silica sand is easily obtainable in America. After the sand is refined to the consistency of flour, soda ash and lime are added. These and a vital fourth—fire—are basic ingredients of the more common glasses.*

2. *Laboratories have created glass strong enough to support an elephant, glass filaments finer than human hair. Corning Glass Works regularly melts over 300 different glasses, but chemists continue to study 30,000 other formulas, seeking new types.*

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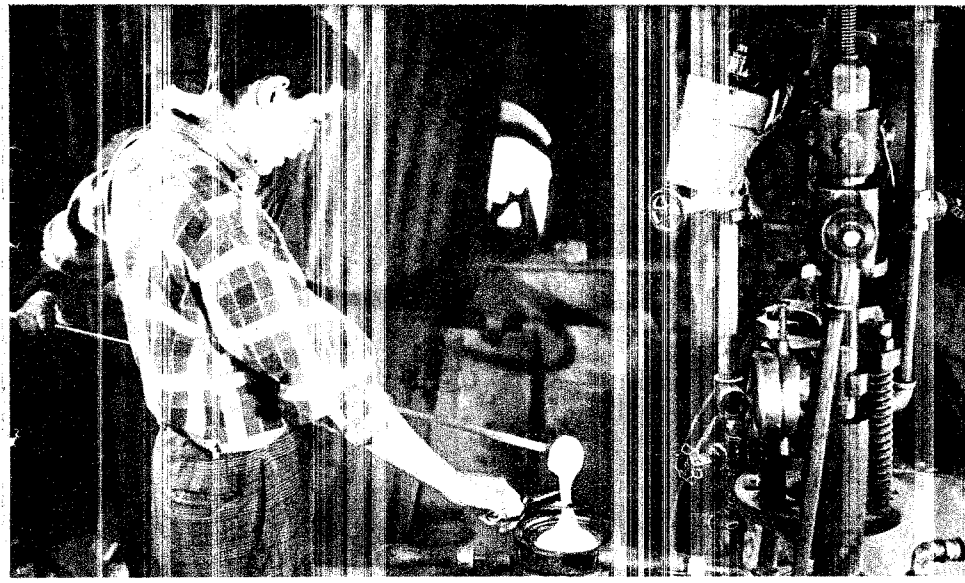
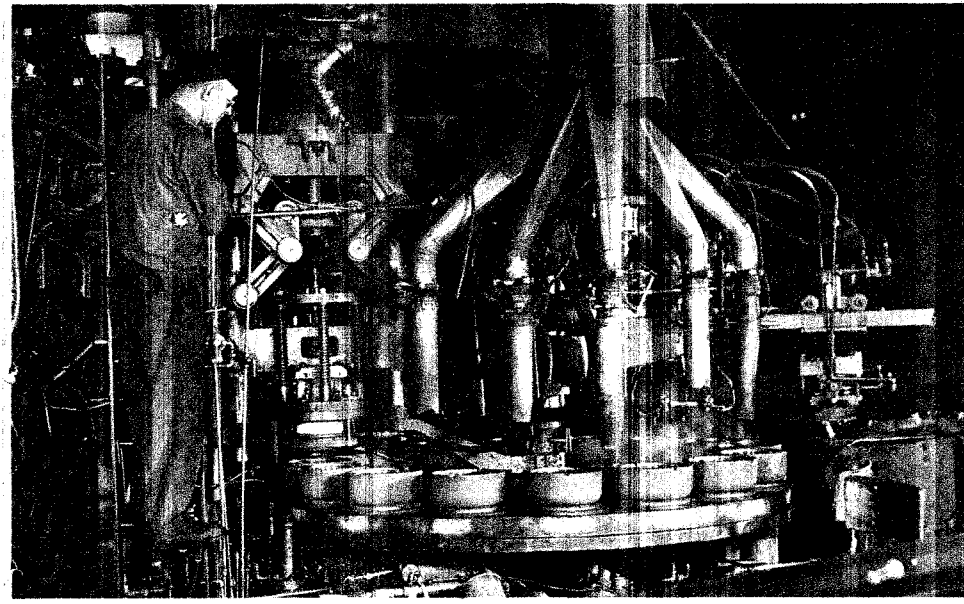


3. *Pressing, drawing, and blowing are chief methods of glassmaking. In hand-pressing, molten glass, so viscous it may be cut with shears, is poured into molds. The hand press at right forms it into a signal lens that will guide railway engineers.*



4. *Pyrex pie plates in the making. Automatic scoops pour the hot glass into molds on the rotary press, stamp it into shape. The plates are cooled by the airlines over each mold. Machines like this make handpressing impractical except for special orders.*

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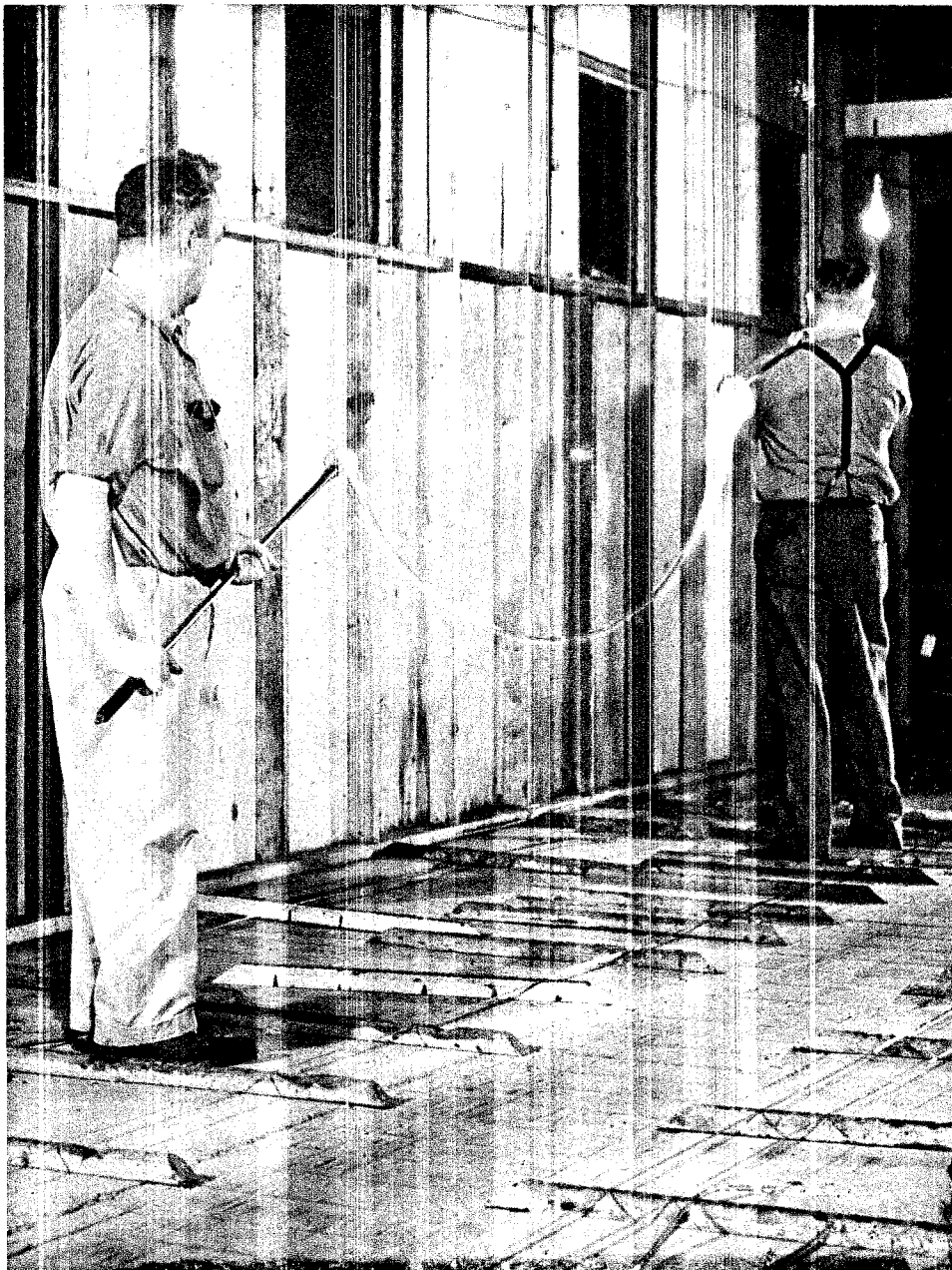

5. *Hand drawing calls for perfect teamwork. The blower walks backward, stretching into smooth tubing the glowing gob of glass held on an iron by the second man. Skilled teams know exactly how far to draw the tubing, never break it.*

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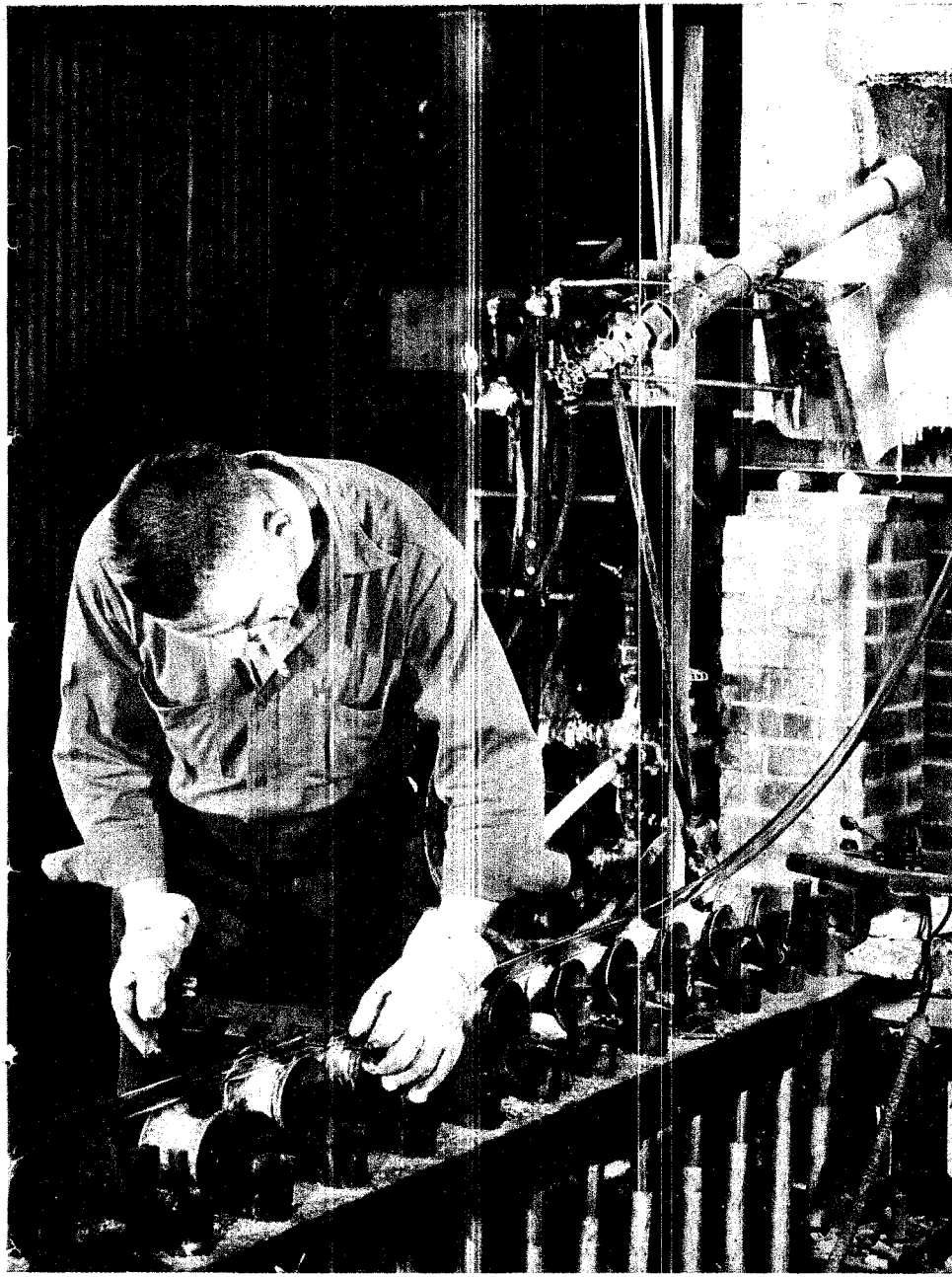

6. *When machines are used, automatic rollers rapidly pull the hollow tube from fiery glass furnaces. Heavily-gloved, a worker periodically gauges the diameter. Vertical machines make delicate thermometer tubing.*

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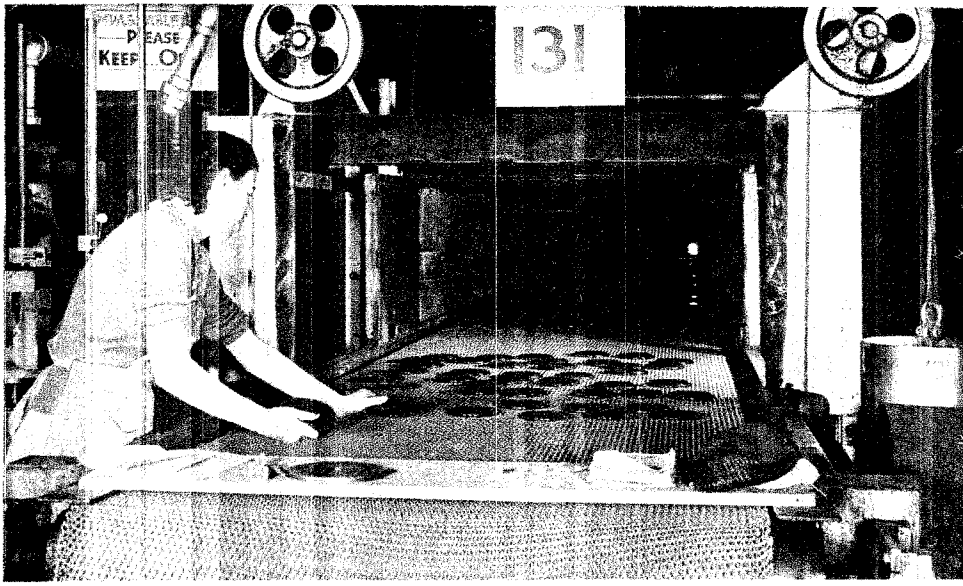
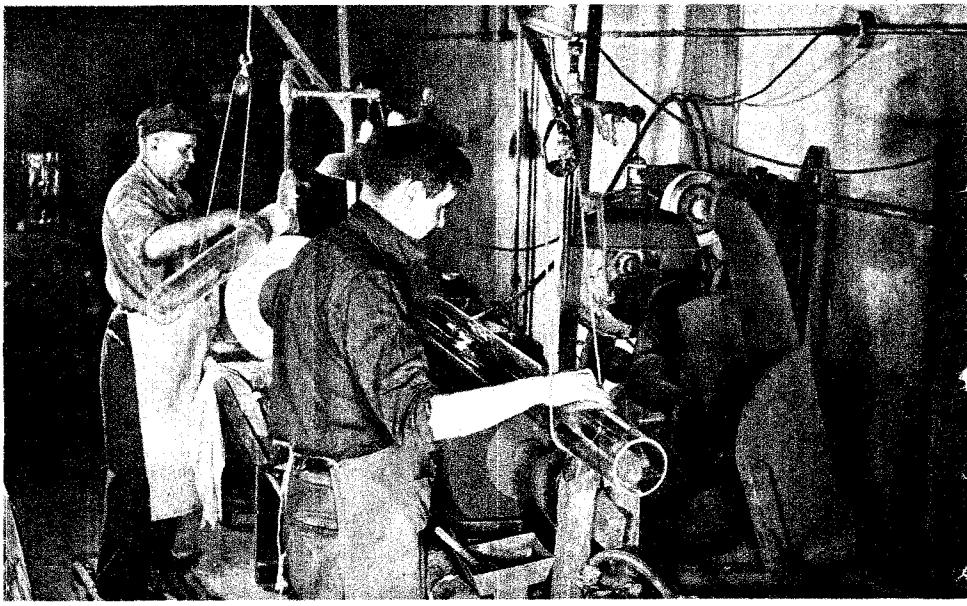


7. *Cooling off. Moving belts carry finished glass through great annealing ovens called "lehrs." Gradually reduced temperatures provide the slow, even cooling vitally necessary to prevent strains that cause breakage.*



8. *"Makeup" for glass. Final polishing with special rouge gives glass the extra finish milady's own rouge gives her face. Plate glass is polished by huge round mechanical buffers.*

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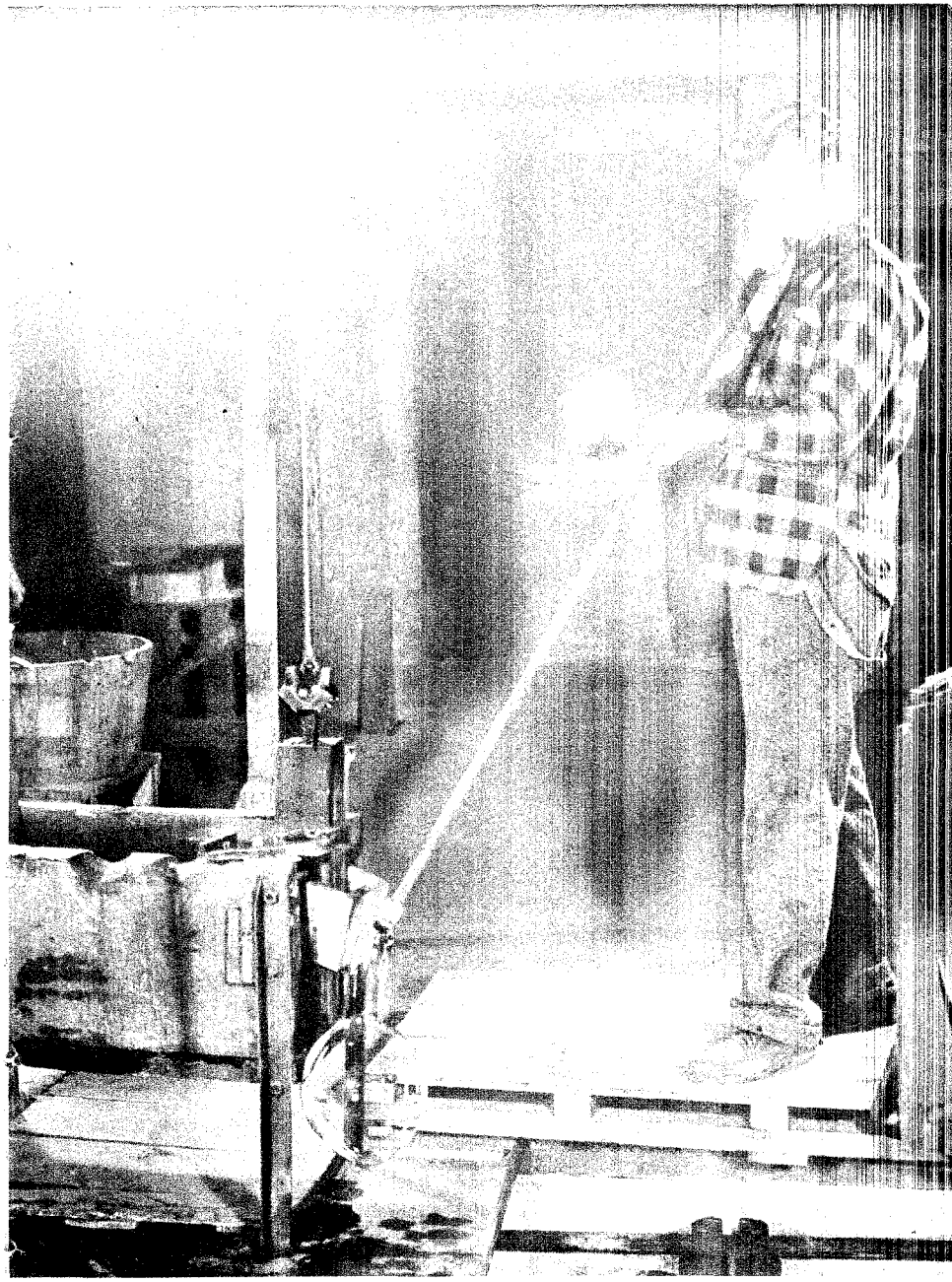

9. *Expertly twirling the gob of molten glass on the end of his long blow pipe, the blower creates shape and beauty by his breath alone. "Off-hand blowing" like this is slowly disappearing as modern airlines replace lungpower.*

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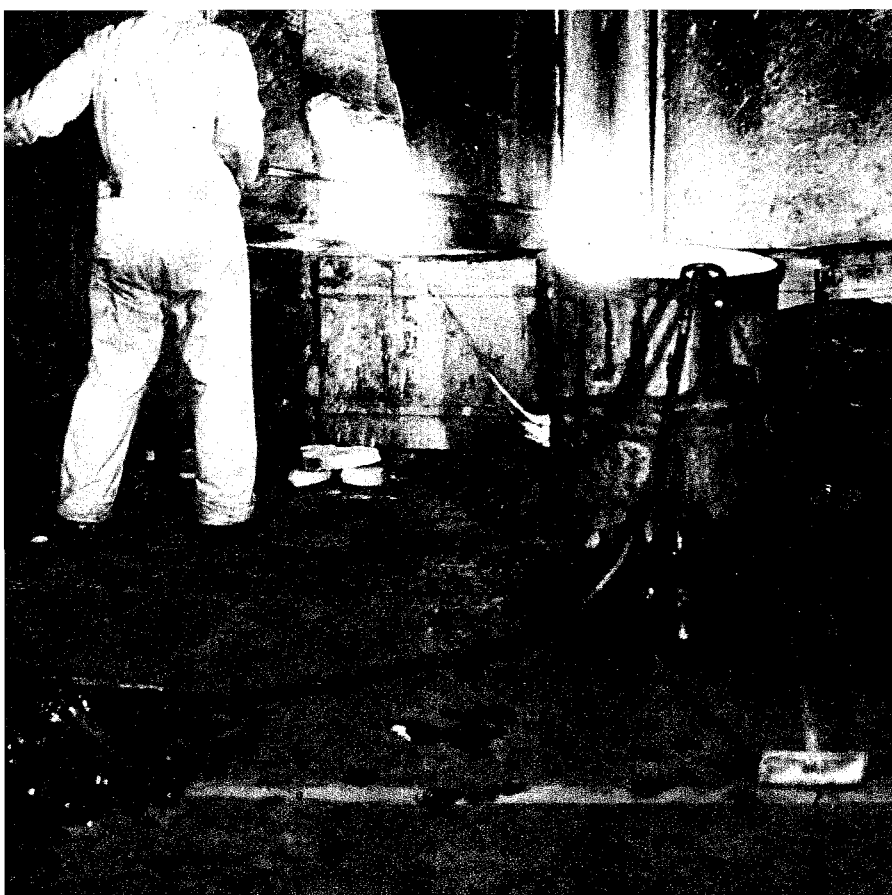

10. *In the furnace occurs the marvelous transformation of raw sand and other materials into molten glass. Fired by oil or gas, huge "continuous furnaces" roar night and day, often for many months at a stretch.*

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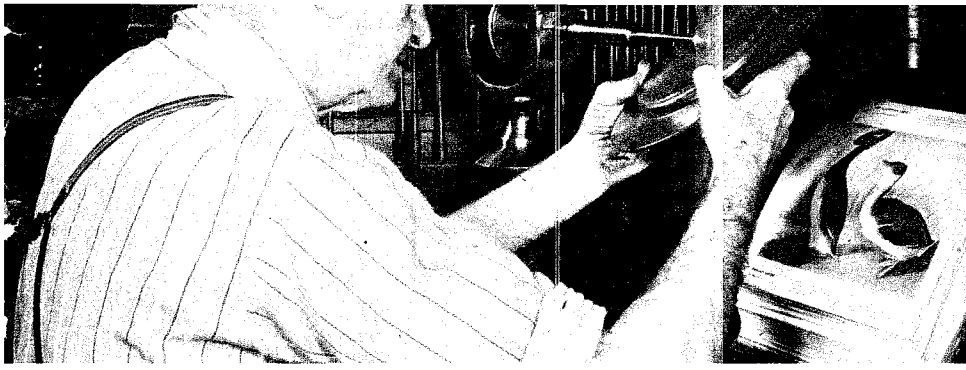
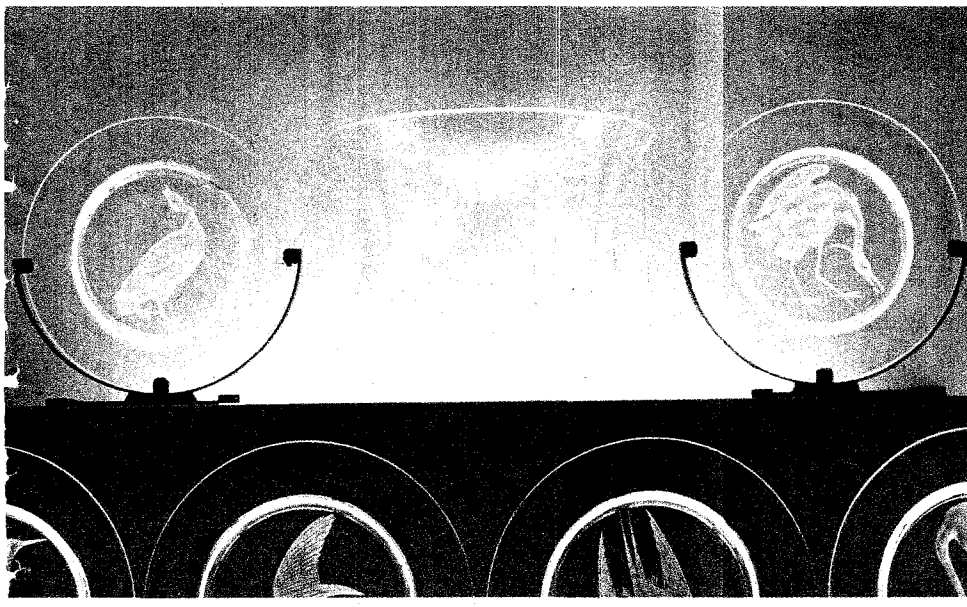


11. *To the beauty of brilliant crystal glass, perfectly shaped, the engraver adds exquisite patterns. "Engraving" is done by a machine similar to a dentist's drill. One slip will ruin an article.*



12. *Audubon's birds captured in crystal. So delicate and precise is the work that one plate requires almost a week to complete. Mass production can never duplicate the hand-engraver's skill, and plates like these remain expensive collector's items.*

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13. *Over intense heat, colored glass rods are pulled and shaped into fragile flower earrings, miniature birds and animals. Pre-war Czechoslovakia was famous for exquisite glass baubles such as these, but American craftsmen now match their skill.*

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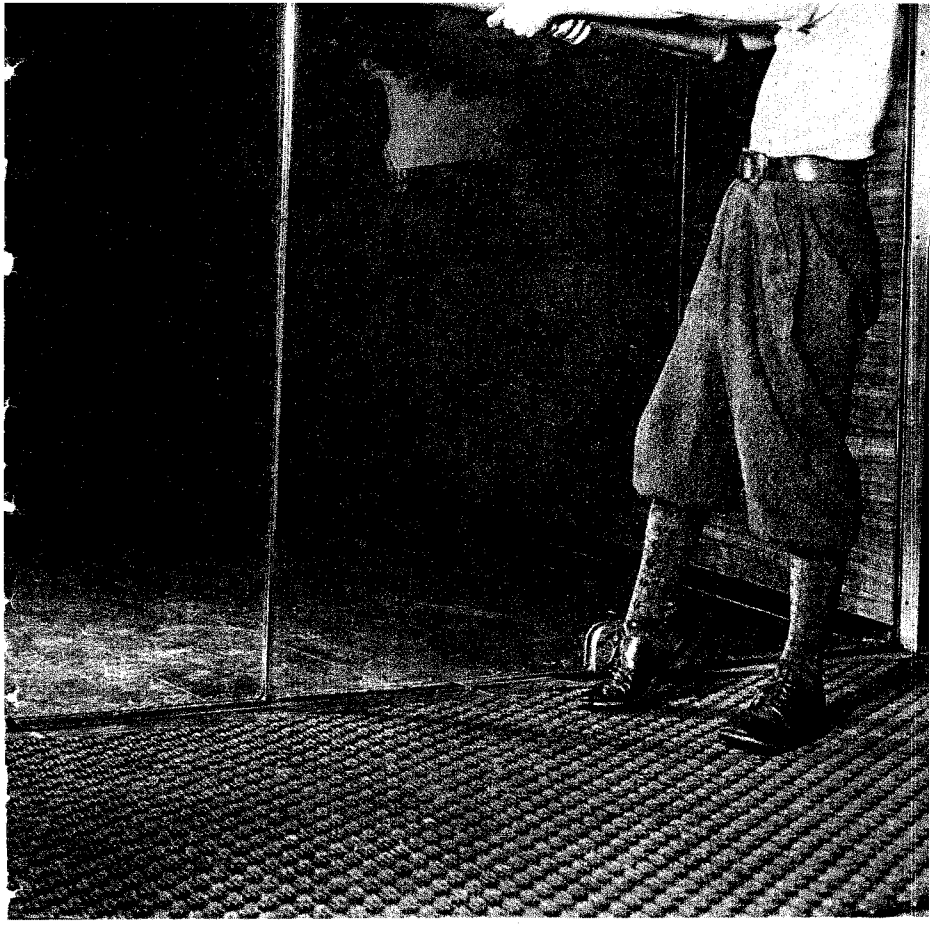

14. *Pittsburgh Plate glass for doors and partitions is so strong that even a flying baseball won't break it. The bar across the center is not to strengthen the glass but to prevent the unwary from attempting to walk through the clear glass.*

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15. *American craftsmen make stained glass windows as glorious as any great European cathedral's. Just as in medieval times, each piece of glass is separately cut.*

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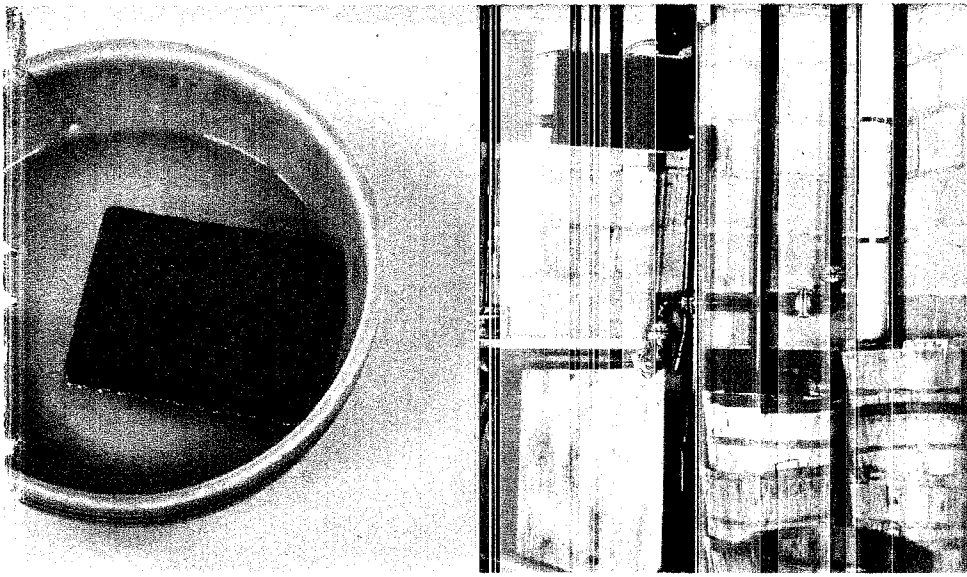
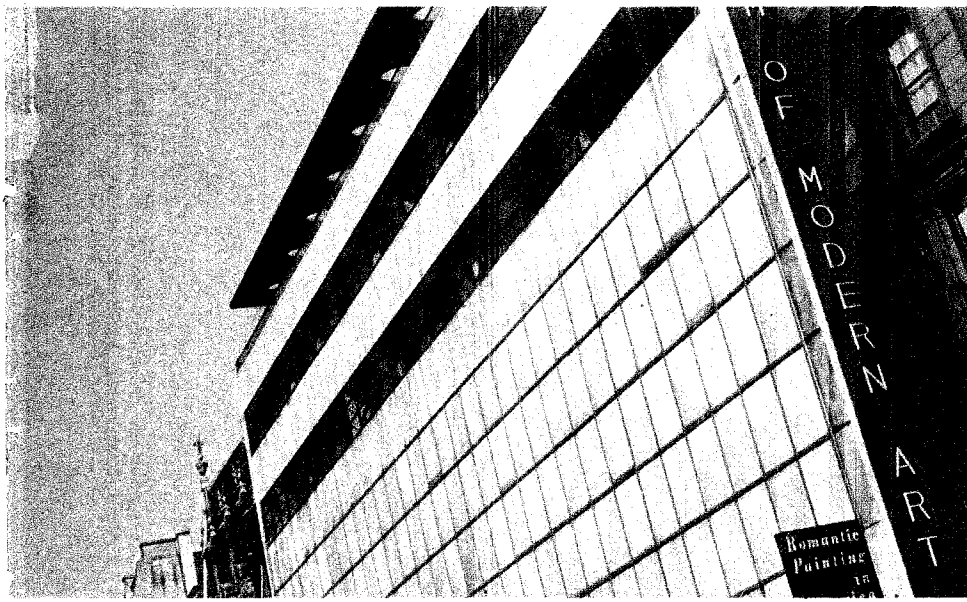


16. *Fireproof, waterproof and verminproof Foamglass is especially valuable for insulation in buildings. To the right, wine flows through transparent piping. Manufacturers can watch the processing of their products through glass pipes.*



17. *Cool in summer, warm in winter, modern glass walls flood interiors with light, and keep dirt out. Thermolux, used for the second and third floors of the Museum of Modern Art, is spun glass sandwiched between plate glass.*

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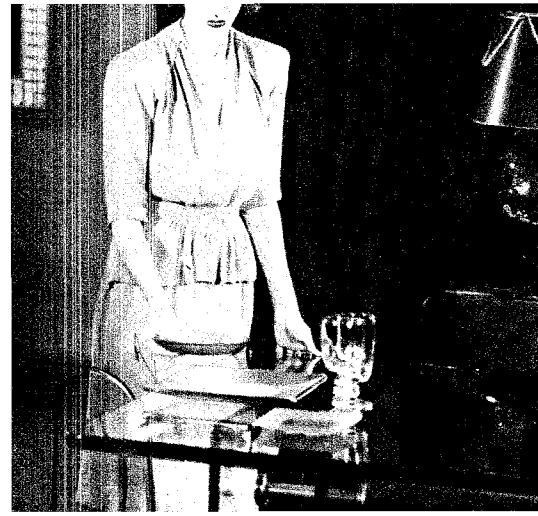

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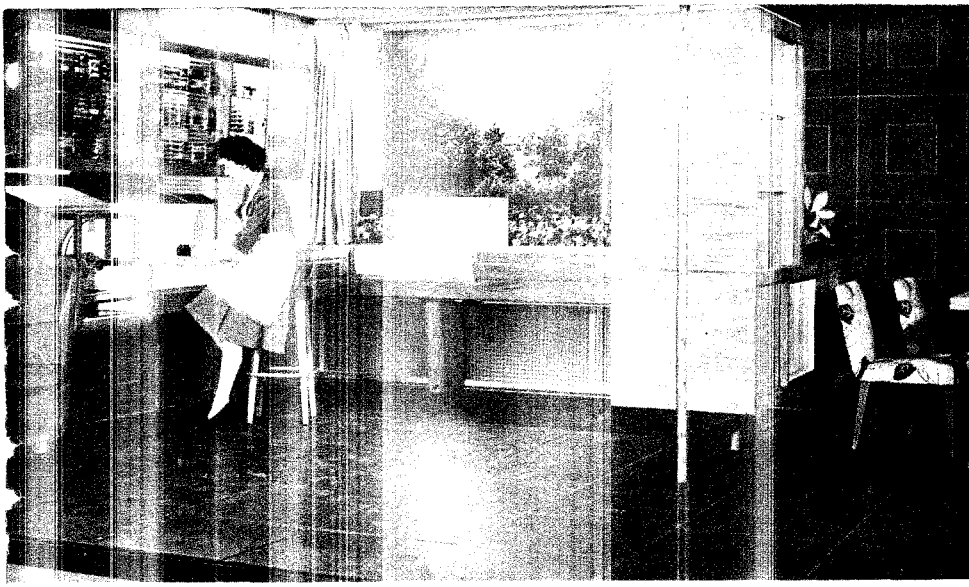
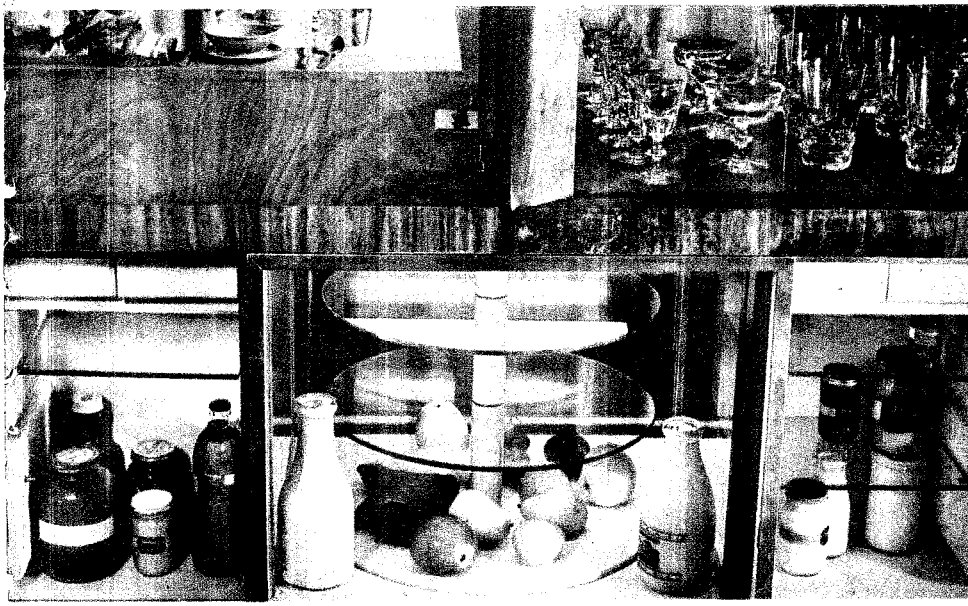


19. *Now you can see what's cooking—in a glass oven, most startling feature of Libbey-Owens-Ford's Kitchen of Tomorrow. The etched glass table-top in the dinette folds up against the wall, making a decorative mural when not in use.*



20. *An ingenious step-saver, the electric turntable in the refrigerator opens onto both kitchen and dinette. Sliding doors of transparent Thermopane permit quick shopping checkups but place a premium on housewifely neatness.*

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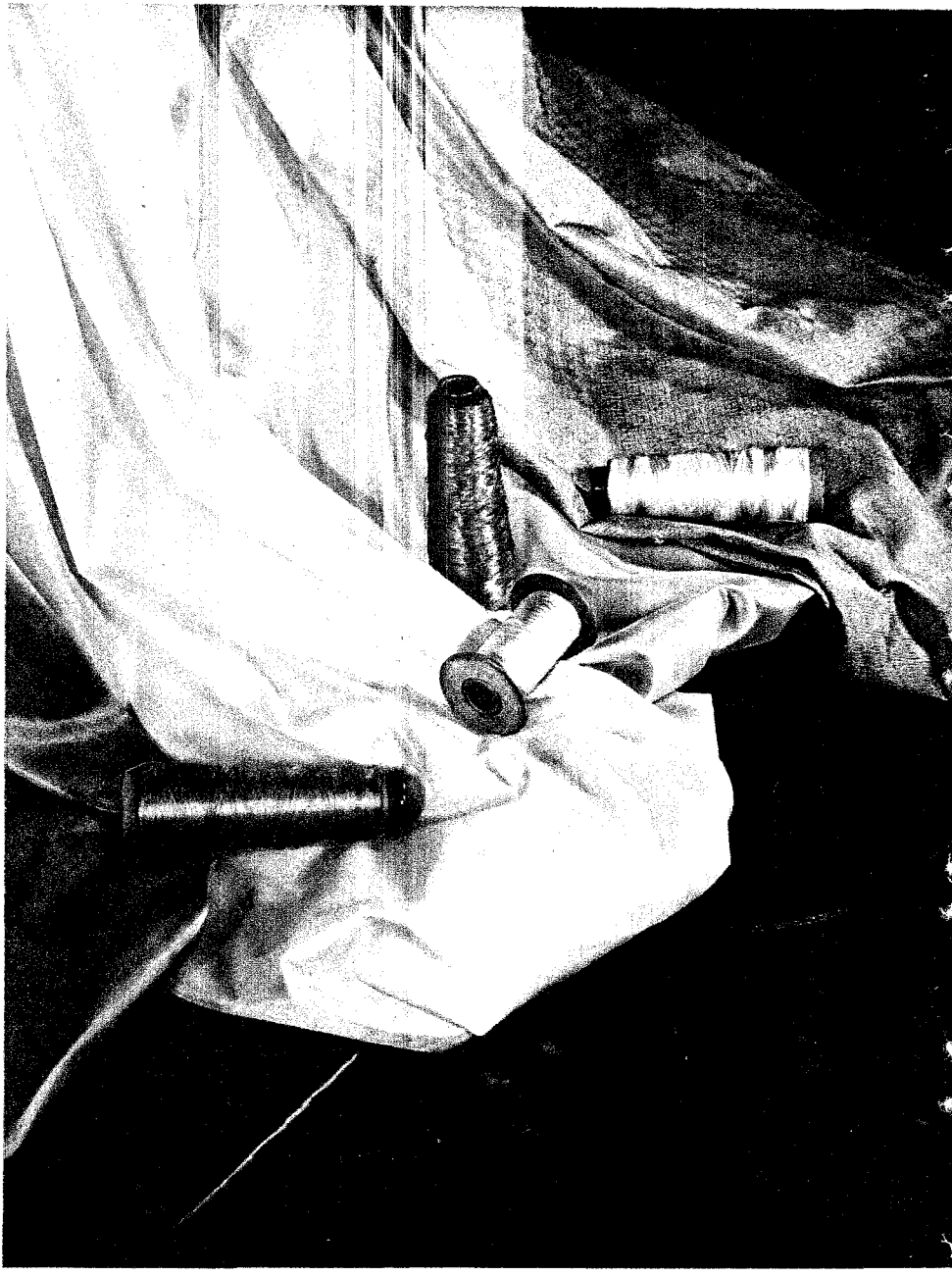

21. *Shimmering but durable, materials woven from glass thread are shrinkproof, fadeproof and fireproof. Unsuitable for clothing because it is non-absorbent and doesn't stretch, glass cloth is best used for upholstery, draperies, tablecloths.*

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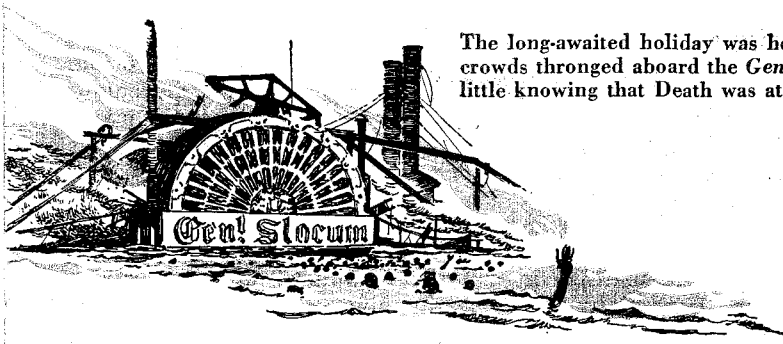

The long-awaited holiday was here. Festive crowds thronged aboard the *General Slocum*, little knowing that Death was at the helm

Holiday Holocaust

by VICTOR BOESEN

THE PARADE of children with their parents and relatives trouped gaily toward the East River where the big boat was anchored which would take them on their annual outing. St. Mark's pastor, the Reverend G. F. C. Haas, headed the laughing procession, and behind him marched the band playing a medley of lively airs.

At the pier they were joined by additional oldsters, glad of an opportunity to escape to the country for a day. The *General Slocum*, veteran of 13 years and one of New York's fastest ships, settled to her normal draft as 1,358 persons overspread her spacious decks. Four hundred of these were children, including St. Mark's kindergarden. The rest were predominantly women.

It was good to be alive. The exuberance of the youngsters was infectious. But there was also the tonic of spring. Not a speck of cloud appeared in the sky on that 15th day of June, 1904.

The band settled in chairs up forward and Pastor Haas, whose own family was aboard, moved beamingly about to see that everyone was comfortable. Then he gave the signal to Captain W. H. Schaick in the pilot house. The lines were cast off, and soon the great vessel was puffing north among the tall buildings, her huge paddle wheels beating the river into a muddy chaos.

It was just as the ship passed opposite Eighty-Third Street that 14-year-old Frank Perditsky spied a thin column of smoke curling from the storeroom in the hold. He ran to the pilot house and shouted this information to Captain Schaick. "Shut up and mind your own business!" the captain is recorded to have said.

A quarter of a mile farther, the skipper of a dredge working in the river saw a puff of smoke break from the *Slocum's* lower deck. He blew four sharp blasts of his whistle. His signal was caught up by other craft, and as each sounded the warning it fell in behind the steamer seeking to overtake her.

But there was no slackening of the big ship's speed. At 110th Street, many precious minutes later, a member of St. Mark's

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congregation was startled by smoke belching from the companionway of the forecastle. Calling a deckhand's attention to it, he hurried to tell Captain Schaick, who summoned Mate Edward Flanagan to go below and investigate.

Meanwhile, another boy had seen the flames and was tugging at the arm of a crewman disporting himself at the bar. Reluctantly reeling to the scene of the blaze, the man studied it curiously—then *threw on a bag of charcoal.*

As the crew member stood groggily watching the inevitable result, Mate Flanagan appeared. By the time he reported to the captain through the speaking tube, the fire had eaten through the partition into the engine room.

Captain Schaick, who had hoped to keep the situation concealed from the passengers, sounded the alarm gong. At that moment, a woman on an upper deck ran screaming for help, her clothing aflame with a burst of fire that had darted up at her through a chute. These cries, combined with the ominous notes of the fire gong, brought a dramatic stillness throughout the vessel.

The passengers looked at one another in horror, then broke in a wild stampede to find their children. In the first moments of that awful scramble, dozens were trampled to insensibility.

There were many places where the ship could be beached or pulled alongside a dock, but Captain Schaick chose to make a run for the shoals off distant Riker's Island. Unheeding as a sleepwalker the hell ship kept to her course.

Mate Flanagan and a half dozen fumbling deckhands got out the fire hose, but with the force of the water it parted all along its length. They made no further effort to control the spreading inferno, but fled for safety, knocking down passengers who got in their way.

Three minutes after Captain Schaick had acknowledged the fire, a column of flame and smoke had vaulted 30 feet above the pilot house. Passengers were trapped forward, aft and below. Those on the afterdecks were lashed by flames bent backward under pressure of a headwind fanned by the 15-mile-an-hour speed of the ship.

Engineer Frank Conklin, with fire licking at his clothing, was driven from his post in the engine room, leaving no one to heed the signals from the pilot house. The coal passers stuck a few minutes more before joining the mad rush for life. The vessel was now running wild, a flame-sheeted monster with Death the engineer.

SCREAMING humanity swathed in fire began leaping into the river from all parts of the vessel. Three little girls, human torches, went overboard together. Some halted at the rails, fearing the water more than the fire. The pursuing tugs fell farther behind as they stopped to rescue victims.

Still the blazing ship kept to her course, her boilers fed by burning decks.

Passengers tore at the life preservers, fastened to the walls with wire, only to have them fall apart. Granulated cork spilled through their rotted covers and sifted down onto the river where it strangled victims gasping for air. The few

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who managed to put on the jackets sank on hitting the water.

Crowds jammed against the 10 lifeboats, inadequate to accommodate all even had they been accessible, but these, too, were lashed on with wire.

Suddenly a long moan went up—the supplication of the doomed confronted by a vision of hope. The trim yacht *Candida* came down the river dead ahead. Imploring women held out their babies. Men shouted hoarsely for it to come alongside. But the craft wheeled away in a wide detour. Her skipper explained later he thought it best to keep clear of the tugs and send a launch from a distance.

Women fell on their knees before the pilot house and beseeched the determined captain in the name of God to stop. Men cursed him. One father, crazed by the loss of his child, drew a revolver and fired at Schaick, but missed.

Suddenly all three decks collapsed in a cloud of smoke and sparks, trapping hundreds in their infernal embrace. Those who died quickly were fortunate. A hundred more slid off into the river.

Nature's law of replacement asserted itself when a new life was born to this world of flame. A few smoke-laden gasps and the baby was dead.

As the ship headed across the channel between Riker's and North Brother Islands, it struck a rock and began to sink. Up to now everything had been done wrong. But at last the insane flight was ended, allowing the pursuing craft to catch up. These quickly formed a circle about the ship while a fireboat reduced the flames to smoke.

Tugmen climbed aboard and began passing the survivors over the rail. In those final moments, a young shout rose above the hiss of the smoldering embers. People saw the figure of a curly-headed boy shinnying up the flagstaff away from the red-hot coals. He hung there a moment, then dropped—the last of four hundred youngsters to die.

By midnight 611 bodies were laid out on the grass; 400 were still in the water. Coal carts, vans and delivery wagons were pressed into service. Soon morgues all over New York, Harlem and the Bronx were choked with bodies. Boathouses and police stations were clogged. And still they kept coming.

For days afterward the river continued to give up its dead. But some were carried away by the current, never to be found.

Hardly a house in St. Mark's parish was without an emblem of death on the door. Some bore many. Pastor Haas lost his wife and daughter; Frank Perditsky, the lad whose report of the fire had brought only rebuke, lost his mother, sister and brother.

For the wholesale burials and for those left without means of support, a fund of 124 thousand dollars was raised. Those unidentifiable from the action of flames were buried in a common grave.

WHY DID this disaster happen? A coroner's jury listened to one thousand pages of testimony in an effort to learn the facts and fix the blame. The revelations resulted in sweeping reforms in the name of safety that remain today.

Captain Schaick, beset by savage

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criticism, gave many reasons for not beaching his ship sooner or taking advantage of one of the docks. In one place the water was too deep. In another, it would have set lumber yards and oil tanks afire.

The consensus, however, was that laxity began further back than the men in charge of the ship. The indifference and negligence of the owners, the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, and of the U.S. Steamboat Inspection Service in the New York district had inscribed the dread handwriting on the wall.

General James A. Dumont of the inspection service admitted that the life preservers hadn't been thoroughly inspected since they were put aboard at the time of the *Slocum's* commissioning. Henry Lundberg, who claimed to have inspected the ship before the fatal excursion, was found to have had only four months' experience. His inspection had been confined to poking an occasional lifebelt with a stick. Nothing had been done about the fire hose.

A fantastic sidelight developed from the disclosure that one concern making life preservers was inserting seven-inch *cast iron bars* in each cork block to bring the belts up to the required weight.

Of the crew, Flanagan turned out to be a former iron worker, unlicensed as a mate. The remainder of the men were truck drivers, laborers and dock workers who knew nothing of emergency measures at sea.

After three hours and 40 minutes deliberation, a coroner's jury found that 11 men should be held under bond on charges of manslaughter in the first degree. These were the president, secretary and five stockholders of the Knickerbocker Company, Captain Schaick, Commodore John A. Pease of the Knickerbocker fleet, Mate Flanagan and Inspector Lundberg.

A year later Captain Schaick was sentenced to 10 years in prison for criminal negligence. But all the others succeeded in escaping responsibility for deaths fixed at 938 by the inspection service and 1,031 by the New York police—one of the most appalling of all maritime disasters.

A Superstition is Born

IN ONE OF HIS novels, Theodore Dreiser tells of a superstition of his hero, Eugene Witla, who was certain that meeting a cross-eyed woman meant bad luck for him.

Like many readers of the novel, no doubt, I promptly added Eugene's superstition to my own pet collection. Every time I found myself face to face with a cross-eyed woman I was sure I was in for a bad day. Then it occurred to me that I could counteract this bad luck if I could find a cross-eyed man. So two superstitions grew where none had blossomed before.

Then one day I happened to ask Dreiser, who is generally superstitious anyway, where he had acquired this particular superstition of the cross-eyed woman. "Made it up," he said.

—WILLIAM C. LENGEL

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Here's the story of the man behind the man behind Charlie McCarthy. For 50 years the Great Lester has reigned as king of the dummies

Stepfather to Charlie McCarthy

by DON DRURY

IT REALLY seems quite simple. First you put a dummy on your right knee. Next you hoist a glass of water in your left hand and, as you drink, you make the dummy open its mouth and emit a clear and continuous tone.

Easy? Even Edgar Bergen hasn't mastered this remarkable trick of his trade although, like other ventriloquists, he has known about it for years.

And that brings us to The Great Lester, né Maryan Tschaikowski, the only man on the globe who *can* do this stunt. That's not surprising, for Harry Lester, the man who taught Bergen and many other great entertainers, is the world's greatest ventriloquist.

It is quite likely, if you are under 40, that you have never heard of the 69-year-old Lester.

But in the night clubs, in the theatres, in private clubs and in any other place where vaudeville is revered, Harry Lester is known as the father of modern ventriloquism. He is to this ancient and wonderful art what the Smith Brothers are to coughs. A ventriloquist's ventriloquist who "can throw his voice so far it comes back with whiskers," he was taking bows in the big time 50 years ago.

Lester was the first to use a dummy with movable glass eyes, and the first to work practically on top of the footlights. Still later he went right down into the audience, where he scared elderly ladies who thought his dummy was a live midget. He originated the stunt of carrying on a phone conversation with three imaginary friends—a tremendous feat in muscle control. And finally, he is the sole virtuoso of the show-stopping drinking trick.

Most of Lester's pupils are nonprofessional. There are men who simply want to entertain their friends, there are detectives who find the art useful in crook-catching, there are broadcast announcers, teachers and others who have discovered that ventriloquism improves their diction. Lester carries on correspondence with men overseas who want information about the profession, and he already has a couple of discharged servicemen

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whose lessons are being paid for by the government's rehabilitation program.

The strange art to which Harry Lester has devoted his life is as old as civilization.

Lester once saved himself from a stiff fine for speeding. The local constable would have none of his explanation and the situation was becoming out of hand when Lester heard the sound of a river nearby.

"Listen, what's that?" Lester said suddenly.

The constable listened. And from the river came clear, high-pitched cries.

"Help, help! Save me!"

"You wait here!" the officer yelled. "Somebody's drowning down there." And with that he rushed off. So did Lester.

Lester could not have fooled the constable if he had not been situated between the man and river. Contrary to popular belief, the voice cannot actually be "thrown" anywhere; ventriloquism is a matter of artful deception wherein the tongue is quicker than the ear. Ventriloquists can originate sound to their right or left and above or behind them, but they cannot "throw" their voice past the ear of a listener.

Lester, whose father was a cousin of the great Russian composer, Tschaikowski, was born in Poland in 1876 and came to the United States as a baby. He dispensed with the polysyllabic Slavic name early in life and became plain Harry Lester, a boy who startled his neighbors by eating fire, swallowing swords, and saving pennies to buy some Siamese twins.

The boy left home when he was 14 and got a job assisting a circus balloon jumper.

Thereafter, he admits, he was the all-American pest to every performer he met on the sawdust trail. He painted a little sign with one word in capitals: "WHY?" and hung it over his bed as a constant reminder to investigate the mysteries of life, including such wonderful accomplishments as magic, mind reading, bareback riding, being buried alive and rope twirling. He stayed with the circus until he fell off a balloon basket one day and received a shoulder injury that was to make him walk slightly stoop-shouldered the rest of his life.

ABOUT THAT time the entertainment world was being startled by a great ventriloquist named O. M. Mitchell. Harry Lester heard his act just once. Thereafter the boy rushed to the nearest library for all available books on ventriloquism.

He was not yet 20 years old when he booked for his first European tour, and it was aboard the liner *Friedrich Der Grosse*, en route to Germany, that he discovered the value of his throat.

Some wag on the ship bet the boy one hundred dollars he couldn't stop the liner in mid-ocean. He didn't have the hundred dollars, but he took the wager.

That night, standing by the rail with one of the officers on the late watch, Lester for the first time tried the stunt he was later to use on the Connecticut constable—the fake call for help.

The officer immediately rushed to the bridge shouting, "Man overboard!"

Bells clanged, the big steamship

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slowed down, and a boat was lowered in a matter of moments. Appalled by what he had done, Lester forgot all about his wild wager and took refuge in his cabin.

But the incident was the turning point of the boy's life. In the next 30 years, Lester played all the great vaudeville houses of the world for as much as $1500 a week.

While he was playing in Chicago during World War I a young man came to his dressing room after the show and introduced himself.

"My name is Edgar Bergen," he said. "I want to be a ventriloquist."

Lester says he admired the boy's forthright approach, and his earnestness. Bergen was obsessed with the subject, just as Lester had been years before, and wanted lessons from the man whose performances he had watched again and again. Lester agreed, and Bergen appeared almost daily for some three months, to learn the fundamentals. He was a feverish pupil, Lester recalls, and the master, remembering his own struggles, refused to charge Bergen for the lessons. Years later, on one of his early broadcasts with Rudy Vallee, Bergen admitted he had learned the art from Lester, and acknowledging him as the greatest ventriloquist he had ever known.

Lester is as frank in his appraisal of his star pupil today as he was then.

"Edgar's sole drawback," he says, "was a mild voice that never achieved much volume, and he still hasn't learned how to talk without moving his lips."

Bergen's dummy, the brash Charlie McCarthy, came from the same workshop that produced all of Lester's figures. The genius in this curious trade is Frank Marshall of Chicago, who has fathered these articulate wooden personalities for almost a quarter century.

Alongside Charlie, Lester's current dummy, "Broadway Eddie," is a sad little creature indeed. Once, traveling on a bus to Dallas, Lester had Eddie wrapped in a blanket so that only the feet showed.

Two ladies, concerned over what was obviously inhuman handling of a baby, stood it for some 20 miles. Finally one of them rasped:

"That man ought to be reported to the juvenile authorities!"

Without turning around, Lester slipped his right hand inside the dummy and used the other to jerk off the blanket. Eddie's head swiveled, and his ghoulish eyes impaled the two good ladies.

"Go lay an egg," his flapping lips said.

Nowadays, alternately living in New York and San Francisco, Lester devotes most of his time to teaching. He guarantees to make a ventriloquist in three months out of any man, woman or child who can talk and who has the patience to practice. He has developed a complicated set of words, such as *Ayhee*, *Teeay*, *Haitch* and others which help the student to learn the principles of speaking without moving the lips. One of the beginner's exercises is a simple phrase, "Ah-Ha," which I tried with minor success in one short lesson.

Today, as he approaches his seventieth year, Harry Lester is tall and as lean as Grade A bacon. He lives quietly, takes an occasional engagement to keep his throat supple, and enjoys harmless practi-

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cal jokes with his breath-taking art. Just the other day, for example, he and his wife were walking through the woods when he spotted a crew of men working with a handcar on a railroad track.

"Watch this," he said mischievously.

Hiding behind a tree close to the men, he gave one of his best imitations, the mournful sound of a train whistle in the distance. Galvanized into action, the track crew hurriedly lifted the handcar off the rails, and waited. Nothing happened, and in a moment they put the car back on the track. Lester blew through his mouth again, and the men stopped working with a puzzled expression, lifting the handcar off once more.

Lester quietly rejoined his wife, who was convulsed with laughter.

"It's still pretty good, isn't it?" he asked with a grin.

No argument there.

Fact Parade

IF EVERYONE IN the United States stopped saying "hello" at the beginning of every telephone conversation, approximately enough man hours could be saved in a year to construct a battleship. —LAWRENCE H. SINGER

RESEARCH CHEMISTS recently have produced a synthetic skunk odor with which to warn underground workers, particularly miners, of impending danger. Alarm bells clang unheard in the midst of noisy machinery, but workers can smell this powerful odor circulated by ventilating fans.

THE AVERAGE PRISON TERM actually served for murder in this country is three and a half years. Justice is cheated by crooked political "fixers" and bribe-taking lawyers who are able to reach parole and pardon boards.

THE DEEPEST SPOT in the Atlantic is the Nares Deep, north of Puerto Rico, where the keel of a ship is more than five miles above the ocean floor.

A MYSTERY THAT IS still puzzling botanists is the disappearance of the delightful odor from the musk plant. For many centuries musk had been used as a perfume, but with the coming of the first World War the plant became entirely odorless—not in any one area of its growth, but in every spot where it flourished. —HOMER M. STIVERS

COTTON BOLLS BLOOM in bright hues of blue, green, red and brown in experimental fields in Russia, where scientists have succeeded in growing the textile plant in colors. Woven into cloth, the material is just as bright after washing.

RIGHT OUT OF THE LABORATORIES of science is a new blood cement, akin to plasma and derived from human blood. Used for patching and closing holes in vital organs, like the liver, lungs or spleen, it has been successful in treating battle-caused wounds which were usually fatal.—LOUIS HIRSCH

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Laughter brightened the dark days at Sing Sing when a shaggy puppy sneaked through the fence to become a life termer

Mascot of the Big House

by HELEN AND CLEM WYLE

PRISONERS AT Sing Sing still talk about a small gray mongrel dog named Rags. They probably always will. For Rags was the only canine convict the Big House ever housed.

It was in the fall of 1929 that Rags first squeezed her thin, emaciated body through the iron picket fence that borders the Hudson River side of Sing Sing. While other adventurous dogs had sneaked in the same way and left in haste, Rags stayed on.

Although she promptly made friends with the inmates, she cagily avoided the guards. It was almost as if she knew dogs were forbidden inside the walls.

Inevitably, of course, Rags was detected, picked up by the scruff of her scrawny neck and carried outside. Half an hour later she was back in again, much to the delight of the inmates. Impressed by the spunk of this four-legged lawbreaker, they begged Warden Lewis E. Lawes to let her stay. A dog lover himself, the warden did not have the heart to refuse.

So it was that Rags, then about three months old, started what was to be a life term in the Big House.

Six months later she was no longer the shaggy bundle of fur and bones which had inspired her name. The concave creases on her back had filled out, her mangy coat had thickened, and she was almost double in size.

Her mixed ancestry, too, was now apparent. The sturdy, compact body of a wire-haired terrier and the short, stubby legs of a Scotty combined to give her a comic, fat-lady waddle which wasn't in the least bit dignified. But then neither was Rags.

One moment she'd be racing crazily through the yard with long grass fringing her mouth like a beard. The next, she'd charge bull-like into a hedge with such force that she had to be hauled out. And when she performed a routine antic like a somersault, she'd top it off with a violent wiggle that would have done justice to a shimmy dancer.

Almost as if she sensed laughs were none too plentiful in prison, Rags generously dispensed her own

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brand of nonsense. She would move from group to group, putting on a performance for whoever might request it.

Sometimes an inmate craving an extra share of attention would try to bribe her with her favorite chocolate-covered raisins. But after downing them with relish, Rags would wag her tail appreciatively and wander off to pay her respects to another prisoner. Not even the men who bathed and brushed her received special consideration.

Rags was scrupulously impartial, and she showed it once and for all when she started to eat her meals in the prison mess hall. Each day she stationed herself at the foot of a different table, in the company of different men, carefully rotating as the weeks went by.

Rags' intense devotion to the inmates crowded out her feelings for everyone else. She treated Warden Lawes and his family with cold respect. Visitors she ignored. And the guards she hated. She usually showed her scorn for them by growling or backing away when they approached.

As Rags grew older she conformed so closely to prison routine that inmates felt she should have been given a number instead of a name. At 6:30 each morning when the men arose, she dashed from the warm cellar of the warden's house—where she condescended to sleep nights—and joined them as they filed out of the cell blocks. After breakfast, when they went to work, she went to work too.

Her self-chosen, dual role was a combination of entertainer and visiting social worker.

She trotted nosily in and out of the shop, played gently with a blind man in the hospital, listened politely to rehearsals in the band room, exercised vigorously with road gangs outside the walls. And during recreation hours, as persistent as Mary's little lamb, she followed the inmates everywhere they went.

She even attended motion pictures and lectures—ordeals, no doubt, since she slept through every one. Baseball games, however, she thoroughly enjoyed, and each time the home team scored, she would yelp and race madly back and forth in front of the grandstand like the proverbial freshman cheerleader.

BUT RAGS was not always cutting capers. Apparently she came to realize that men weighted down with worry and grief had other needs besides entertainment.

When she saw an inmate sitting alone, brooding, she would waddle over and rub her bristly head against his knee. If he started to pet her—as he invariably did—she would suddenly begin to prance on all fours, her tail swinging wildly like a pendulum out of control, her expressive little face urging, almost pleading: "For goodness' sake, fellow, snap out of it!"

With that she would skitter off a few yards, and he'd follow. Then she'd lead off a little farther, and before the prisoner knew it he'd find himself with a lively group where talk and laughter would banish his misery.

For years Rags worked this trick successfully on hundreds of prisoners, some of whom came to center their whole barren lives around

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her. This was particularly true of those forgotten men who never received a letter or a visit throughout their entire imprisonment.

If Rags didn't greet them with raucous barking each morning their faces were long with consternation. If her nose was too warm or her eyes slightly bloodshot, they would bundle her in sweaters. And the few times she was sick enough to be sent to a veterinarian outside the prison, they were frantic until she returned.

Knowing what Rags meant to his charges, Warden Lawes continued to house her when his new home was built outside the walls. So that Rags could continue her days in the prison, he ordered the guards to let her in and out of the gates whenever she wished.

Rags is said to have gloated over this privilege. Each morning, she would strut up to the south entrance of the Big House—the one the warden used—and bark imperiously at the tower guard. A second later he would press the button that rolled back the massive gate, and without so much as a glance up at him, Rags would streak through.

ONLY ONE tower guard ever kept her waiting, and he came to regret it. Impatient at his delay in reacting to her barked command and fearful, perhaps, that she would be late at the cell blocks, Rags raced to the picket fence through which she'd squeezed eight years before. This time, some 15 pounds heavier, she emerged covered with scratches and bruises.

The wave of protest that followed was long and loud, and neither the dog nor the inmates ever forgave the guard.

When Rags reached old age, her health began to fail. She contracted one severe cold after another, and her eyesight became so poor that she sometimes allowed a guard to pet her.

Still she made her daily rounds, scanning the yard benches for lonely men who might respond to her oft-played trickery. Although she now left the prison at lock-up time, exhausted and worn, she always returned if there were a show scheduled for the evening.

An entertainer who had heard a great deal about Rags from the inmates was confounded by this.

"How does she know when there's going to be a show?" he asked a life term prisoner.

"How does she know?" the lifer repeated scornfully. "Why that dog knows everything we know—maybe more."

This certainly seemed true the snowy night that Rags followed an inmate to his cell—something she very rarely did—and stayed in front of it until the following morning. Only when he went to breakfast did she let him out of her sight.

No one was able to explain Rags' vigil except the inmate himself. He later confessed to a buddy what had happened.

Distraught over his failure to obtain a pardon, he had decided to hang himself that night with a sheet. But he never got the chance. Each time he rose up in bed Rags would growl softly. He knew that if he had gone ahead with his plans she would have barked an immediate alarm. Touched, finally, by the dog's devotion, he gave up

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the idea of suicide, turned over and went to sleep.

Rags' term in the Big House came to an abrupt end in May, 1941. As she left the prison one evening, a violent storm broke. Terrified by the thunder and lightning, she sought shelter in the railroad tunnel that bisects the prison. A tower guard spied her and promptly notified the warden, but before rescuers arrived the little dog's rain-soaked body had touched the third rail.

Today Rags sleeps in a grave near Sing Sing's towering walls. Over the small mound is a simple stone slab bearing her name. Under it lies a great deal more than an animal's dust.

Life and Death of the Presidents

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not the only president born in a log cabin. There were five others—Jackson, Taylor, Fillmore, Buchanan and Garfield. Although William Henry Harrison was elected as a log cabin president, he was actually born in a beautiful Virginia mansion.

ALTHOUGH GEORGE WASHINGTON is usually thought of as the richest president, Herbert Hoover was a multi-millionaire mining engineer before he went into politics. Lincoln, who had been a poor rail splitter, left an estate of $110,974. Washington drew no salary. Van Buren waited until his term was over and then drew his salary in one lump. Jefferson and Grant died penniless, and Tyler had to take a job as road boss and keep the "village pound."

MRS. ZACHARY TAYLOR had lived with the general in tents, Army barracks and among the Indians and felt that his becoming president deprived her of his company. She took no part in White House functions, preferring to smoke her corn cob pipe in her own room. Their daughter eloped with the Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

ALTHOUGH PRESIDENT HOOVER was a Quaker and his fiancee an Episcopalian, they were married by a Catholic priest. There was no Protestant pastor in Monterey, California, at the time.

ZACHARY TAYLOR died from exposure to heat; William Henry Harrison from exposure to cold. Both died in the White House, Harrison a month after riding horseback hatless and without an overcoat on his inaugural parade; and Taylor after laying the cornerstone of Washington's monument on a blistering hot day, then drinking cold milk and eating a bowlful of fresh cherries.

THE WASHINGTON FUNERAL of the assassinated Garfield has never been paid for. According to the itemized statement in the Congressional Record, Funeral Director Speare presented a bill for $1,890.50, but never received a penny.

—CHESTER HOPE AND DON SMITH

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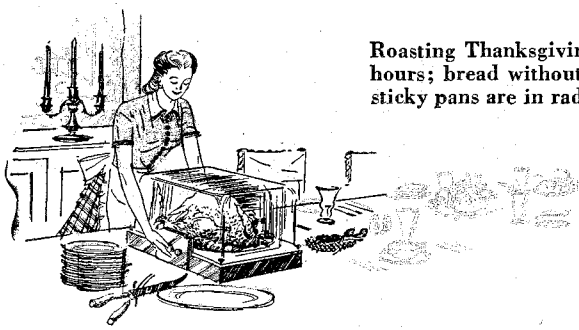

Roasting Thanksgiving turkeys in minutes—not hours; bread without crusts and sinks without sticky pans are in radio's plans for tomorrow

Radio Runs the Post-War Home

by LARRY WOLTERS

HOUSEWIVES who have sometimes wondered how great-grandmother felt when she saw her first gas range will get the chance to find out when peace comes and new radionic inventions are put on the markets of the nation.

Already new cooking and baking techniques, involving the use of radio heat, have been developed for post-war production. In the forefront of this development are the Radio Corporation of America Laboratories at Princeton, New Jersey, and the Armour Research Foundation in Chicago. Dr. Harold Vagtborg, director of the Armour organization, has given the following inviting preview of the new cookery art via radio:

"When you sit down to your Thanksgiving dinner, your turkey will be roasting on the table before your eyes in a sort of glass chafing dish," he promises. "You won't have to wait long, for radio waves will pass through all portions of the fowl simultaneously, roasting it uniformly and swiftly. You will not need to add a certain number of roasting minutes for each extra pound, for the size will make no difference."

Thermic radio will also do just as well in baking a potato, a loaf of bread or a pie. Or you can toast a marshmallow via the kilocycles. The RCA method takes about three seconds to turn this confection the proper brown; only a few more to turn out a roast.

How is radio cooking done in such short-time magic? Simply by shooting short waves through foods; their molecules, stirred up by the electrical inferno thus produced, react by generating blitz-swift internal heat. By this same method, baked potatoes, which in the past so often have emerged from the oven soggy on the outside and hard in the middle, will be fluffy and mealy all the way through.

As for bread, Mom won't have to shave loaves in making dainty sandwiches when she entertains her club members; nor will the small fry of the family be admonished to eat their crusts. For, oddly enough, the radio-baked loaf will come out of the oven without a crust.

Radio cookery will also take the

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sting from the irksome task of dishwashing. Attractively designed dual-purpose glass or metal containers will be introduced along with the new method in preparing meals. After the food is radio-cooked, these will be transferred directly to the table.

Radio clock devices for pre-selecting the hours of cooking are on the culinary horizon, too. If Mrs. America desires, she can pop several dishes into the radio cooker, set the timers to turn on at certain hours, and return from an afternoon's shopping tour around six to find dinner practically ready.

HOUSEWIVES who have long wished to escape the ordeal attendant on the canning season will welcome thermic radio dehydrators now in the offing. Usually foods to be dehydrated are first heated to neutralize the action of enzymes which contribute to oxidation and decay. The process by radio eliminates this step, for the radio waves kill the enzymic action, leaving foods with more natural flavor and color to boot. And, as in roasting meat, it works swiftly and uniformly. Right up this same alley, a system for pasteurizing milk by radionics already has been perfected. A similar invention will kill bacteria and keep meat and dairy products fresh in the refrigerator over long periods.

The radio sewing machine, too, is humming today. But instead of needle and thread this new invention, developed by RCA, uses radio frequency currents. Replacing the old idea of stitching through woven cloth, this machine works on modern thermoplastics—synthetic materials which are finding wide applications in the making of raincoats and caps; also in packaging materials used on many types of foods and oils. In the future, these synthetics may be used for draperies and find numerous other household applications.

In appearance and operation, this new machine is somewhat similar to the ordinary sewing machine. Its controls, too, are in a foot pedal and the material to be "stitched" is fed across a table top through a field of radio current. The struggle of the waves to pass through the molecules of the plastics sets up heat which causes the parts to fuse into a tight bond, in place of the old-fashioned seam.

In American homes tomorrow, housewives may again be carrying lamps from room to room, as their great-grandmothers did. But they won't be the type that need filling, nor have globes that must be polished daily, like the old-fashioned kerosene lamps. These new inventions will be in the form of glass bulbs containing phosphorus that will light up when bombarded by radio waves. And, hurrah, they won't require any wall plugs, that sometimes give you a shock, or connecting cords to stumble over. Luminescent draperies and walls will provide further, and far more colorful, lighting.

Thousands of householders, who have shivered through fuel-oil rationing, will cheer RCA President Sarnoff's disclosure that home heating by radio is coming into tomorrow's picture. A radio furnace has been originated which promises to eliminate wash-day blues in the bargain. The wet wash, then, will

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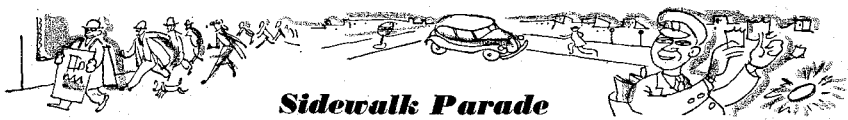
be simply chucked into a radio dryer.

There's good news, too, for the lads who'd rather play baseball in the vacant lot, and the girls who'd rather listen to Swooner Sinatra, than mow the lawn. As perfected by Dayton, Ohio, engineers, the grass cutter will be started, steered and stopped by radio waves, somewhat after the manner of the beams that guide planes. This will prove a boon to the suburbanite *pater*, too. It will give him more time to dig out dandelions.

Walkie-talkies are already familiar to thousands of men in the Signal Corps of our armed forces. Tomorrow, Mr. Sarnoff envisions the idea of "personal" radio communication. This will be accomplished through the use of tiny radio tubes, smaller than acorns, that will be used to power midget transmitters and receivers that will slip into a pocket. That they are technically feasible, Mr. Sarnoff has already disclosed.

When the era of personal radiotelephony arrives, the housewife can call her husband on the road or in his office, if he answers on his vest-pocket station. When she has unexpected guests drop in for dinner at the last moment, she can call him as he drives homeward, and ask him to stop in at the delicatessen for extras.

Improbable? Impossible? To those who think so, there is a challenge in the words of that philosopher-inventor Henry Ford: "Our times are primitive; true progress lies ahead."



Sidewalk Parade

I WAS TRYING to catch a train out of Milwaukee recently, and not one taxi had come along in 10 minutes. It was getting late and I was worried when I spotted a cab sliding out from a side street a half block away. I dashed down and hopped in.

"You Mr. Johnson?" the driver asked.

"No, I didn't know you had a fare here," I answered, starting to get out.

The driver grinned and flipped up the meter. "Keep your seat. I ask 'em all that just for fun. Nine out of ten say they are." —ROD VAN EVERY

A NEW YORK sandwich man, who had been attracting little or no attention as he walked along Times Square advertising a second-hand store, wondered why he suddenly had drawn a large crowd from the rear. When he examined the back panel, he found the answer. A wag had attached a sign to the board which added these items to the list of merchandise advertised: CHOICE STEAKS — TIRES — RADIOS — NYLONS. —EVELYN DOBBS HYND

IN THE BACK COUNTRY near La Jolla, California, there is a sign on a little boarded-up refreshment stand: "Closed for the duration. Hope to open tomorrow." —WALTER B. PITKIN

BECAUSE HIS LOADS were growing unbearably heavy, a Detroit letter carrier decided to destroy a portion of his mail each day. When arrested for the transgression, he explained that he only threw away second and third class items. —LAWRENCE H. SINGER

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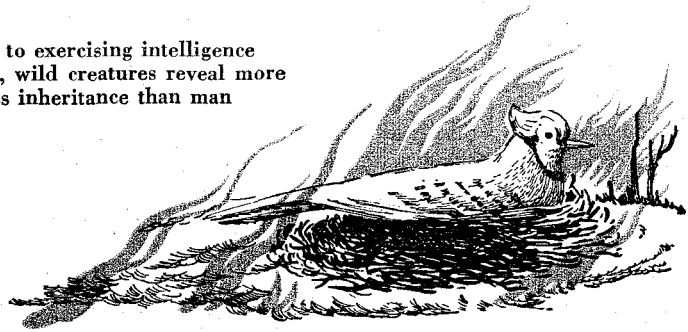
When it comes to exercising intelligence in emergencies, wild creatures reveal more of that priceless inheritance than man



How Animals Harness Their Fears

by Jim Kjelgaard

Fear in wild things is a thing of the moment. Danger threatens . . . hovers for a split second . . . and then either strikes or is gone. While it approaches and while it threatens to strike, the wild animal knows fear.

Yet when the danger is gone, it is forgotten. The fear which is known among humans—that sudden and complete loss of reason, that swift mass panic which so often can lead to mass destruction—just doesn't exist among wild things.

On many occasions I have sat in some favored place watching hunters stalk deer. About one time in four, the deer they stalked, after being shot at, would bound only a few hundred feet and stop. I have even seen them run a very short distance, stop a few minutes, and actually bed down. In most of these deer hunts the hunter, assuming that his quarry had fled far away, gave up the chase.

One such performance I watched was outstanding. Looking from a little ravine two-thirds of the way up a razor-backed ridge, I saw two magnificent bucks almost side by side. At a hunter's third shot, the larger of the pair fell beside a small clump of dry-leaved beeches. Then I had a fine opportunity to observe the second buck.

According to popular theory he should have gone dashing off at full speed, putting as much distance as possible between himself and the source of the shots. Instead he walked slowly into the beeches and made himself invisible there. Five minutes later another party of hunters appeared on top of the slope and began to roll rocks down it. The big rocks rolled until stopped by other rocks or brush, and some came clear to the bottom. But only when one went crashing right through the thicket in which the two bucks lay did the unhurt one come out. Even then he did not run.

Literally at a snail's pace he walked around the face of that almost bare ridge. His head was down, as was his tail. He lifted each foot carefully with every step he took. I could see him easily while he traveled thus for almost two hundred yards. Had the men on top been watching closely, they, too,

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could have seen him as easily. Only when the buck was within the shelter of a group of aspens did he raise his tail and start to run. A few rifle bullets dusted after him. But by then it was too late to shoot.

The hunters on the mountain assumed that the rolling rocks would create instant panic in any wild thing that might have been on the slope, and cause it to reveal itself in a blind flight from danger. Wild things are supposed to react that way. Yet, unless they see some advantage to be gained by it, not one in five hundred will.

There can be little doubt that the unhurt buck was afraid. Yet he controlled himself, and in a situation where many a human being would have lost his head entirely, acted in the only possible way to save his own life.

WILD CREATURES are always in danger. Their arch-enemy, of course, is man. But many other factors disrupt their lives. The smaller creatures are preyed upon by the larger, to a certain extent the larger prey upon one another, and all must contend with often merciless elements.

Even if there were no men with traps and guns, only the largest carnivores could remain comparatively free from the peril of swift destruction. Yet fear as it is known among humans—as I have mentioned earlier—doesn't exist among wild things. A forest fire is the only danger I have seen create a mass panic in the wilds, and even that cannot always do it.

I can recall one very vivid example of this:

We had been fighting a fire that started at the bottom of a mountain, raced up to and across the top, and started down the other side. I was patrolling the fire line when, well within the area that had been burned, I saw the tail of a blue jay thrust over the edge of a nest. The nest was in a sapling shoot that had sprung from the trunk of a long dead tree, and the trunk was still on fire. Blue smoke curling up from it wreathed both the blue jay and her nest, and when the wind fanned around the trunk the flames leaped high. Yet, in the face of what is supposedly the greatest terror the animal world ever knows, that jay was brooding her eggs.

Why did she do it? The maternal instinct? Perhaps, but the fact remains that the jay was obviously not paralyzed by fright.

No two groups of wild creatures are ever exactly alike, nor are any two individuals in any group. They vary as much as humans in temperament and characteristics. You'll find outstanding birds and beasts. You'll find the great mass of them quite "normal," and you'll find a scattering of "rattlebrains." There seem to be fewer of the latter among animals—probably because they usually die violently soon after birth. Those who survive do so because they have learned it pays to be afraid, and that they must keep fear under control.

Every country boy knows the wild things' habit of "freezing"—that is, sitting perfectly still and hoping to escape detection by so doing even though they are surrounded by no cover or shelter. The ringneck pheasant is an accomplished freezer, able to hide in

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scarcely enough grass to conceal a meadow mouse. Cotton tail rabbits, woodcock and ruffed grouse will sit perfectly still until they are all but stepped on. Anyone who has watched Canada geese has seen them flatten on the ground and seem to sink right into it.

Fear is directly responsible for this habit of freezing, but again it is the antithesis of panic. Any wild creature will remain frozen only until it thinks itself discovered, then seek safety in flight. Moreover, their flight, when it becomes necessary, is never blind and is always dictated by intelligence.

I have a spaniel, a fine dog with a very keen nose.

Not long ago I was walking with him down a country road, and saw a cotton tail rabbit, that had been feeding in a clover patch, freeze there when we came in sight. The dog saw it also, and at once gave chase.

The cotton tail, imagining itself unseen and that the dog was hunting something else, refused to move until the dog was almost upon it. Then it gave one short hop. Seeing its quarry move, the dog redoubled his speed—and overshot by many feet while the rabbit doubled back and took 10 short hops into a burrow.

Certainly, as soon as it found itself the dog's intended prey, the rabbit was afraid. Yet it was not so terrified that it could not perceive and act upon the necessity for misleading its pursuer. Even if it had had to run a long way, and the dog was almost upon it when it started, the rabbit would have had a very good lead.

Just to see how long the cotton tail would cower in its burrow, I moved to an unobtrusive spot, chained the dog, and sat down to watch. Exactly 16 minutes later the rabbit poked its head from its burrow. Two minutes after that it was back in the clover patch, calmly feeding.

Thus do wild things live. Persecuted, harried, they still lead surprisingly tranquil lives that are clouded only by the perils of the moment.

Certainly no wild thing ever worries about what the future holds.

Full House

NOT SO LONG AGO troupers used to pull a variety of clever stunts to lure customers to their performances. On his opening night in a new town, a magician who billed himself as "The Great Lafayette" stepped onto the stage before an audience of only 85 people.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "there is no sense in giving a performance for such a handful of people. So I am going to ask all of you to step out to the box office and get your money back. Not only that," he added, "but in appreciation for your showing up, each and every one of you will receive an extra dollar so that you can have dinner on me." With that he smiled, bowed and strode off the stage.

For the remainder of his engagement the house was jammed to the doors.

—STEPHEN J. SCHMIEDL

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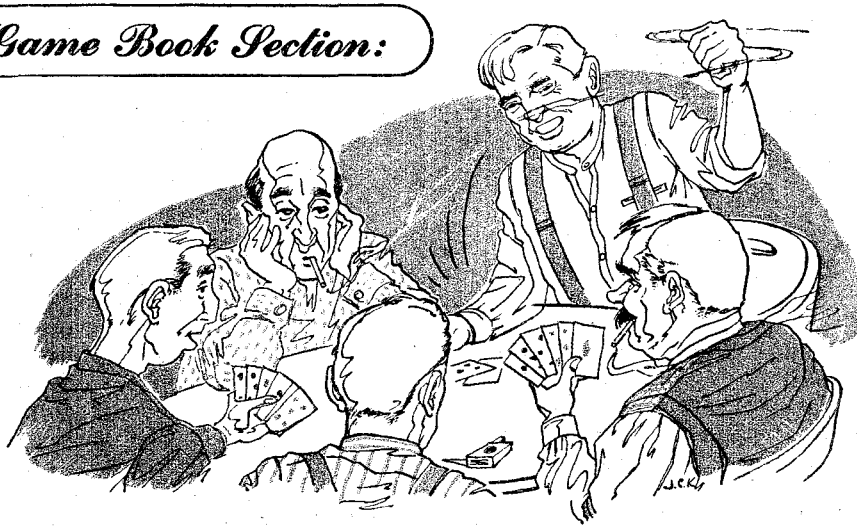
Game Book Section:



Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

INTERESTED IN a card party? We've made a game of being spectator at this one. Come on along. We promise that sitting on the sidelines will prove just as stimulating as any hand you've ever held.

First, the players. Meet Messrs. Brown, Jones, Perkins, Reilly and Turner—all cigarette smokers. Each smokes a different one of five popular brands of cigarettes—Camels, Chesterfields, Luckies, Raleighs and Old Golds, though not necessarily respectively. And each arrived at the party with a different quantity—3, 6, 8, 15 and 20, also not necessarily respectively. Now, our game is to decide, from certain facts which develop during the evening, which man is smoking which brand of cigarettes and how many he had to begin with. Our hats off to you if your answer checks with ours on page 134. The facts:

1. Perkins discards the joker.
2. Brown draws as many aces as he had cigarettes.
3. Reilly smoked one-half his cigarettes, an even number, which is one less than Turner has smoked.
4. The man who draws to an inside straight inadvertently lit the *tipped* end of his fifth cigarette.
5. No one has smoked all of his cigarettes.
6. The man who smokes Chesterfields originally had as many more, plus one-half as many more, plus two and a half more cigarettes than he has now.
7. The man who smokes Luckies has smoked at least 3 more cigarettes than anyone else, including Perkins, who has smoked the next most.
8. The man who smokes Camels, and who draws one ace, asks Jones to pass Brown's matches.

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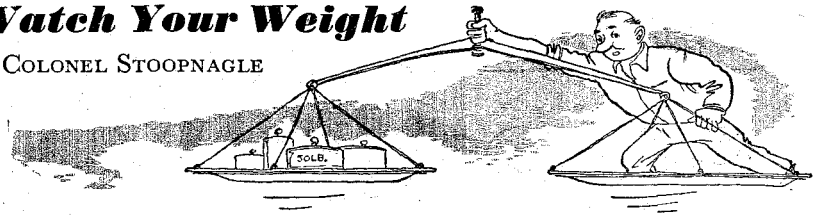
Watch Your Weight

by COLONEL STOOPNAGLE



YOU MUST FIND w-eight words, each of which becomes another word by tossing out one letter. It's your job to find both the original weight word and the new word. We tell you what letter to throw out of the weight word, plus the definition of the second word you are to find. For example, if you were told to toss out the letter R to form a word the definition of which is "to acquire weight," you would eventually figure that the original weight word is—grain, the new word—gain. If you get a total of 12 words correct, you're doing very well.

The answers are given on page 134.

WEIGHT	TOSS OUT	DEFINITION	NEW WORD
1.	U	Kids' stories begin with this one	
2.	A	Don't put this before the horse	
3.	U	A body of water that never grew up	
4.	G	The male of the sheep family	
5.	N	An infinitive is no good without this	
6.	G	This is "dew" to the Chamber of Commerce	
7.	R	Created by a beaver	
8.	S	When you have "class" you have this	

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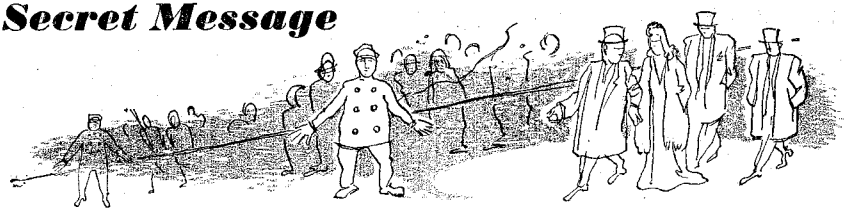
Secret Message



THERE'S A SECRET message for you hidden in this game of names. But it isn't yours to know until you've proved top skill in taking the quiz first. Listed are 41 last names of famous screen, radio and stage stars of the past and present. You are asked to fill in the blanks at the left of each last name with the correct first name of the actor or actress.

When you are finished, check your answers with those on page 134, and score yourself two points for each correct one. 58-62 is fair, 64-74 is good and 76-82 is very good.

How did you do? All of them right you say? Fine! Now you may decipher the message. Read vertically down the page all the first letters of the names you supplied. They are in consecutive order as they appear and need only to be divided into words—which spell—say, wait a minute—you're *supposed to be doing this . . .*

1. _ _ _ _ _ _ Canute (Western star)
2. _ _ _ _ _ Welles
3. _ _ _ Merkel
4. _ _ _ _ Hayworth (Woman)
5. _ _ _ _ _ _ Temple
6. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Cornell
7. _ _ _ _ _ _ Bergman
8. _ _ _ Chaney
9. _ _ _ _ _ _ Fazenda
10. _ _ _ _ _ Massey (Woman)
11. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Holloway
12. _ _ _ _ _ _ Power (Man)
13. _ _ _ _ _ _ Hardy (Comic)
14. _ _ _ _ _ _ Keaton
15. _ _ _ _ _ _ Arnold
16. _ _ _ _ Dinehart
17. _ _ _ _ _ Lorre
18. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Goddard
19. _ _ _ _ Turner (Woman)
20. _ _ _ _ _ _ Lake (Dagwood)
21. _ _ _ Hagen
22. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Del Rio
23. _ _ _ _ _ Janis (Woman)
24. _ _ _ _ _ _ Meek
25. _ _ _ _ _ _ Sidney
26. _ _ _ _ _ Dunne
27. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Ratoff
28. _ _ _ _ _ Shearer
29. _ _ Wynn
30. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Darrieux
31. _ _ _ _ _ _ Crisp
32. _ _ _ _ _ _ Whelan (Woman)
33. _ _ _ _ _ Henie
34. _ _ _ _ _ _ Lloyd
35. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Farrell (Man)
36. _ _ _ Munson (Woman)
37. _ _ _ _ _ _ Taylor (Man)
38. _ _ _ _ Kruger
39. _ _ _ Sparks
40. _ _ _ _ _ _ Horton, Everett
41. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Bankhead

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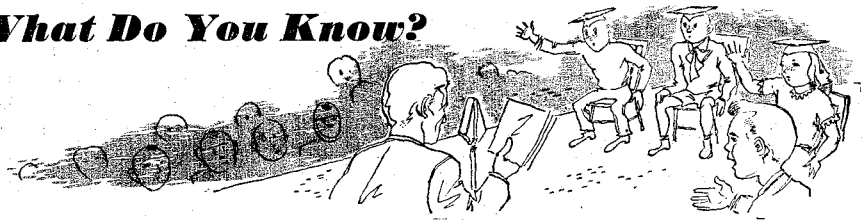
What Do You Know?



HERE'S YOUR chance to prove that you know a little more than the next man on your street. Two of radio's popular quizmasters put the following 20 questions to you . . . and they're sticklers. You're allowed five points for each one you answer correctly. A score of 80 or more is definitely in the upper bracket. Between 70 and 80 dubs you average, but below 60 indicates that radio quiz program participation is not for you. You will find the answers listed on page 134.

FROM JOHN REED KING OF *Double or Nothing* (Mutual)

1. Does a yawn tend to wake you up or put you to sleep?
2. Does the average woman tend to be bow-legged or knock-kneed?
3. Does the average woman look slimmer or stouter in a photograph than in real life?
4. What four words, other than "In God We Trust," appear on every U. S. coin?
5. Does shivering tend to make you warmer or colder?
6. To open a door, which way do you turn the knob?
7. If a doctor gave you three pills and told you to take one every half hour, how long would the pills last you?
8. Which of the Great Lakes is completely owned by the United States?
9. Does a bird take off against or with the wind?
10. What is the only letter of the alphabet that is not used in spelling the names of the 48 states? (As an extra clue to you, it does not appear on the telephone dial either.)

FROM JOE KELLY OF *Quiz Kids* (Blue Network)

11. If these animals were up a tree, would they come down head-first or would they back down? (*a*) squirrel, (*b*) bear, (*c*) monkey.
12. Leonardo Da Vinci executed a great painting in which are recorded two violations of superstitions which many persons fear. What is the name of the painting?
13. When George Washington made his famous river crossing, from what state did he depart and in what state did he land?
14. How many halves are there in a half of a half?
15. Mrs. Jones peeled and crushed a bushel of peaches for peach marmalade—before she remembered the recipe called for one lemon to every dozen peaches. How did she determine the exact number of peaches in the bushel?
16. It has been reported that American pilots flying Spitfires in England were permitted to take up the valuable English machines alone, without instructors, on their very first flights. Do you think this is probable? Why?

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17. Can you name a planet located between Venus and Mars that has never been seen through a telescope but which has been known to astronomers for centuries?

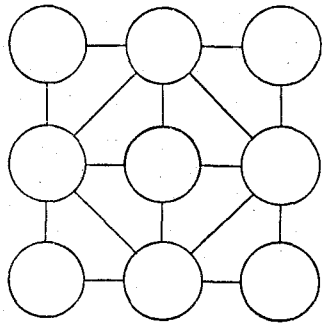
18. How much does it cost to wash completely a window 4 feet wide and 5 feet high at 2 cents a square foot?

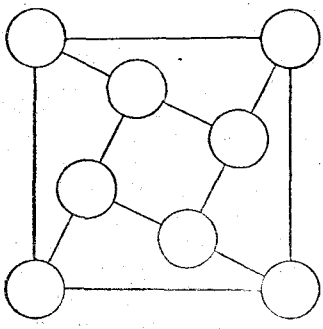
19. If we give you the figure '92 and ask what famous date and historical event it brings to your mind, you should think of 1492 — Discovery of America. What do you associate with '66, '20, '39?

20. Which way do the seeds in an apple point—toward the flower end of the apple or toward the stem?

On the Square

HERE IS some fun with numbers on the square. At the right you see a diagram containing six squares, each one formed by circles. Arrange the numbers from **1** through 9, one in each small circle, so that the sum of every four forming a square shall be the same. There are six such equal sums. When you have found them, check with those on page 150.

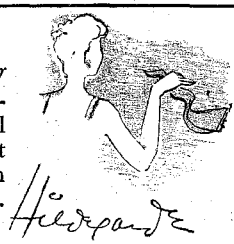




On the Double

THE PUZZLE at the left is slightly more difficult. Distribute the numbers from 1 through 8, one in each small circle, so that the sum of every three in alignment shall be the same and the sum of the four in the outer square are double that of the four in the inner square. It can be done. You will find the answer given on page 134.

Social Stratagem: *Hildegarde's Favorite Icebreaker*
This is a desperate measure—but some parties require them. When all else fails to liven up a dull evening, I bet the most timid man in the crowd that I can sit where he can't. He takes me on—and I sit on his lap. It's silly, but it certainly wakes up the guests.



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Answers . . .

"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"

Brown	3	Old Golds
Turner	6	Raleighs
Reilly	8	Camels
Perkins	15	Chesterfields
Jones	20	Luckies

"Watch Your Weight"

1. oUnce—once
2. carAt—cart
3. poUnd—pond
4. Gram—ram
5. toN—to
6. Grain—rain
7. dRam—dam
8. Stone—tone

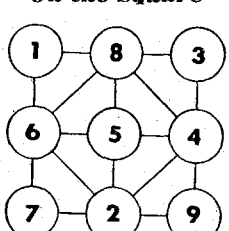
"Secret Message"

1. Yakima
2. Orson
3. Una
4. Rita
5. Shirley
6. Katharine
7. Ingrid
8. Lon
9. Louise
10. Ilona
11. Sterling
12. Tyrone
13. Oliver
14. Buster
15. Edward
16. Alan
17. Peter
18. Paulette
19. Lana
20. Arthur
21. Uta
22. Dolores
23. Elsie
24. Donald
25. Sylvia
26. Irene
27. Gregory
28. Norma
29. Ed
30. Danielle
31. Donald
32. Arleen
33. Sonja
34. Harold
35. Charles
36. Ona
37. Robert
38. Otto
39. Ned
40. Edward
41. Tallulah

"What Do You Know?"

1. Tends to wake you up
2. Knock-kneed
3. Stouter by 10 per cent
4. United States of America
5. Warmer by increasing muscle action
6. Either way
7. One hour
8. Lake Michigan
9. Against the wind
10. Q
11. (*a*) Usually goes head-first; (*b*) Backs down; (*c*) Goes either head-first or backs down
12. "The Last Supper." (It shows 13 at the table and an overturned salt shaker at the elbow of Judas)
13. From Pennsylvania to New Jersey (The river was the Delaware)
14. Two (There are two halves in everything)
15. She counted the peach pits
16. Yes, because a Spitfire is a single-seater plane
17. The earth
18. 80 cents (40 cents for each side)
19. '66—1066—The Battle of Hastings (The Norman Conquest)
    '20—1620—The Landing of the Pilgrims
    '39—1939—The beginning of the second World War
20. Toward the stem

"On the Square"



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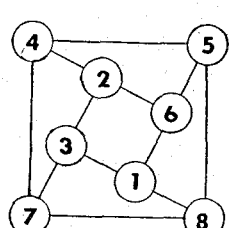

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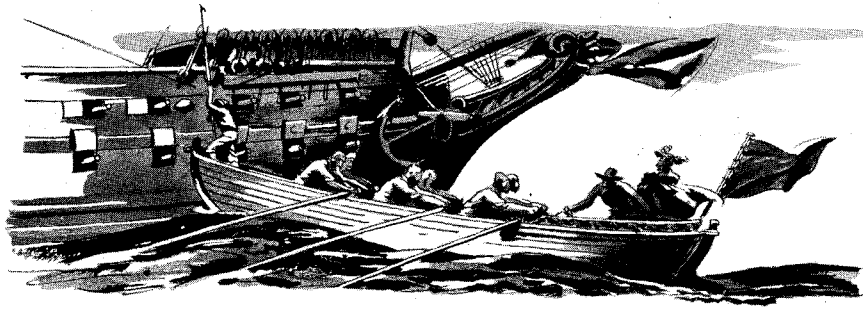

Charles and Minette

by KATHLEEN WINSOR

MINETTE WAS coming to England again. It would be the first time she had seen her two brothers since the joyous days in 1660 just after the Restoration when, a gay sixteen-year-old, she had come visiting with her mother.

That had been the beginning of a new life for all of them—a life which promised to repay long dark years of wandering and hopelessness. Ten years had passed since then. Now there were only three of all the nine children still living—King Charles II of England, James who was the Duke of York, and Henrietta Anne whom Charles called Minette. The Queen Mother, Henrietta Maria, had died eight months before.

The visit had been planned for more than two years, but each time it had to be postponed—usually through the jealous malice of Minette's husband, Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, who was the brother of King Louis XIV of France. At last, however, Charles had a pretext of such importance that Monsieur and his objections were thrust aside. England and France were to form a secret alliance and when Charles demanded that his sister be allowed to visit him before he would conclude it, Louis told his younger brother that state interests came first. But he did allow Monsieur to refuse her permission to go beyond Dover.

Dover was a fog-laden dirty little town of only one narrow ill-paved street about a mile long, lined with ramshackle cottages and inns. The great old castle had guarded the coast in feudal times, an impregnable barrier to invasion, but after the invention of cannon it had fallen into disuse and was now merely a prison. The English Court came into the village—the men first, for Charles still hoped that Monsieur might be persuaded to let her go on to London—in gilt coaches and on gorgeously caparisoned horses. Early the next morning the French fleet was sighted, far out in the Channel.

Charles, who had been up most of the night, restless and impatient, immediately got into a small boat

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with York and Prince Rupert and the Duke of Monmouth and set out to meet her.

He stood up recklessly, constantly urging the men to row faster and faster, until it seemed their arms would tear from the sockets. The French fleet bobbed toward them, gilded hulls gleaming in the bright early sunlight. The clouds looked white as suds where they lay piled on the horizon.

James came to stand beside his brother, dropping one arm about his shoulders, and Charles, with his own arm around the Duke's waist, grinned at him, his black eyes shining with happiness and excitement. The ships were now coming so close that it was possible to make out figures moving on deck.

"Only think of it, Jamie!" cried Charles. "After ten years—we're going to see her again!"

And then all at once it was possible to pick out Madame who stood on the fore-deck, her white satin gown whipping about her, eyes shaded with her fan against the glare of the water; as she raised her arm and waved to them the brothers gave an excited shout.

"Minette!"

"James, it's Minette!"

Swiftly the barge and the French sailing-vessel drew together. They had scarcely touched when Charles made a leap and started up the rope ladder, hand over hand, as swiftly and easily as though he had lived all his life at sea. Minette ran forward to meet him and as he bounded onto the deck she rushed into his arms.

He held her close to him and his mouth touched the sleek-brushed crown of her head; there were emotional happy tears in his eyes and Minette wept softly. Instinctively he spoke to her in French, for it was her language, and the words were like a tender caress.

"Minette," he murmured. "Ma chère petite Minette—"

All at once she tipped back her head and looked up at him with a laugh, quickly brushing the tears away with her fingertips. "Oh, my dear! I'm so happy I'm crying! I was afraid I would never see you again!"

Charles looked at her silently, adoration in his eyes, but also a dark anxiety—for he had seen at once how greatly, how tragically she had changed in ten years. Then she had been still half a child, buoyant, eager, unafraid—wholly delightful; now she was completely a woman, poised, accomplished, worldly, with a kind of heart-wringing charm. But she was too thin and even behind the joyous laughter on her face was a seriousness that troubled him, for he knew what had caused it. She was unhappy, and she was ill.

The other men had come aboard and Charles released her while she embraced first James, then Rupert and Monmouth. Finally Minette stood with Charles and James on either side of her, her arms linked with theirs, her face radiant as she looked from one to the other. "We're together again at last—all three of us." The brothers were in deep-purple mourning for their mother, and Minette too wore royal mourning—a simple white satin gown with a thin black veil thrown over her hair.

None of them dared say what each was thinking: There are only

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three of us left now—how long shall *we* be together?

Behind the royal family on the deck stood a splendid crowd of men and women, for though Minette's suite was a small one of only about 250 persons, each had been selected with the utmost care: the women for beauty and grace, the men for gallantry and a great name.

Among them, her eyes fixed intently on the English King, was a pretty young woman with the face of a little girl grown up and become sophisticated—Louise de Kerouaille, whose family, though ancient and honourable, was no longer rich. This trip was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her, her first real opportunity to make a place for herself in the great world where she knew she belonged. There was speculation in her eyes now as she watched Charles, admiring his dark saturnine good looks. She caught her breath with a quick little gasp as Minette and the two men turned, and the King's eyes flickered briefly over her face.

But though he was never too much occupied to notice a pretty woman, Charles had no real interest now in anything but his sister. "How long can you stay?" was the first question he asked her when the greetings were over.

Minette gave him a rueful little smile. "Just three days," she said.

Charles's black eyes snapped and his brows drew swiftly together. "Monsieur says so?"

"Yes." Her voice had a guilty sound, as though she were ashamed for her husband. "But he—"

"Don't say it—I don't want to hear you making excuses for him. But I think," he added, "that perhaps he will reconsider."

Monsieur reconsidered.

A messenger was back from across the Channel the next morning bringing word that Madame might remain ten days longer, provided she did not leave Dover. Minette and Charles were jubilant. Ten days! Why, it was almost an age. He was coldly furious to think that the conceited foppish little Frenchman had dared tell his sister where she might go on her holiday, but Louis sent a note asking him to respect Philippe's wishes in this matter, for Monsieur had learned of the treaty and might talk indiscreetly if angered too far.

Queen Catherine and all the ladies of the Court came down from London, and with the brief time he had, Charles set about doing what he could to make the dismal little sea-coast village into a place fit for the entertainment of the person he loved best on earth. Dover Castle was cold and dark and damp, with the scant furnishings of feudal austerity; but it came alive again when the walls were hung with lengths of golden cloth; and scarlet and sapphire and vivid green banners streamed down from the windows. But even the Castle was not large enough to house them all, and lords and ladies of both Courts were quartered in cottages or crammed into inns.

These inconveniences did not trouble anyone, and through every hour ran the noisy laughter and gay high spirits of a Court on holiday. Life was a continuous round of plays and banquets, balls at night and magnificent

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collations. Flirtations sprang up between French ladies and English gentlemen, French gentlemen and English ladies. The gossip was that Madame had come to England for the solemn purpose of laughing the English out of their own styles and back into French ones—temporarily discarded during the war with the Dutch—and that set the tone of the festivities.

Yet the plots and intrigues went on. They could no more be suspended, even temporarily, than could the force of gravity—for they were what held the Court together.

It took only a few days to get the treaty signed; it had been in preparation more than two years and there was little left to do but put the signatures to it. Baron Arlington and three others signed for England, de Croissy for France.

For Charles it marked the successful culmination of ten years of planning. French money would free him, in part at least, from his Parliament; French men and ships would help him to the defeat of his country's most dangerous enemy, the Dutch. In return he gave nothing but a promise—a promise that one day, at his own convenience, he would declare himself a Catholic. Charles was much amused to see how eager the French envoy was to complete the business, how eager they were to pay him for protection against a war he had never intended to wage.

"If everything I've ever done," he said to Arlington when it was finally signed and complete, "dies when I die—at least I'll leave England this much. This treaty is a promise that one day she'll be the greatest nation on earth. Let my French cousin have the Continent if he wants it. The world is wide, and when we've destroyed the Dutch all the seas on it will belong to England."

Arlington sighed a little. "I hope she'll be grateful, Sire."

Charles grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and reached down to give him a friendly pat. "Grateful, Harry? When was a nation or a woman ever grateful for the favours you do her? Well—I think my sister's abed now; I always pay her a call last thing at night. You've been working too hard, Harry. Better take a sleeping-potion and have a good night's rest." He went out of the room.

He found Minette sitting up waiting for him in the enormous canopied four-poster bed. He took a chair beside her and for a moment they sat silent, smiling, looking at each other. Charles reached out one hand and covered both her own.

"Well," he said. "It's done."

"At last. I can scarcely believe it. I've worked hard for this, my dear—because I thought it was what you wanted. Louis has often accused me of minding your interests more than his own." She laughed a little. "You know how tender his pride is."

"I think it's more than pride, Minette—don't you?" His smile teased her, for rumours still persisted that Louis had been madly in love with her several years before and had not yet quite recovered.

But she did not want to talk about that. "I don't know. My brother — there's something you must promise me."

"Anything, my dear."

"Promise me that you won't

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declare your Catholicism too soon."

A look of surprise came into Charles's eyes, but was quickly gone. His face seldom betrayed him. "Why do you say that?"

"Because the King is troubled about it. He's afraid you may declare yourself and alienate the German Protestant princes — he needs them when we fight Holland. And he fears that the English people would not tolerate it—he thinks that the best time would be in the midst of a victorious war."

A smile came to Charles's mouth, but he forced it back.

So Louis thought that the English people would not tolerate a Catholic king—and was afraid that a revolution in England might spread to France. He regarded his French cousin with a kind of amused contempt, but was glad it was always possible to hoodwink him. Charles had never intended and did not now intend to try to force Catholicism on his people—of course they would not tolerate it—and he preferred to keep his throne. It was his expectation to die quietly in his bed at Whitehall.

Nevertheless he answered Minette seriously, for even she did not share his secrets. "I won't declare myself without consulting his interests. You may tell him so for me."

She smiled, and her little hand pressed his affectionately. "I'm glad—for I know how much it means to you."

Almost ashamed, he quickly lowered his eyes.

I know how much it means to you, he repeated to himself. How much it means— He made a fervent wish that it would always mean as much to her as it did now. He did not want her to know what it was to believe in nothing, to have faith in nothing. He looked up again, his dark face earnest.

"You're thin, Minette."

She seemed surprised. "Am I? Why—perhaps I am. But I have never been plump, you know. You've always called me 'Minette.'"

"Are you feeling well?"

"Why, yes, of course." She spoke quickly, like one who hates to tell a lie. "Oh—perhaps a headache now and then. I may be a little tired from all the excitement. But that will soon pass."

His face hardened slowly. "Are you happy?"

Now she looked as though he had trapped her. "Mon Dieu! What a question! I suppose I'm as happy as most people. No one is ever truly happy, do you think? If you get even half of what you want from life—why that's all one can hope for, isn't it?"

"And have you got half of what you wanted from life?"

She glanced away from him, down at the ornate carved footboard of the bed. "Yes, I think I have. I have you—and I have France: I love you both—" She looked up with a sudden wistful little smile. "And I think that both of you love me."

"I do love you, Minette. I love you more than anyone or anything on earth. I've never thought that many men are worth a friendship or many women worth a man's love. But with you it's different, Minette. You're all that matters in the world to me—"

Her eyes took on a mischievous sparkle. "*All* that matters to you? Come now, you can't really mean

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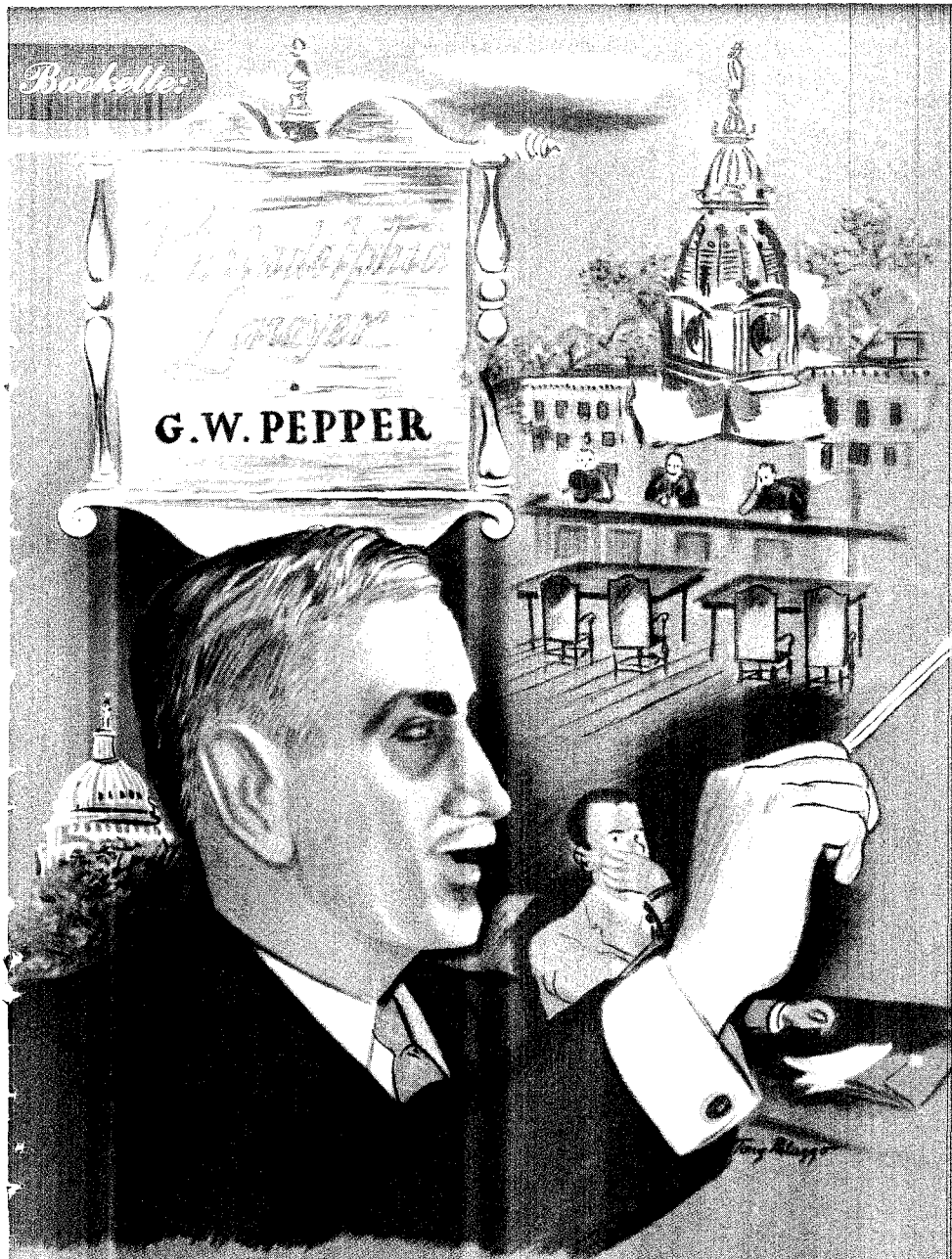

Unbounded by city limits, the life, interests and influence of this Philadelphia lawyer span a fascinating American era. With the deft touch which won cases, George Wharton Pepper recounts the story of his years, teeming with anecdotes of the people he has known . . . a condensation.

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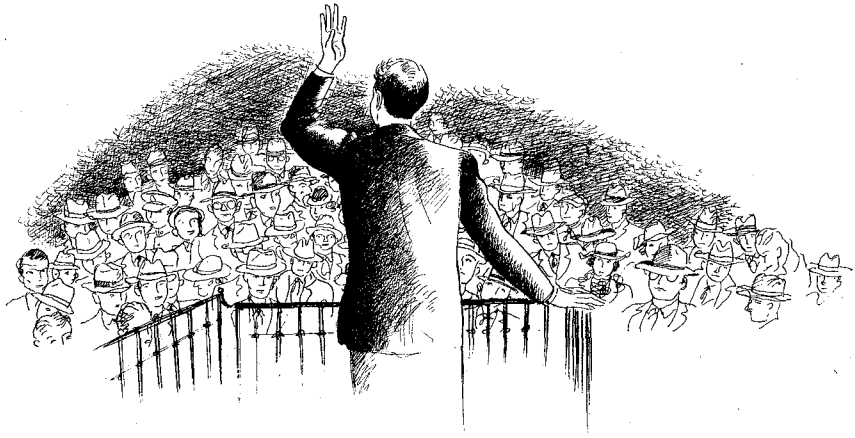

Philadelphia Lawyer

PHILADELPHIA in the early seventies was an overgrown village, badly paved and badly lighted. Our playground was the street. Brick pavements, cobblestones and the protest of angry neighbors seriously complicated baseball games and marred attempts to do some roller skating on the few sidewalks smooth enough to be tempting. When I say "cobblestones" I mean it: not Belgian blocks but big pebbles, about the size of a 16 pound shot. The nearest city park, Rittenhouse Square, was surrounded by a high iron fence, the gates of which were padlocked at sundown. Nevertheless we managed to have a lot of fun there and I associate with the place the first thrill of loyalty that I ever experienced. Some 20 or 30 boys were wont to gather in the square astride velocipedes and primitive bicycles. We organized a troop and one of our number was chosen captain. One day somebody started a mutiny and tried to persuade some of us to secede from the organization. Our captain faced the hesitating crowd, reminded us that we had chosen him leader and called on us to follow where he led. He then wheeled about and started across the square. I shall never forget the flame of enthusiasm which instantly swept through me as we all wheeled into line behind him. I think it must have been of the same sort that Napoleon enkindled in Marshal Ney.

In 1876 a great change occurred and Philadelphia suddenly became a city. For me (a child of nine) it was just a matter of parades and bewildering spectacles. A few things I recall distinctly. One was my glimpse of General Grant as he rode in an open carriage, the central figure in a great military demonstration. Another was the scene in one of the exhibition buildings when Alexander Graham Bell and his staunch supporter, the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, demonstrated the practicability of the telephone.

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by G. W. Pepper

Even as a small child my training must have given me a rigorous sense of decorum. On one occasion, although under seven, I was trusted to take my small sister to church. When a hymn was announced and the singing began, my sister, to my horror, in a clear childish voice, piped up a nursery song with which we were familiar, *Pretty Polly Perkins of Abington Green.* She refused to be hushed and I reported the matter to Mother. She sided with my sister but I insisted that we should consult Dr. Harris, in whose church (St. Paul's, Chestnut Hill) the disturbance had occurred. He too ruled against me, and assured me that God would accept such an unusual but well-meant offering. Then I was satisfied. I had carried the case to the court of last resort and I bowed to an adverse decision. If Franklin Roosevelt had had a similar training I doubt if he would have attempted to pack the Supreme Court.

My sister and I were, of course, often restive under discipline. We, however, always sought redress within the law. For years a saucer of oatmeal was an indispensable part of our breakfast. Growing very tired of it, we decided to agitate for relief. I drew up a petition to Mother in a form I had somehow happened upon in which we, the petitioners, prayed to be dispensed from eating oatmeal on Sundays, saints' days and holidays. The document was an impressive one, carefully written in black ink with initials in red. My sister and I signed it and solemnly presented it. The prayer of the petition was duly granted and so we rejoiced in our exercise of the constitutional right to assemble peaceably and petition for redress of grievances. Thus was another step taken in the training of a reactionary.

The stream of American life upon the bosom of which I was launched in the late sixties was turbulent enough. There were economic and social forces quietly at work on both sides of the Atlantic which were destined within my lifetime to make of this old planet an entirely new world. I refer, of course, to the smoldering determination of the oppressed many to challenge the privilege of the dominant minority. In the days of my childhood, however, the existence and operation of these forces were, as far as I can learn, known and appreciated by few. The smug saw no wrong in a grossly inequitable distribution of privilege and opportunity. As far as we in the United States were concerned, the Civil War was over and the business of the moment was to resume a normal mode of living. To this business citizens everywhere addressed themselves and with surprising success. Except as it suited the purpose of political orators and of military biographers to fight battles over again, it appears to have been the effort of most people, at least in the North, to forget the war as soon as possible. As for the orators, Horace Porter at a later date wittily observed that the Democratic Party was the party that did not know the war had been fought and the Republican Party was the party that did not know it was over.

In 1883 I entered the University of Pennsylvania. At the time, my uncle Dr. William Pepper was Pro-

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vost, and he was wont to assemble many interesting people at his dinner table. On one occasion he was giving a dinner for James Russell Lowell when, at the last minute, another guest sent word that he could not come. To fill the place at the table Doctor Pepper hurriedly sent for me. As I took my seat beside Judge Craig Biddle I asked whether he objected to thirteen at the table. "No," he replied, "unless the hostess has made preparation for only twelve." During the dinner Mr. Lowell raised the question whether anybody present had ever heard a speech so eloquent that he was transported during its delivery and entirely deprived of his capacity to criticize. With one exception all declared that they had never heard such a speech. The exception was Judge Biddle. He had heard one such. It was Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. What Edward Everett said he barely remembered. When Lincoln rose to speak he came forward slouching somewhat and with the air of a man about to tell a funny story. There was an uneasy movement in the crowd. Suddenly Lincoln stood still and appeared to grow in stature. He began to speak in a voice which suggested intense but suppressed emotion. Instantly all movement in the audience ceased and perfect silence fell. The Judge felt himself lifted from the earth and seemed to be poised in space. Each of the speaker's words burned itself into his consciousness. Presently he realized that the speaker had ceased speaking. Lincoln shrank to his former height and returned to his seat with the air of a defeated man, evidently attributing (as the Judge thought) the perfect silence of the crowd to the failure of the speech to impress them. The Judge was of opinion that all others, like himself, were in fact spellbound and that it was an appreciable time before they returned to earth.

IN THE summer of 1884 we sojourned at Lake Minnewaska, in Ulster County, New York. Among the exceptionally cultivated and agreeable people who gathered there were Dr. George Park Fisher of New Haven and his daughter Charlotte Root Fisher. I was irresistibly drawn to her from the moment of meeting. And Professor Fisher was one of the most delightful men I ever met.

His was a seemingly inexhaustible source of anecdotes, most of them of men and events in New England. Wendell Phillips, he recalled, was once busily reading on a railroad train when a stranger poked into his hands a religious tract, remarking briskly, "My business is to save souls from hell"; to which, without looking up, Phillips replied, "Go there and attend to it."

By 1887 the process of legal education had become a somewhat haphazard combination of office work and law school education. I was registered with the firm of Biddle and Ward and was also entered as a first-year student in the law school of the University of Pennsylvania. It was natural that my admission to the Biddle office should be most acceptable to my mother. Her father was a leading Democrat and all my home influence had predis-

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posed me to that political faith. The year that I attained majority I voted for Grover Cleveland for the presidency. I chronicle this fact with some satisfaction because many people have assumed that my Republicanism was a matter of inheritance rather than of mature conviction.

The routine of the office was occasionally relieved by some mildly humorous occurrence. Mr. George W. Biddle indulged the comforting belief that all Democrats are endowed by the Creator with exemplary charaeter. The dear old gentleman no doubt would have been gravely shocked had he heard Chauncey Depew's answer to the man who asked him how he, Depew, got out of the Democratic Party. "Nothing was easier," Depew is said to have replied, "I quit drinking and I was out." Democrats, in Mr. Biddle's estimation, were congenitally qualified to become capable lawyers. He accordingly encouraged the professional ambitions of a Democrat, no longer young, who had been a police magistrate in Manayunk, a neighboring town on the Schuylkill apt to be inundated by spring freshets. He commended the newcomer to me, as senior student, with a rather solemn guaranty of capacity. Unhappily for Bob, however, his eye was attracted, on the third day of his apprenticeship, by one of Mr. Biddle's favorite pictures, an immense photograph of the ruins of the Roman Forum. As bad luck would have it, its admiring owner emerged from his private office just in time to hear Bob say to the office boy, "Jordan, what the hell is that? Manayunk after a washout?" That was the end of Bob's legal studies.

After finishing law school in June of 1889, I spent the summer vacation at Northeast Harbor with my fiancee Charlotte Root Fisher and her father. That autumn I began the life of unremitting effort which I have ever since lived. As an assistant in the office of Biddle and Ward, as a teacher in the law school and as quiz-master of a number of student groups, I found days and evenings filled to overflowing with interesting work.

My earnings during my first year at the bar were enough to encourage me to get married. Toward the end of that year Bayard Henry, a lawyer ten years my senior, had invited me to share an office suite with him. Thus began a happy association which lasted until his death thirty-six years later. Some months previously my great uncle, George S. Pepper, had died and by his will had left me 10 thousand dollars. Most of this was invested in a small house at 1711 Pine Street. Although I had no other capital assets it looked as if earnings of three thousand dollars a year could be counted on. Accordingly on November 25, 1890, we were married at Professor Fisher's house.

Doctor Fisher took great delight in poking fun at Philadelphia. "Twenty square miles of brick oven with a cabbage store on every corner" was his impression of our metropolis. "The University of Pennsylvania people are not at all the barbarians that Yale men think they are," wrote my wife after she had begun to feel at home among

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my friends. "My dear," was her father's comeback, "if you had married a Turk you would be massacring Armenians."

In 1892, while I was still very young at the Bar, I became a Republican, a father, a vestryman and an editor of the *American Law Register and Review*. In 1894 I made my first bow to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Morton P. Henry, a distinguished admiralty lawyer, represented the appellee in a pending case and he had invited me to look up the law and draft a brief. When the case was about to be reached for argument he was taken ill and sent me word that I was to make the argument in his absence. I shall never forget the thrill which the message gave me. There was, however, no time to be lost in self-congratulation. A telegram from the clerk announced that the case would be called for the following day. I had not been a member of the Bar of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court sufficiently long to be eligible for admission at Washington. It occurred to me that in this emergency I might invoke the powerful aid of Mr. George F. Edmunds, then a Senator from Vermont, with a large practice before the Supreme Court. Senator Edmunds had been living for some time in Philadelphia, where a member of his family was under the medical care of my uncle, Dr. William Pepper. In the summer he had been sojourning at Northeast Harbor, Maine. We had gone on many deep-sea fishing excursions together and I had come to know the Senator well. With no concern whatever about my sartorial fitness and thinking only of my argument, I hurried to the station, clad in the dark-gray business suit which I happened to be wearing. I spent most of the night working on my argument and the next morning met Senator Edmunds in the clerk's office shortly before the opening of Court.

The opening of the Court, always impressive, naturally gave me an exceptional thrill. Eight of the nine Justices (Mr. Justice Jackson being absent) entered with traditional solemnity and with dignity took their several seats, Chief Justice Fuller presiding. The Court being opened the Chief Justice asked if there were any motions for admission. Senator Edmunds was about to rise when a page handed him a note from the Chief Justice. The Senator glanced at it, looked puzzled, beckoned me to follow him and together we returned to the clerk's office. "The Chief Justice advises me," said the Senator, "that the motion must not be made as one of the justices has objected." We were both mystified but Mr. McKenney, the clerk, quickly explained the situation. The objection, he told us, was based ostensibly on a lack of precedent for a motion for admission *pro hac vice* but really upon the all-too-obvious fact that I was not clad in a black coat. "If you will find a precedent," I said to Mr. McKenney, "I'll undertake to find a coat." He entered into his search with zest and soon found the record of a case directly in point. Meanwhile I had cast my eye over the clerk's assistants and espied a young man of about my size decently attired in a black cutaway. I

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proposed a temporary exchange. He readily agreed and in less time than it takes to write the narrative we marched triumphantly back into the Presence, the clerk armed with a transcript of the pertinent record, Senator Edmunds wearing an amused smile and I the borrowed wedding garment. Having thus overcome all obstacles, we waited confidently for a nod from Olympus. Presently it came; the motion was made and I was admitted *pro hac vice*. A few minutes later my case was called and I made my first argument before the Supreme Court.

"But what about your case?" somebody may ask. I lost it.

MUCH LATER I appeared as counsel before a congressional committee of investigation. One of the happier memories of that experience is of committeeman Ollie James, a Democrat, then representing a Kentucky district in the House. He later became a Senator. He was a huge man for whom a special chair had to be provided. He spoke with a pleasing southern drawl. "Befo' I came to Washington," he one day observed, "I used to hear that the Republicans were the watchdogs of the Treasury; and I reckon they are—but they're like our Kaintucky watchdogs: they don't bark so loud at the home folks."

During the World War my convictions were strong and definite. After the Armistice I was, like everyone else, first hilarious, then confused. Having for the first time faced the reality of war when nearly fifty, having then worked frantically to effectuate the Allied cause, I was now face to face with the question, "What policy should one advocate as most likely to bring about a durable peace?" The more I pondered, the clearer it became that the way to peace was not to grind the vanquished underfoot, and that any attempt to preserve a victorious status by force could mean nothing but the bitterness that ultimately leads to renewed war.

When what was grimly called the Peace Conference was summoned to meet in January and President Wilson announced that *in propria persona* he would represent the United States at the council table, there was plenty of ground for gloomy foreboding.

The news from Paris was most disquieting. The Tiger was justifying his nickname. Lloyd George was playing up to the militant expectations of his constituents. Wilson was battling valiantly but ineffectually for something better than the terrible terms which in spite of him found their way into the Treaty of Versailles. Worst of all was the news that the Covenant of the League of Nations had been so drawn, to use Mr. Wilson's own characterization, as to attempt to enforce peace "by making it so dangerous to break the peace that no other nation will have the audacity to attempt it." This mechanism, intended to bring united force to bear upon future disturbers of world peace, was, as we later learned, to be so embedded in the treaty itself that ratification of the one would involve acceptance of the other.

From my point of view nothing

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could have been worse than these forecasts of what the perfected Covenant would contain. It seemed clear to me that such a settlement was bad enough for Europe but worse for America. For Europe it would mean destructive international controversies. For America it threatened joint responsibility for preserving an impossible status quo. In anticipation of the President's return with the Treaty and the Covenant in his hand, I accordingly set myself to consider what, if anything, could be done to prevent ratification.

Immediately after the White House conference of February 26th, and before the adjournment of Congress on March 4th, more than a third of the Senators and Senators-elect signed a resolution, drafted by Pennsylvania's Senator Knox, to the effect that the Constitution of the League in the form proposed ought not to be accepted by the United States. I sought and secured on March 13th a conference with some of these Senators in Washington. It was most unsatisfactory. Every man had a different idea about the course to pursue and nobody seemed willing to yield to anybody else. I was treated with civility but nothing more. I made up my mind to act along lines suggested by Senator Moses of New Hampshire. Accordingly, with the aid of some kindred spirits who were friends of his and mine, I proceeded to develop, under a corporate charter recently granted, an effective opposition to unconditional ratification. It was not, however, until the 28th of April, after organization had been accomplished and an immense amount of publicity secured, that a plan of cooperation with the Senate group was actually worked out. Then we discussed the entire situation and reached two decisions: first, that the organization which had been formed should be recognized as an ally of the Senate group and be used by them for the arrangement of speaking tours and in other ways; and, second, that Senator Brandegee and I should go at once to New York to consult Elihu Root both as to the validity of the objections which we were urging to the Covenant and the wisdom of conducting an educational movement in support of them.

Anything like a detailed account of my activities in this fight would read like a timetable.

One of my many appearances was a debate in Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia, with Congressman McCall of Massachusetts, Vice President Marshall and a third "Big Gun" whose identity at the moment I have forgotten. They all advocated immediate and unconditional ratification and I spoke in earnest opposition. At a dinner preceding the debate I sat next to the Vice President. He made an eloquent speech in support of the Covenant. As he came back to his chair and sat down, just before I was called to my feet, he put his hand over his mouth and whispered to me, "I haven't read it, but we must stand by the Old Man." Now that more than twenty years have passed this may be told.

By March, 1920, the Covenant of the League had been finally and definitely rejected. I had a sense of

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relief comparable to that which followed the Armistice. I cherished the vain hope that the next European war would not involve the United States.

UNTIL 1922, I HAD escaped any serious adventure in politics. I had served at Will Hays's request on the advisory committee which assembled material and formulated recommendations for a party platform prior to the Republican Convention held in Chicago in 1920. I had even agreed to be a delegate when Governor Sproul had suggested that I represent the Third District. But in that case I held aloof from electioneering and was quite properly defeated in the election of delegates. But in January of that year, when the deaths of Sen. Crow and Sen. Penrose had eclipsed Pennsylvania's representation, I accepted Gov. Sproul's appointment to the Senate. I entered that august body a rank political neophyte.

Newspaper correspondents, sitting day after day in the press gallery, develop a cynicism about Senators which on the whole is justifiable. These trained observers know perfectly well that a large percentage of noble utterances have no real relation either to the merits of the case or to the moral standards of the speaker.

For the Senate, when all is said and done, is a stratified body. On the surface there is friendliness of intercourse. Just below the surface there is cleavage between the Republican and Democrat. One layer farther down there is the vein of mutual suspicion and distrust between radicals and conservatives. Still deeper lie a very considerable number of personal animosities. Deepest of all is the secretly cherished ambition of individuals whose words and votes are unintelligible until you learn where they are trying to land. In the closing days of a session the fighting takes place on the lower levels. Surface friendliness disappears, party lines cease to hold. Even the line-up between radicals and conservatives cannot be counted on. As each Senator starts down the road, seeking last-minute action on an important measure, a band of secret enemies gathers to wait for him at the crossroads. The people back home never understand why their most excellent measure died with the session.

Somebody with a flair for psychoanalysis ought to turn a Senator inside out and demonstrate him to interested onlookers. Probably his most distinguishing characteristic is lack of perspective. Whether ringing the elvator bell three times to command instant attention, or exacting immediate service from a page, or sailing grandly past obsequious doorkeepers into any private office in Washington, or outranking members of the House at social entertainments—your Senator feels himself one with the Sun, Moon and Stars. Another manifestation of the same failing is a delusion of grandeur respecting the importance of the Senate. The Senate *is* an important body. But even so, it is not by any means the whole congressional show; and there are places on the map even outside of Washington where things

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important to America and the world take place.

Perhaps the most unpleasant manifestation of senatorial self-importance is cowardice. This is the only term that fits the badgering of defenseless witnesses before committees and the making of defamatory utterances on the floor of the Senate for which the person defamed can never get adequate redress. Until the Senate can develop a tradition of good manners and fair play, critics will be justified in denying to it the preeminent position which Senators like to claim for themselves.

I SERVED IN the Senate during two administrations, and of the two Presidents—Harding and Coolidge—I say simply that I liked them both.

When Calvin Coolidge was alone with people whom he trusted he talked as freely as anybody. He often entertained me with accounts of his experiences. While he was Vice President he and Mrs. Coolidge lived at the Willard Hotel. One evening a fire alarm brought all the guests to the lobby, many of them in much less than full dress. When the trifling fire was under control, Mr. Coolidge started upstairs but was halted by the fire marshal. "Who are you?" asked that functionary. "I'm the Vice President," Coolidge replied. "All right—go ahead," said the marshal. Coolidge had gone only a step or two when he was halted a second time. "What are you Vice President of?" the marshal inquired suspiciously. "I am the Vice President of the United States." "Come right down," said the fire chief. "I thought you were the Vice President of the hotel."

My defeat in the Pennsylvania primary of May, 1926, followed a battle royal between myself and opponents far more skilled in below the belt punching than I. After Senator Harry S. New had been defeated in Indiana in a primary contest not wholly unlike mine, he was walking one day down the stairs in the Capitol to the long tunnel that leads to the Senate Office Building. A woman visitor to the Capitol had become bewildered by the network of passageways. Accosting Senator New, she said, "I am trying to get out of the Senate. Can you tell me how to do it?" Bowing low, he replied, "Madam, I advise you to run in an Indiana primary."

The sting of my defeat lasted about as long as my disappointment over the outcome of a football game or boat race. At sixty I returned to private practice with eagerness. Especially after Roosevelt's term began six years later there was plenty for lawyers to think about.

Roosevelt's second term was only a few weeks old when he announced his plan to pack the Supreme Court.

The immediate public reaction must have taken the President by surprise. From every source except the Federal payroll came prompt and bitter disapproval. The *Journal* of the American Bar Association promptly constituted itself a forum for presentation of pros and cons. The negative testimony was overwhelming. The title of the article which I contributed was "Plain Speaking." My contention was

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that the Constitution and the Court as its interpreter, are the real guardians of minority rights and that executive control of the Court meant the destruction of civil and religious liberty. Desperate efforts were made to find somebody of standing to take the President's side. One qualified person after another declined. Finally Thurman Arnold, then an assistant in the Department of Justice, was drafted to support the Administration. He wisely decided to substitute ridicule for argument and produced a readable but unconvincing answer to the views of the bar.

When the Court-packing measure was first introduced it was generally assumed that the Administration could easily force it through both Houses. The critical struggle took place in the Senate and in that body some Democratic Senators who placed country above party made a fight which history will not soon forget. The Democratic floor leader, "Joe" Robinson of Arkansas, stifled what must have been his convictions and strove valiantly to gain approval of a measure which was daily arousing more and more popular opposition. There were well-authenticated rumors that one of the judgeships which would be created by the passage of the pending measure was to be Robinson's reward for putting it through. Mr. Justice Van Devanter's resignation gave the President a chance to give Robinson his reward. Roosevelt, however, failed him. The adverse current grew stronger and stronger. One day Robinson fell dead, having succumbed to the strain to which he had been remorselessly subjected. The bill shared the same fate.

After all, the seventy-year line is a purely imaginary thing. Once you have crossed it, the watery waste is either rough or calm just as it was a moment before. In my case, life after seventy has gone on as before—if anything with greater intensity. My daily legal work has continued without abatement and I have had some unusually interesting cases to argue. The only definite change which I have noticed is a tendency on the part of younger people, especially younger lawyers, to treat me with mingled curiosity and respect—as if they were in the presence of Confucius or Methuselah. I have found, too, that I am available on alumni programs and for speeches of various sorts where it is desired to hear a Voice from the Past and to listen to an account of life in the Stone Age.

An incident of old age is, I have observed, the availability of my bosom for the display of medals. Various worthy organizations are wont each year to bestow a gold medal on somebody in recognition of a real or imaginary achievement. The dignity of the presentation ceremony is greatly enhanced if the recipient can be referred to in delicate but unmistakable terms as having ended his career and as having planted at least one foot in the grave. This gives those present the comfortable feeling that they are anointing the guest of honor for his burial. Thus in 1939 the National Institute of Social Sciences, at a dinner in New York, awarded me their medal of gold for what

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they were pleased to regard as my services to humanity. The funeral note was softly present but other notes were happily louder. Herbert Hoover came across the continent to act as presenter at the ceremony and, presumably, to take a last look at his old friend.

Later in the year the Pennsylvania Society of New York honored me in similar fashion—this time for "Achievement." Tom Dewey, whose presidential boom had lately been launched, was the principal speaker. Both his boom and my bosom were much in evidence. I returned thanks for my decoration in a speech in which I intimated that I myself might make a strong presidential candidate since I was in a position to pledge myself not to outlive a second term and could even hold out hope that I would not survive the first.

The following year were the two conventions—the free for all in Philadelphia and the well-oiled machine in Chicago. Then came an interval of calm. Willkie retired to Colorado for a much-needed rest which as a matter of fact he never got. He invited me to join him there and help him with the preparation of his acceptance speech. I put my suggestions in writing, assured him that I would respond if really needed but declined to join the crowd who were daily draining his prodigious store of nervous energy. The fact that the speech when delivered was not up to his standard is some evidence that it was prepared amid distractions and that he himself was weary when he should have been at the top of his form.

Willkie was handicapped from the outset by lack of cooperation between the regular Republican organization, both national and in the several states, and the loosely organized groups of his most enthusiastic supporters. For this he had only himself to blame. Owing his nomination primarily to the rising tide of popular opinion, he evidently thought it wise to maintain a degree of aloofness from party leaders. More worldly-wise and with a greater appreciation of the importance of organization, Mr. Roosevelt wholeheartedly accepted the support of the political machines which in great centers of population operate with the efficiency of mechanized units in modern warfare. What Willkie gained by thus gratifying the prejudices of his volunteer army he lost through the resulting lack of enthusiasm among the regulars.

He was a liberal carrying the banner for an army composed of conservative regulars and enthusiastic guerrillas.

I HAVE OFTEN wondered, particularly since the outbreak of this new horror of war, what has become of my friend Roknichiro Masujima, of Tokyo, who at one time interested me in the project of bringing to Japanese law students some knowledge of American constitutional law. The American constitutional law which in peacetime this Japanese friend and I wished to commend to his fellow countrymen was a different body of law from that which goes by the same name today. The difference has come about through a change of attitude on the part of the Supreme Court of the

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United States. This change in the Court is itself the result of the now prevalent doctrine that when private right and public interest appear to be in conflict a strong presumption at once arises that the citizen's right must be overridden. While this presumption that the government is always right is at the peak of its popularity in wartime, the changed relationship between citizen and government which gives rise to it had its origin before the war. Prohibition and the Income Tax were probably responsible for the original substitution of hostility for mutual confidence.

In the pre-Rooseveltian era when I arose to address the Supreme Court on an issue between the Federal government and a citizen, I felt myself in the presence of judges who were not conscious of being part of the governmental machine. In that respect they were wholly different from the revenue official or the regulatory commission or the executive agency from whose edict I was appealing. Today the atmosphere surrounding the Court is such that the citizen's advocate is conscious of a courteous but definite predisposition on the part of the Justices to find the government in the right unless the facts make it intellectually stultifying to do so. In other words, the advocate who nowadays argues before the Supreme Court is before just another Federal agency—manned, indeed, by able and honest men but men whose conception of primary duty is to keep the Federal steamroller rolling.

When the proposition is stated abstractly there appears to be every reason why the "public interest" represented by government should outrank "private right." There are, however, two important qualifications to this statement which should hold good even in wartime. One is that the Voice of Government is often only the voice of a petty official in an executive department heard as if through a loud speaker. The other is that there are many private rights which it is greatly to the public interest to protect. Perhaps the time is not far off when the citizen-litigant will again have a more sympathetic hearing before that great tribunal than he has today. Of course this prediction will be falsified if after the war the United States perpetuates our wartime totalitarian philosophy. If this should happen there will be no American Constitutional law to teach to the Japs or to anybody else.

These observations on the prevalent deification of government are not a digression from my theme, for in wartime the practice of law is concerned principally with problems of government relationship. My own share in the work of my firm has not diminished as I have grown older. I do not claim that our small organization is in any respect ideal but I know no other office where through the years people have been happier. Ours is a small group, comprising twelve partners, nine associates and seventeen women. We work on a profit-sharing basis. Two and a half per cent of the firm's net earnings have been for many years set apart for those on the payroll and distributed semiannually as a bonus. At no

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time, even in the depths of the Depression, have salaries been reduced or payment of the bonus omitted. There has grown up in the office a family relationship which, with few exceptions, has tended to loyalty and efficiency.

I have never seen good come from volunteered advice, but I suppose that if something of that sort is ever justifiable it is at the end of the story of a long life. I accordingly hazard three bits of advice backed by years of experience. One is to form the habit-habit. Another, to utilize scraps of time. The third to learn the art of sleeping at will.

I have found it well worthwhile to cultivate the habit of deliberately forming habits and of assigning to them, when formed, a place of high authority in life. If you form the habit of never laying down your pocketknife and never lending it, you will be able to keep it indefinitely. If you force yourself to put each tool back in its place no matter how soon you expect to use it again, you may make a poor farmer but you will save yourself a vast amount of trouble. If you always throw back the bedclothes on rising and always leave your room in applepie order you will find that your briefs become more orderly and your statements more lucid than if each day gets off to a sloppy start. If you form a fixed habit of church-going, of saying your prayers, of morning exercise, of always taking the same train, of voting, of setting aside a liberal percentage of your income for charity and of keeping food and drink habits under control, you will find, perhaps to your surprise, that it is really more fun to be a vertebrate than a mollusk.

Utilizing scraps of time is a most rewarding custom. Suburban trains yield a big opportunity for practicing it. Even a ten-minute trolley ride or the same time spent waiting for a train—or for a friend late at the point of meeting—gives you a chance to open your briefcase and to make a tiny bit of progress on the matter in hand. Soon you learn never to deceive yourself by thinking that you are going to read a certain book or do this or that "when you have time." You will make up your mind that it is now—or never.

My final bit of advice has a direct relation to working capacity. I long ago learned the art of sleeping at will. The two unrelenting enemies of sleep are memory and imagination. Place both of them in captivity, grin broadly—and off you go! To shackle memory I always repeat a poem long enough and complicated enough to engross attention but so well memorized as not to require conscious effort. For this purpose I use Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*. To enchain imagination I keep the inward eye fixed on the trunk of an oak tree (not the whole tree—just the trunk) with attention riveted upon the roughness of the bark. The broad grin is to keep the brow from contracting and so to relax head and body muscles. Complicated? Yes—when described; but simple enough to apply if you mean business. It has seldom failed me in forty years. In the middle of a busy day I can tell the telephone operator to protect me, lock my door, stretch out

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either flat on the floor or on my office couch and out of fifteen minutes of relaxation get ten minutes of sleep.

I RECKON among the blessings of my life the preservation of a simple faith. Had I been endowed with greater intellectual powers or had I been less fortunate in my early training or if for action I had substituted a habit of speculation, I might have been tossed hither and thither by the winds of strange doctrine. In that event I should have lost the faith of my childhood and gained nothing in exchange. There is something tragic in the spectacle of a man of intellect who has no fixed religious beliefs and rather wistfully confesses his longing for them. Happiness does not appear to be the lot of such. I fancy, for example, that I detect a certain undercurrent of sadness in the writings of Mr. Justice Holmes.

Second among the things that have truly lasted is life out of doors. In the nineties and after the turn of the century the daily life at Northeast Harbor was wholesome and, to me, delightful. Out of doors all day and engaged, for my part, in strenuous pastime on land and sea, we sometimes devoted our evenings to moonlight sails or buckboard drives, to dances gotten up on the spur of the moment, to impromptu charades or more ambitious theatricals and to round-table games played with pencil and paper.

The Maine natives are shrewd and observing folk. Old Captain Hadlock commanded the tiny steamboat which plied among the islands around Mt. Desert. A group of delightful women formed the Cranberry Club and built a clubhouse on Big Cranberry Island to which they resorted for picnics and afternoon teas. A young girl, invited as a guest on one of these outings, stood with the captain in his little wheelhouse and drank in his pithy sayings. "If I were you," he said, "I'd not jine this club." "Why not?" she asked. "Because," he replied, "I've noticed that them as jines single stays single."

My cousin Dr. Perry Pepper employed the local plumber to dig a cesspool near his camp. "But, Mr. Brown," said the doctor when he inspected the job, "this cesspool is not deep enough." To which the soul-satisfying reply was made, "If it ain't, you'll know it."

Their language is seasoned with spicy metaphor. "That man ain't a contractor," said one of my friends in speaking of a rival carpenter, "he can't even read a blueprint." And then, after a moment's pause, he added impressively, "That man kin no more read a blueprint than a hog can sail a sloop in a gale of wind." This same man once summarily disposed of all claims to greatness on the part of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. "This fellow Roosevelt," said he, "is the same sort of a faker as Wilson. Wilson gets himself re-elected on the slogan 'He kep' us out of war'; then he turns 'round and talks us into war; next he goes overseas to make the world safe; and all that he actually brings back is this d——d daylight saving time. I've no use for either of them."

Maine men seldom betray emo-

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tion but they have great depth of feeling. A local captain and I were one day headed out to sea in a sloop. We met and passed an inbound schooner which had on her sails and hull all the marks of heavy weather. I was sailing the sloop. My companion was smoking his pipe. He took it out of his mouth and held it long enough to say to the young man at the wheel of the schooner—"Howdy do?" The latter did the like with his pipe. "Nicely," he said; and each boat held its course. After an appreciable interval my friend observed: "She's been in southern waters. That's my boy. Ain't seen him for nigh onto two years." That was all; but it meant much more than a rapturous greeting or an effusive kiss on both cheeks.

In 1907, to satisfy my craving for the out of doors, we built a cabin on the relatively unsettled northwestern tip of Mt. Desert Island. The life story of our well there illustrates the evolution of conveniences. At first I drew water by hanging a bucket on a pole with a hook at its end. After several years I laid an iron pipe from the well to the cabin and built a tank there. After a while I bought a small gasoline engine and with it generated enough electricity to light the camp and so do away with candles and kerosene lamps. After about twenty years of pumping by hand I connected up the motor with the pump. Finally, when the engine had served for ten years, I contracted with the local hydroelectric company to run a wire through the woods and deliver power at the cabin. And now that all this has been accomplished I pretend that I want to be back in the pole-and-bucket era.

Our navy at the camp consists of an eighteen-foot sloop, a rowboat and several canoes. Our manner of life was and still is simple. At first we two lived there alone but later we made it a party of three. This happened after my wife had undergone a serious operation. When restored to health and shopping, she was greeted with joy by a friendly saleswoman. "Do you mind telling us what was the matter?" was the well-meant inquiry. "Not a bit," Mrs. Pepper replied. "I had a foot taken out of my intestine." "My God!" exclaimed the horrified woman. "How did it get there?"

After her illness I decided to get a Maine forester to help during vacation with the work in camp. We were lucky enough to find in Harvey Williams not only a guide but a philosopher and friend. We three have ever since lived happily during the six weeks' holiday which each year gives me supreme satisfaction.

IF THE wages of sin be death and if all lawyers are as wicked as some people assert, there must be by this time a considerable amount of death to my credit. I must have been living in sin, and quite happily at that, for much more than fifty years. Some cases I won, some I lost; many stand out in my memory with special clarity.

One of these was the case in 1915-16, called *Bluefields Steamship Co. v. United Fruit Co.* I was retained by Moorfield Storey of Boston and

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his partner, Robert G. Dodge, to appear with them for the United Fruit Company which was alleged to have brought about the ruin of the plaintiff's business by all sorts of attempts to monopolize and restrain the trade in growing bananas in Nicaragua and transporting them into the United States. In the course of preparation and trial I became as familiar with the geography of Nicaragua as if I had been a native, and I acquired as much knowledge of banana raising in general and of the plantations on the Escondido River in particular as if I myself had been a planter. The case was hotly and even bitterly contested throughout and ended in a verdict for our client, the defendant. Up to that time this was the longest jury trial that had ever taken place in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. The Court refused a new trial and the Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment. Years afterward at a diplomatic dinner in Washington, a rather dull affair, I found myself next to the then minister from Nicaragua. In order to enliven the proceedings a bit I asked him whether navigation was still impeded by the bar at the mouth of the Escondido. He looked at me in astonishment and asked what I knew about that river. I told him with becoming modesty that I could name the plantations on both sides of the river all the way from its mouth to Rama and added that as a member of the Foreign Relations Committee in the Senate it was our business to be thoroughly posted about the geography and commerce of the different nations with which the United States has friendly relations. He took the matter seriously and with unfeigned astonishment remarked that this seemed to him an incomprehensible evidence of practically universal knowledge. Before I could enter a disclaimer our conversation was interrupted and the good man went on his way—doubtless with a wholly unjustifiable admiration for the omniscience of Senators of the United States.

Of all the law suits I have lost (and there have been many) the one over which I grieved most was the case of a college student who had been, I thought, a victim of gross academic injustice. While an undergraduate at Bryn Mawr she had been suspected of stealing money from fellow students. The then president of the college, Miss M. Carey Thomas, had dealt with the case in a way that I regarded as essentially unfair and had finally expelled the girl. I satisfied myself that the suspicion was entirely groundless and my partner Isaac Pennypacker and I willingly undertook the task of seeking reinstatement. We applied for a writ of mandamus and pressed our claim with great earnestness. It was a difficult case to win because the defense was not that justice had been done but that what had happened was nobody's business. The president, who was as flinty as anybody I ever met, coolly took the rigorous position that under the terms of a student's contract with the college the student might be dismissed as an "undesirable" at the

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will of the president and without the preferment of charges and without a trial. This position was approved both by the trial court and by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in what seems to me one of the most unjust decisions that I know of. To guarantee to the faculty of even a public college unrestricted academic freedom is altogether proper and may be even essential; but to deny to a student in any college the ordinary elements of fair play impresses me as a monstrous inconsistency.

Lawyers have always been unpopular. There is a general impression that they exact enormous sums for their services and that clients as a class are bled white. I find from my own records that in my first year of practice my fees amounted to an even $2,000; and during the five years thereafter (in round figures) to $3,000, $6,500, $10,000, $9,000 and $10,500. From that point onward there has been a much more gradual increase, with fluctuations up and down. I estimate that through the years about half of the whole amount of my activity has been gratuitous non-legal service to the Church, to the University, to the Profession, to the Community and to individuals; and of the other half, which represents my legal work, about a quarter has been done without charge. In other words my earnings have come from about three-eighths of my total output of time and effort. In the Agricultural Adjustment Act case (*United States v. Butler*) I was reported to have received a million dollars. In point of fact no fee whatever was paid to me.

In my seventy-eighth year, law work excites me as much as it did when I was young. Had I in youth had the privilege of corresponding with Mr. Justice Holmes he might have written to me such a letter as the enthusiasm of another young correspondent called forth. "I like your rapture over the law," he wrote. "I only fear that it may be dimmed as you get into the actualities (in the sense of the hard side) of life. But if, as I hope, and as what you write indicates, you bear the fire in your belly, it will survive and transfigure the hard facts."

The editors of the Christian Science *Monitor* have informed Coronet that certain statements appearing in the article *Journalism without Jaundice*, in the December issue, should be amended to read as follows: whereas the article by Miss Carol Hughes stated that about 85 per cent of *Monitor* staff members were Christian Scientists, the percentage is more nearly 100 per cent, and includes top-ranking correspondents Roscoe Drummond and Edmund Stevens. The newspaper was first printed in the small building, now used as an Administration Building, and did not move to its present residence until 1934. *Monitor* editors also wished to stress the fact that an "adequate staff" of foreign correspondents is maintained regardless of profit, and that questions of profit or loss do not affect that staff.

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Gems from the Coronet Story Teller

♛ Arturo Toscanini, the famous Italian-born conductor, and his orchestra were scheduled to give a concert in the town of Turin, Italy.

A few hours before curtain time local authorities reminded the visiting conductor that by order of Il Duce the Italian national anthem, which traditionally opened the program, must be followed by the Fascist anthem *Giovinezza*.

Toscanini threw up his hands in rage. He had rules of his own, and one of them was that he would never direct a piece of trash like the *Giovinezza*. If that were the condition there would be no concert.

Unhappily the officials begged the conductor to reconsider. The whole town had looked forward to his visit for months. He must not let them down.

A strange look crept into the musician's eyes. "All right," he said at last. "The performance will go on as planned."

That night a gala crowd gathered at the opera house. The orchestra members took their seats and the conductor strode to the podium. But just as the audience rose for the anthem a sorry-looking brass band straggled onto the stage. They played feebly through the Italian national anthem, and then even more haltingly through Mussolini's *Giovinezza*, while the conductor stood motionless before them. Only when they had finished and filed out did he begin his concert.

Toscanini had kept his promise —to play for the people of Turin. But he had kept a more important promise to himself—the promise never to be dominated by Fascists.

♛ The mission over Kiel was accomplished, but the giant RAF Lancaster had paid a heavy price. Its motors were crippled, the navigation officer had been killed and the radio knocked out of commission.

The pilot desperately tried to keep the battered ship on the homeward course, but after two hours of blind flying he admitted to the crew that they were lost. With only one gallon of petrol left, there was nothing to do but make an immediate landing.

Coming down on a deserted meadow, the men hurriedly carried out the instructions for a forced landing in enemy territory. Each flier gulped down a portion of the rice paper containing the secret information. All equipment too heavy to carry was destroyed, and finally the plane was set on fire.

Then, after a short consultation, the fliers decided not to give themselves up, but to head west in the hope that they might be rescued somewhere along the coast. The nervewracking trek began. Fortunately a heavy fog obscured them but time and again they jumped for the ditch as they heard sounds

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(*Continued from inside back cover*)

of marching feet or motor patrols.

Dawn was breaking when they sighted a road sign nearby. One of the crew volunteered to read it, and the rest waited tensely as he crept forward.

Within a few feet of the marker, he stopped, stared and began to laugh. The others rushed over to silence him, but as each man neared the signpost he, too, laughed with relief. The roadmark read: "LONDON—15 miles."

■ In a huge office building on New York's lower Madison Avenue, a secretary opened the package which had just been delivered to her employer, a well-known manufacturer. She found it contained a strange, hour-glass shaped appliance with a small crank projecting from the side. Curious, she gave the crank a few good turns.

Minutes later a squadron of police, Navy and FBI cars roared down the street. A cordon of men surrounded the building, and it was searched office by office until an investigator reached the headquarters of the manufacturing company. Only then did the secretary discover that the parcel had contained a sample radio transmitter, installed on all lifeboats, which automatically sent out an SOS when the crank was turned.

The Coastal Command had picked up the message, located the point of origin, and had set out to find who was lost at sea on lower Madison Avenue.

For five minutes filled with action . . . drama . . . suspense . . . mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . you can't beat the Coronet Story Teller. Tune him in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E.W.T. on the Blue Network!

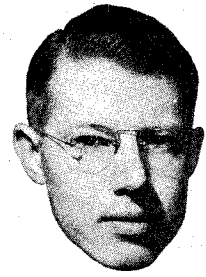
Between These Covers

Beardsley Ruml

The pay-as-you-go tax plan brought Beardsley Ruml fame, but he'd been known long before as an expert in government and industry. Here is his latest plan—for post-war travel.

Kathleen Winsor

Without doubt, the prettiest light in current literature is Kathleen Winsor, author of that fast-selling book, *Forever Amber*, from which Coronet reprints a lively excerpt.



Harrison Salisbu

After covering the Teheran-Cairo conferences, Harrison Salisbury, now foreign editor of UP, worked in Moscow for eight months. He also learned a lot about the Russians.

George W. Pepper

George Wharton Pepper looks back upon 78 years of the American scene and comes up with a fascinating history of himself and his country in *Philadelphia Lawyer*.

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